WEEK ENDING FEB. 20, 1926

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Beginning A New Serial by Clarence Budington Kelland

Also Finley Peter Dunne, Michael Arlen, Opie Read

RIVALS THE BEAUTY OF THE SCARLET TANAGER

Parker Duofold Jr. $5

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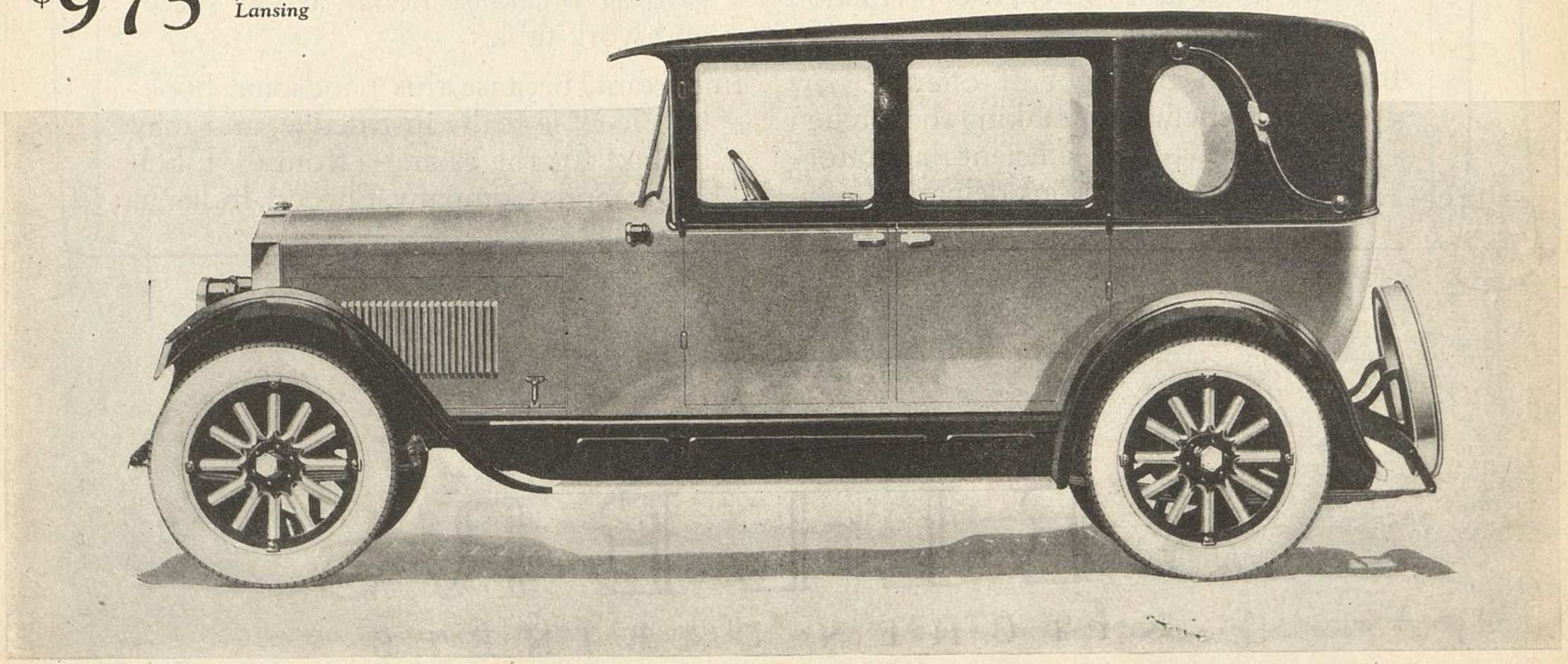

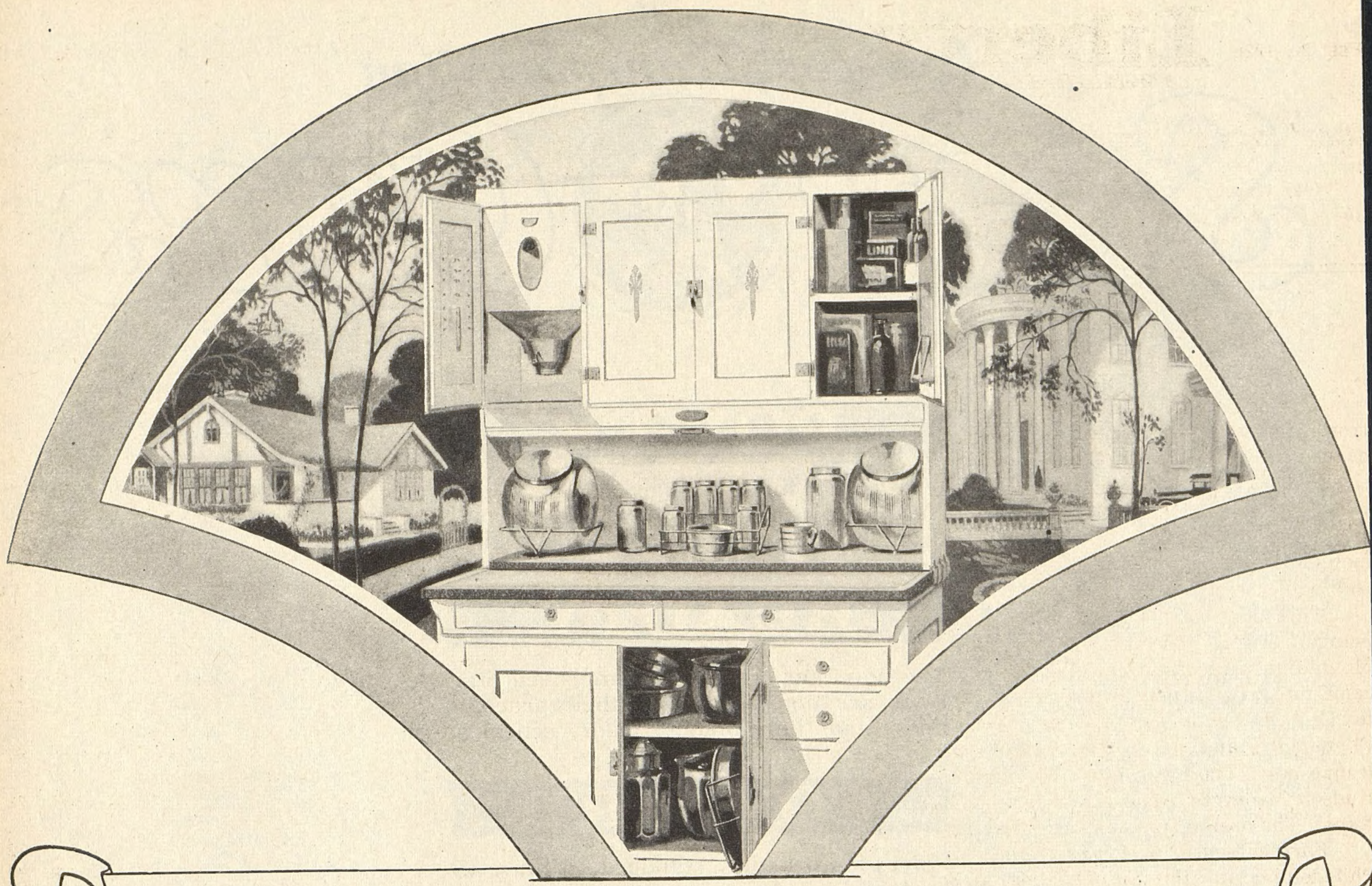

For cottage and palace an important booklet of ours suggests a new economy

Important, because it points the way for minimizing drudgery in women's work in the kitchen.

Important, for the very good reason that it gives a host of fresh and worthwhile ideas as to kitchen construction and arrangement.

Important, in the light of offering new colorful schemes for making the kitchen the attractive and efficient laboratory that modern conditions demand.

Important, for it contains full information concerning the truly remarkable Sellers Klearfront and its "fifteen famous features."

Important, because of its suggestions regarding breakfast nooks, closet spaces and work tables.

Important, because this handsome booklet "L-2" is really instructive, and may be had for the asking—from G. I. Sellers & Sons Company, Elwood, Indiana.

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SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS

FEB. 20, 1926 **Liberty** *A Weekly for Everybody* VOL. 2 No. 42

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 4160
Chicago: Tribune Square. Superior 0100

ADVERTISING OFFICES
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 4160
Chicago: Tribune Square. Superior 0100

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

TRAILS OF EMPIRE—*An Editorial*

(See Reference Map on page 57)

The chances are that people who drive their cars much from State to State, or for that matter within a State, will have, some of the time, the tramp of pioneers in their imaginative hearing if they happen to know the road they are on and what has been on it before them.

Many great roads were trails, followed by a restless people moving west to cheaper land and greater opportunities in the rich wilderness.

This movement for the most part went west from its point of origin. The earliest way was by water and portage. Mountains were obstacles. The French used the lakes. They came into what is now Pennsylvania by way of Niagara, then to Erie (Presque Isle), down French Creek to Franklin (Venango), and down the Allegheny to Pittsburgh (Fort Duquesne). The English of New York tried to go west by the Hudson Valley to Albany and by the Mohawk Valley to the lakes. The hostile Iroquois made that difficult.

Farther south, in Pennsylvania, there was a trail from Philadelphia up the Susquehanna and Juniata, across the mountains by the Kittanning Gorge, and down to the Allegheny River. A trail known as Nemacolin's Path went from Pittsburgh to the Potomac. Washington, when he went as a Colonial soldier from Virginia into western Pennsylvania, went by Cumberland, Maryland, then Wills Creek, and over Nemacolin's Path. Braddock went by it to his defeat.

The Mohawk Valley way and the Susquehanna way were bad for a long time because of Indians. There had been a tide of Scotch-Irish and Germans coming in by the port of Philadelphia and, finding Pennsylvania lands high, they went south through the Shenandoah Valley. That was another great Indian warpath. Then a gap was found to the west—Cumberland Gap—and the people went through it into Kentucky and Tennessee and from Kentucky across into Ohio and Illinois.

Daniel Boone went by Cumberland Gap. His trail by Boone's Gap led to Lexington, Kentucky.

The Scioto Trail started at Sandusky, where it could pick up the lake travel from the east, went down the Sandusky River and the Scioto, across the Ohio, and down Kentucky through Cumberland Gap. The Miami Trail came down from the north to the mouth of the Licking and crossed the Ohio to go south between the Green and Cumberland rivers.

When by trails and water routes the Ohio and Mississippi valleys were opened up, there still remained the farther West to be reached by tramping feet, horse, and covered wagon.

The expanding force went over the plains. In 1840 to 1850 there were trails starting out of St. Louis, Independence, and Leavenworth. The Oregon Trail from Leavenworth went along the Platte River by Fort Laramie, across the mountains to Fort Bridger, and on to Fort Hall in Oregon Territory, where a trail dropped down to Sacramento in California and the Oregon Trail went on across the Cascade Mountains to Oregon City and Vancouver.

From Leavenworth also went the Santa Fe Trail by Las Vegas and Santa Fe into New Mexico and by Emory's route or Cooke's Wagon Route across the Gila River to San Diego and on up to Los Angeles.

These and others were the ways of empire. Hard travel for men who carried destiny with them, now traveled by people in Pullman or automobile who might like to know that the expansion of the nation went the way they now travel.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Another Wallop from Wodehouse

P. G. WODEHOUSE, who holds the national chuckle-record, is bent on bettering his "best." In KEEPING IT FROM CUTHBERT he gives us the second story of his exclusive series for Liberty. It's the uproarious tale of a pugilist, his seraphic son, an uplifter—and the mess they get into.

A TRUE STORY ABOUT A REAL SUICIDE CLUB is a remarkable article by WALTER DAVENPORT.

AMONG GORILLAS is a fascinating tale of encounters with giant apes by MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY, noted woman explorer.

The amazing story of HINKEY OF YALE, one of the greatest of the old-time football heroes, is told by HUGH FULLERTON, and there are many other exceptional features.

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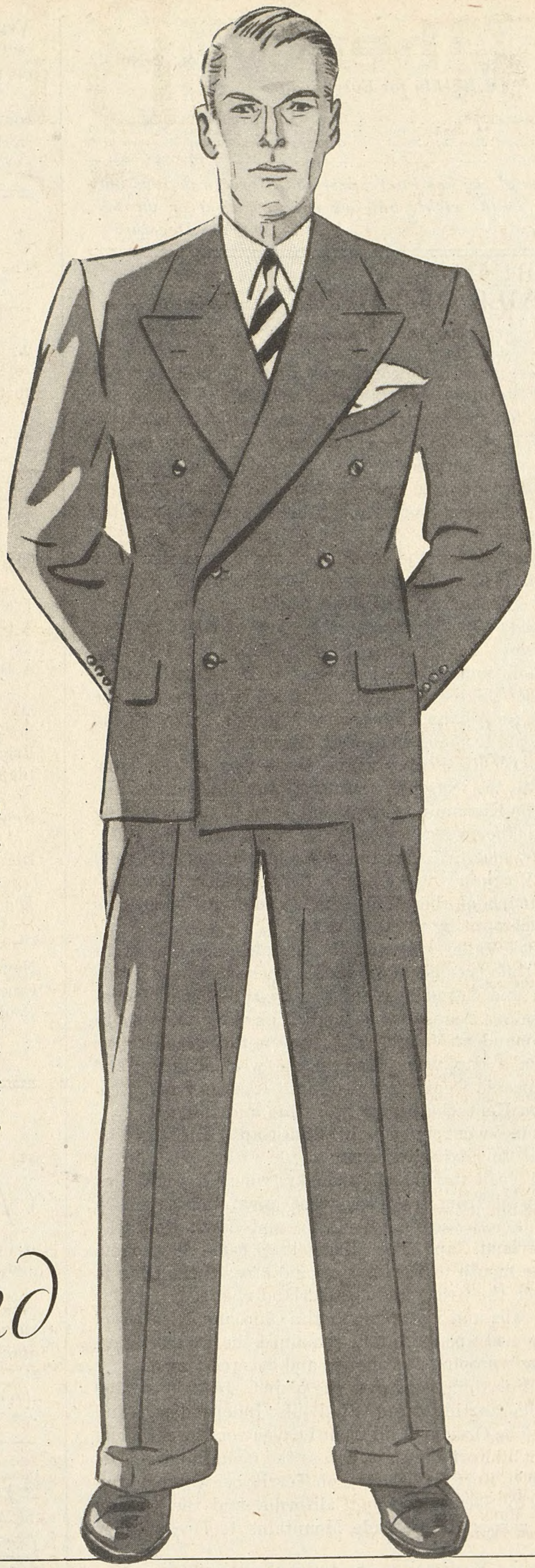

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The BLACK COUSIN

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP

"RHINO," said Worthington, "I think we're howling under the wrong window. No princess here. No signs of one. What would a princess come here for, anyhow? Let's hunt up another Ringboro."

Beginning a New Serial of Laughter, Love, Mystery, and a Feud Fought to the Death for a Vast Fortune

RHINO PUNG was not formed by nature to be a hero, and art would strive in vain to make him so. If he contrived to do something heroic he would accomplish it in such a manner as to make it seem not only commonplace but stupid, and as for looking the part, one would as soon expect romance of a Percheron. The most skittish chaperon felt no hesitation in leaving her charge alone with him, for she knew the girl would be yawning or fast asleep on her return.

Rhino was short and broad and heavy—not fat but huge in his circumferences. He could lift things. His face was broad and dull and emotionless; his eyes were blank when they were not drowsy, and the greater part of the world counted him a dead loss as a companion.

As for his conversation—he had none. Grunted equivalents of yes and no seemed to complete his vocabulary and he never responded to anything but a direct question. How he managed to graduate from Williams is a mystery, because the instructors must, in quizzes, have asked questions not susceptible to be answered by simple affirmatives or negatives. But the greatest mystery of all was the friendship between Rhino and Worthington Harries, the most popular man of his day in Williamstown, and one who possessed in abundance all that Rhino lacked.

Their friendship was a mystery to all but themselves. Men wondered what Harries could see in Rhino Pung—all but Harries, and he, being a modest young man, in spite of his eminence and his honors, wondered what Rhino saw in him.

The commencement of the companionship was characteristic of Rhino. One evening early in their freshman year there had come a rap upon Harries' door and there stood a short, squat, phlegmatic figure.

"Good evening," Harries said expectantly.

Rhino said nothing.

"Will you come in?" Harries invited.

Rhino entered, took a chair, filled his pipe, and sat until half-past ten, speaking no word. Then he looked at his watch, arose, nodded his head, and walked toward the door, where he paused briefly,

"Enjoyed myself," he said.

From that hour the young men were inseparable. If Harries' presence was desired the world knew it was necessary to invite Rhino, and if Worthington's decision was wanted upon an important matter the world knew it would not be given until after a consultation with Pung. And so it continued through four years of college and into that less real and exacting life which follows.

Everybody knew Worthington Harries to be wealthy and alone in the world; nobody, and this included Harries, knew if Rhino had a dollar or parents, or even a birthplace. It was not that he made a mystery of himself, but simply that he failed to give any facts. And so it was with some doubt and hesitation that Harries proposed to his friend that they make a voyage around the world before they settled down to business.

"Rhino," he said, "I want to see things. I want to find out what makes the Chinaman tick and watch the Arab's wheels go 'round. I ache to view the isles of the sea and the white elephants of Siam. I must sit under the bo tree and in the Café de la Paix, and so forth, and so on. Say two years of travel. Those in favor signify by lifting the right hand."

Rhino raised his hand, and there the discussion ended.

Now, having seen the world, they were returning to New York. The two years had stretched nearly to three, but at last they had come to the homeward-bound reach of their Odyssey, and five more days would bring them under the shadow of the Statue of Liberty.

At this time Harries' age was twenty-six years. Pung's may have been the same, greater, or less. The facts are not available.

Their deck chairs were on the port or southerly side of the vessel. Harries talked; Rhino

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BLACK COUSIN Continued from Page Seven]

Pung listened and once in a blue moon grunted or gave a nod of the head.

"Rhino," said Harries after what was an interminable silence for him, "romance is a clay pigeon. It hasn't wings. You have to shoot it into the air with a spring. I'm disappointed in the world."

Rhino turned his head but said nothing. An elderly gentleman who sat next to Worthington on his left also turned his head to scrutinize the young man, and a faint, tolerant smile blossomed for an instant beneath his grizzled mustache.

"Yes," elaborated Harries, "here we've prodded our beaks into every remote cranny of this terrestrial billiard ball, and what have we found? We've peered at a deal of beauty in the way of scenery and a bit of it in skirts. But nothing has happened, and Heaven knows I've been in a receptive mood."

Rhino grunted.

"WE'VE neither been in danger nor in love," Harries went on. "Not a beautiful South Sea Islander weeps for our return, nor Malay cutthroat whets his knife in hopes of meeting us once more. We've seen, but we haven't done. And, old top, if two fascinating, handsome, dressy chaps like us can circumnavigate the globe without standing once in the pink tint of adventure then, I contend, the globe has gone to pot and we'd better hustle back and chase dollars."

"Time," said Rhino.

"It's high time we were, eh? Why?"

"Broke," said Rhino.

"Um . . . I've kept the heavy things from you, but I'm badly bent myself. Outside of the splendid educations we have and which we have broadened by travel, do you know anything useful?"

"Lots," said Rhino.

"Good for you. Me—I'll probably have to sell bonds. Fellows do that."

"No," said Rhino.

"Then that's out," Harries said. When Rhino Pung said "no" there was a tone of finality about it which convinced. "What shall we do?" It is also to be observed that he did not ask what he should do or what Rhino proposed, but what both should essay.

"Look," said Rhino.

"Good notion. You look and report, and I'll dip in my oar when the time's ripe."

"Power," said Pung.

"Electric, hydraulic, steam, horse, or political?"

"Water."

"You've been thinking," Harries accused. "Doggone, I wouldn't mind a financial shortage if only I'd had one crack at romance."

The elderly gentleman in the adjoining chair cleared his throat. Rhino turned his eyes, Harries turned his head.

"It is," said the elderly gentleman, "one of the privileges of age to intrude into the conversations of youth." He smiled and his fine, lean, lined face became attractive where before it had erred somewhat upon the side of severity. It was a distinguished face. "May I assure you, my young friend, that the world is not sterile. If you have failed to encounter romance it was because you called on the wrong day. But out of the experience of a full life I can assure you it lives and is in full vigor."

"Perhaps, then," said Worthington, "we are of the unlucky."

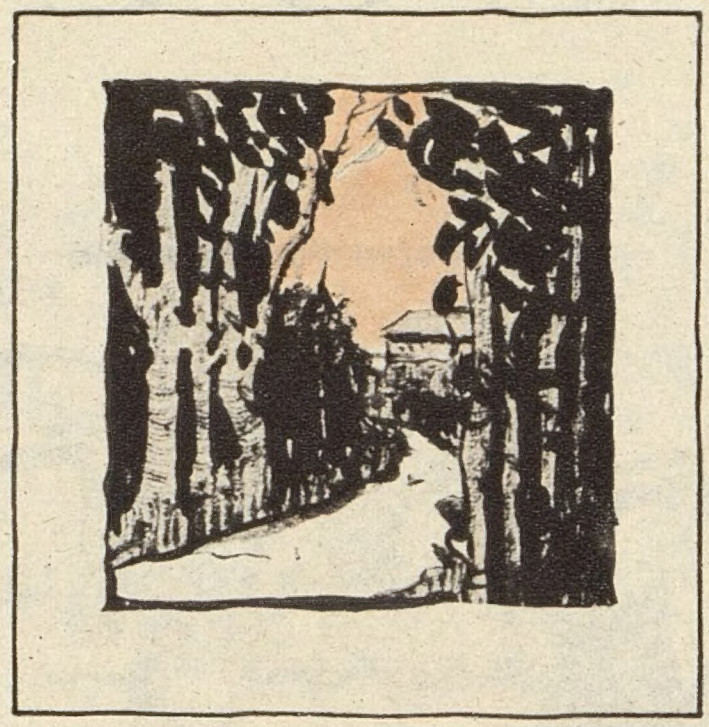
"Or the fortunate," said the gentleman sententiously. "It seems to me romance has power to bring more grief than joy."

"One must pay the piper."

"That would be well if the wage could be set beforehand. But sometimes the piper's bill astonishes you."

"I think," said Harries, "I would pay cheerfully."

Again the elderly gentleman smiled. "I thought so once—and—yes, yes, you have me there—I think so still. But our ideas of romance differ. What is wine to one may be vinegar to another. What form would you have romance take for you, my friends?"



"Well, offhand, there would be a princess—a very lovely one—and we would meet in strange circumstances. She would have enemies or be surrounded by plots and perils, and I would come butting in gorgeously to pick the chestnuts out of the fire. That sort of thing."

The keen old gray eyes twinkled. "Rather tailored to fashion, isn't it? But none the less serviceable. Well, as far as it goes, but I suppose you would love your princess and she you?"

"Naturally."

"PRINCESSES have obligations. They do not marry even the bravest and handsomest of young Americans. What then? Would you be satisfied with a withered rose and the recollection of tearful words of parting?"

"I would *not*. No sir-*ee* bob! I want not only the peaches, but the basket they come in."

"Ah! . . . And your friend, what does he think?"

Rhino turned away his eyes and looked straight before him uncompromisingly.

"Twaddle," he said.

The old gentleman bent forward to scrutinize Rhino, and three times he nodded his head. "I have watched you," he said. "For two days you have interested me. Why?—Again romance if you wish. Once I knew your like. As two peas. First we fought each other with knives on the dirt floor of a Hongkong wine shop for a Russian girl whom neither of us wanted. I lived and we became friends."

"What became of the girl?" asked Harries.

"Levantine Greek," said Rhino.

Harries turned and stared; the elderly gentleman sat back in his chair and smiled as if in contentment.

"What's a Levantine Greek got to do with it?" Harries asked.

"Nabbed her," Rhino said.

"Nabbed whom?"

"Ask him," said Rhino. "Ask John Hard."

"The son of Rhino Pung," said the elderly gentleman, and this time with unmistakable contentment. "And how do they call you, young sir?"

"We call him Rhino, but—but we made it up ourselves," said Harries.

"Probably his grandfather was called Rhino also." John Hard smiled again. "How about that, young man?"

"Fourth Rhino," said Pung.

"A dynasty of them, you see. . . . And so your father told you about me?"

"Wrote."

The conversation ended there, apparently to the satisfaction of both parties to it—but not at all to the satiety of Worthington Harries. He glared at his silent friend. "Do you dare sit there and admit you have a father who fought with knives for a Russian girl—and you never told me!"

Rhino shrugged.

"And, out of a clear sky, you spring this sort of thing on me!"

"It's not a talkative family," said Mr. Hard.

"Will *you* talk, sir? I'll sit back and be very still and listen."

"AT my age," said John Hard, "it takes little to set the tongue to wagging. . . . Ah, young man, it is all recollections for me now—all but one more piece of living. One more thing to do—and then the waiting for the silence. . . . But I do not complain. My sixty-eight years have been good years, full to overflowing. . . . And even today there are people to whom I am an anxiety. . . . Tales of Rhino Pung! . . ."

He closed his eyes and left them, briefly, for a journey into the departed years, from which he returned to talk such talk as Harries had never heard nor dreamed, talk of the youth of Rhino Pung and of himself, incredible, thrilling tales of a man who was made to seem more than a man; a figure for legend or saga, whose song of deeds had found in John Hard a worthy minstrel.

The bugle sounded for dinner, but Harries had appetite only for more tales from this Thousand and One Nights.

Rhino, however, got to his feet and grunted.

"Eat," he said.

Worthington arose reluctantly.

"May we come back, sir?" he asked. "This has been the grandest afternoon of my life. There's more, isn't there?"

"I have my dinner here," said John Hard. "Return, by all means. Some day you will know what an appreciative audience means to a garrulous old man. . . . And I may be able to prove to you that romance lives—even today."

They were still a day out of New York when John Hard turned his talk abruptly to the present.

"And you two," he asked, "are you partners as Rhino Pung and I were partners?"

"Yes," said Rhino.

"It is good." He turned to Harries. "Love, I fear, is a rose, ending always in a handful of dried—but fragrant—petals; the friendship of man for man is a ruby, glowing dully, unscented, but indestructible. In this world, I fear, more lasting joy comes from standing shoulder to shoulder than from standing lip to lip. . . . But that the years must teach you. You are entitled to both."

"Isn't that a bit hard-boiled, sir?" asked Harries.

"The truth is always hard-boiled. My meaning is only that love is for youth; friendship for life . . . And yet, without love . . . It reaches out. Its whisper reaches the ear, even from the grave. It bridges the years and the generations." The austere lines of John

Hard's patrician face softened and seemed to glow.

"Strange," he said musingly, "that a man nearing his three-score years and ten should feel the tug of friendship. . . . And that is a story of love, and of hatred, and envy and covetousness! A wicked thing in which the wrong was not all upon one side! . . .

"There was a princess in it such as you spoke of, a *principessa* —and now the granddaughter of that one draws power from her grandmother to send me once again adventuring into the world. A strange and tangled family story. . . . Ah, I should enjoy it more if my age were yours. The thought of a knife in the back is not so alluring as it once was."

"YOU mean, sir, that you're mixed up in something of that sort *now?*"

"I may speak of it to the son of Rhino Pung and to his friend. My last mission!" He turned to Rhino. "If the need comes, may I call on you?"

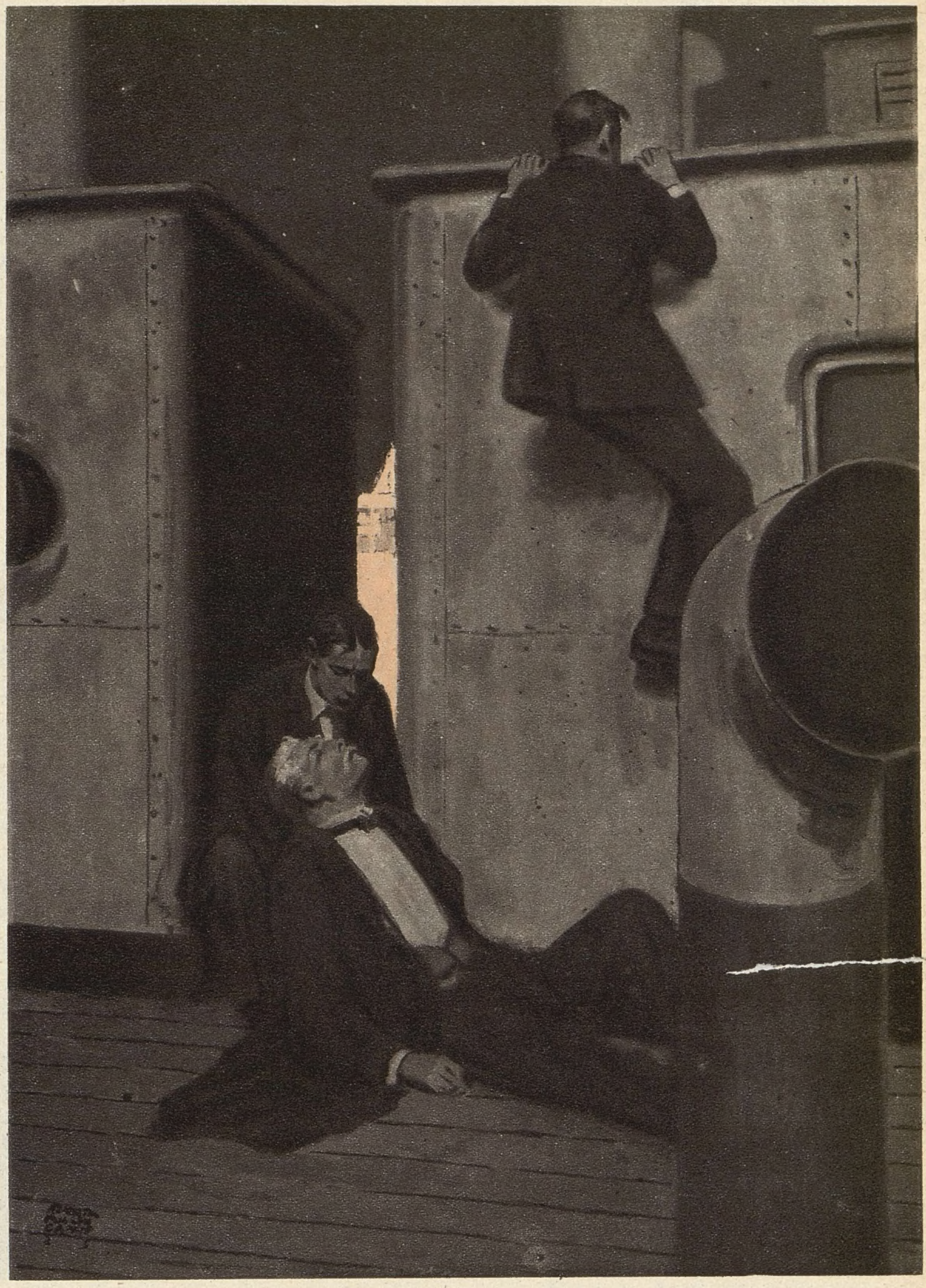
Rhino nodded.

"And upon me, sir. Upon me, too."

"That," said Mr. Hard, "goes without saying, since you are his friend. Princesses, crime, vendettas, disinheritings, transplantings! A great name! A great fortune to fight for! . . . But not the glamour of my twenties. Today it savors of disagreeable business. . . . Tonight I shall sleep on it; perhaps tomorrow night, before we dock in New York, I shall see the necessity of telling you the story."

On the day which followed John Hard did not recur to the subject; he seemed distrait and sat for long hours in silence. The liner reached quarantine too late to dock that night, and disgruntled passengers tramped the decks and stared hungrily at the distant lights of New York. . . . John Hard and Rhino and Harries walked side by side in the comparative darkness. Around and around the decks they tramped, speaking no word. . . . And then (the hour was approaching midnight) Hard spoke.

"I have decided," he said. "I call for your enlistment. It was vanity to think I could carry on alone, refusing help. Let us find a quiet spot."



Harries threw himself upon his knees behind the man, but Rhino, leaping upward, caught the top of the structure in his fingers and drew himself up.

They walked aft and stood in the shadows under the structure of the second-class lounge, in a narrow passageway. Hard rested his back against the wall; the young men stood on either side.

And then the thing happened! It came silently, swiftly, unerringly—and from above. For an instant the young men did not know, though they heard a swishing, a blow, a sort of sob. It seemed as if a shadow had passed between them to touch John Hard, and John Hard folded like a bundle of cloth and slid to the deck.

Harries threw himself upon his knees behind the man, but Rhino, leaping upward, caught the top of the structure in his fingers and drew himself up. . . . A dark figure which seemed to his eyes to be nude, poised for an instant, and dived. . . . His impression was that it was a woman—at least that the hair was long. . . . He dropped again to the deck and bent with Harries over the body of the old man.

John Hard, pressing one hand to his breast, struggled to arise, to speak. Two words only did he utter before he passed into lasting silence, the name of a town, and the title of a woman:

"*Principessa!*" he said, and then, after a strangling and a struggle, "Ringboro!"

He had given them their orders, incomplete, cryptic, insufficient. And so they found themselves enlisted in a cause whose nature they did not know, with whose participants and rights and wrongs they were unacquainted; whose very battleground was unknown to them.

"Queer weapon," said Rhino Pung, unemotionally.

Come to think of it, this was so. How could a being, lying or standing upon the deck above, have reached John Hard to stab him? It would have required an arm two yards long!

"What shall we do?" Harries asked in a hushed voice.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BLACK COUSIN
Continued from Page Nine]

"Ringboro," said Rhino Pung. Obviously they had been ordered to go there—to go to a town named Ringboro and to find a *principessa*. But what then?

But John Hard had uttered one more word, not understood by Worthington Harries. Because it was spoken so low, in so strangled a voice and in a foreign tongue, it had been no word to him, but only a sound of agony. To Rhino Pung it had been more significant than all else. . . . John Hard's last words were in the language of Italy. *La cugina nera*, he had whispered. *La cugina nera*—the black cousin! . . . And the gender was feminine.

THE New England village of Ringboro spilled down the mountainside until its main street formed a sort of tiny pool of rambling buildings on the floor of the valley. It was an old town and a proud town, not wealthy, but comfortably off and contented.

It admitted the right of the outside world to exist, but that outside world must become very obstreperous indeed before it attracted more than a casual glance from Ringboro. The only outward sign of the pride it took in itself and its past was Memorial Hall, upon whose walls were inscribed the names of those who had fought under Ethan Allen and Stark in the War of 1812, in the Civil War—and already discussions were toward as to the accommodation for the names of those who had gone to France.

In the panels, between the windows, were hung groups of daguerreotypes and photographs, family parties of those who had founded the village and of their descendants. Under such eyes went on the festivities of the place, and if, at a merrymaking, there were more square dances than round, as well may be imagined, it was because the ancestors upon the walls demanded it. The quadrille, the Martha Washington, and dances of another day were still high in favor, and any refreshments less than a chicken-pie supper were regarded as a mere snack. The total population of the village was in the four hundreds; that of the town reached a thousand.

Into this valley of leisure and placidity came Worthington Harries and Rhino Pung, fresh from tragedy and an irksome detention in New York consequent upon an inquiry by authorities into the death of John Hard. For days they had been detained as material witnesses, if not as suspects, until influence, a bond, an able lawyer and such matters had set them at liberty to continue on their way. An unpleasant experience.

It seemed to Harries that their coming was an absurdity, for upon a brief examination of the village he reached the conclusion that nothing ever had or ever would happen there. He said as much to Rhino, who shrugged his shoulders.

Appearances did not deceive Rhino, for he did not consider them. It was enough for him that they had reached Ringboro, named by John Hart.

Now, in his own fashion, he would search for the *principessa* and for *la cugina nera*. And his way was not direct nor impetuous. Nevertheless, at the end of days, he knew more intimately the customs and habits of the people of Ringboro than did numerous individuals who had resided there for years.

The black cousin! Feminine! . . . Rhino speculated upon her, upon who she was and what she signified. To whom was she cousin—and why black?

Worthington, whose blood was hot and whose legs were restless, prowled about the town making such acquaintances as he could—a thing not difficult for him even in that stand-offish New England village. For Harries had a way with him. And always he brought conversation around to the subject of princesses. But no fish rose to that fly. Ringboro had heard of such creatures, but neither had seen nor expected to see one in the flesh.

"Rhino," said Worthington, "I think we're howling under the wrong window. No princess here. No signs of one. What would a princess come here for, anyhow? Let's hunt up another Ringboro."

"Only one," said Rhino placidly.

"I'm sorry," he said, though his eyes belied his words. "I

"Maybe we misunderstood the name. Maybe we're all wrong anyhow."

"No," said Rhino.

"Then where's your princess?"

"Not come," said Rhino. "Wait."

"And while we're waiting?"

"Power," Rhino said. "River."

"You go ahead and fool with your power, old top. I saw a rattling pretty girl today. Drove down in a buggy with a man with a mustache. While you are sizing up dam sites I'll hope for good luck—stop a runaway or something and get acquainted.

"Miss Estey," said Rhino.

"Didn't know you saw her. How did you get her name?"

had no idea anyone was here. I hope I'm not trespassing."

"Asked."

"Who is she? Summer folks?"

Rhino shrugged his shoulders and jerked his thumb toward Titus Childs, proprietor of the hotel, whose share in operating that hostelry seemed to be to sit on the broad piazza, rocking violently all day in a huge wooden rocker. Harries accepted the suggestion and took the chair next to Titus'.

"Many summer folks here?" Harries asked.

"Not a great sight of 'em. Might go fu'ther and do wuss," Titus said sententiously.

Luck was with Harries, for just then a buggy rounded the corner and crossed the bridge. Its occupants were a middle-aged gentleman of foreign appearance—the man with the mustache—and a young lady who might have been his daughter. At least she was greatly his junior, and on the whole was of his complexion. Her hair was black—not a dark brown, but a gleaming, gently waving mass of velvet blackness. Harries thought he never had seen such hair. She wore it gathered tightly to her head, which one saw was shaped exquisitely. It swept down over each cheek closely, covering the ears and accenting the olive skin tinted with youth. Her nose was straight and patrician.

It was a face of extraordinary loveliness, though it was over-pert and intelligent and mobile to be beautiful according to the notions of the Academy. Wonderfully alive it was, keen, daring, demanding. . . . Yet, in repose, as it was at the moment, there was a note of something else. It did not seem to Harries to be sadness; not quite wistfulness. It was rather as of an expression arrested, poised—a hint of tenseness, of being on guard. . . . She was tiny, with graciously modeled shoulders and arms. Something of the cameo about her—a cameo cut by a master.

They passed and Worth turned to Titus. Titus chuckled.

"The's them that calls her perty," he said. "Too kind of dark complected for my fancy."

"She lives here?"

"Wa-al now, she does and she don't. Mebby she'll stay and mebby she won't. Don't git much news of her down in the village. Old Micah Estey's niece or suthin' like that. Furst name's Isabel, they say. Stand-offish! . . . Hear tell old Micah left her all his proppity."

"A newcomer, then?"

"COME a couple weeks ago and opened up the big house. 'Tain't been what you could call opened up for years. Micah, he lived mostly down to Boston—though he made his money here and ought to 'a spent it here, seems as though. Old batch, he was. And when he come to die the proppity went to this here girl. Folks says she was livin' in Europe or some-'eres, and comes darn nigh to bein' a furriner. . . . But she come home to git the money, all right."

"Is the foreign looking gentleman her husband?"

"None of us has made out jest who he is," said Titus. "But she hain't married. Some says he's Eye-talian, others says suthin' else."

"This Micah Estey was a rich man, I take it."

"Micah—young feller, the' hain't no guessin' what his fortune 'ud run to. Owns nigh a hundred thousand acres of timber up the valley. Built him them pulp mills down river five-six year ago. Got sawmills here and upstate. I hear tell he made a couple o' millions durin' the war off'n this here Swede pulp alone."

"Which makes it very pleasant for the young lady," said Harries. Presently he got up and sauntered back to Rhino, who manifested no curiosity as to his discoveries.

"You're going tramping this afternoon?" Harries asked.

Rhino nodded.

"But what if you do find a power site?" Harries asked. "We're not heeled to handle it. That sort of thing costs money. Now I don't run to twenty-five thousand."

"Twenty," Rhino said.

"Besides, do you think we ought to waste time like that? We don't know where we're at, and we've pledged ourselves to a man who is dead. And aren't you interested in rescuing distressed princesses?"

"By-product," said Rhino.

After dinner—for dinner was served at noon in Titus Childs' hotel—the silent one of the partnership took his departure without a word, leaving Harries to his own devices.

But Worth did not sit idle for long. Presently he was trudging the road to the westward, with no purpose in view unless it was a half formed idea to walk past the big house Micah Estey had built for himself and seldom occupied.

The mansion was something like a mile from the village, situated upon an eminence from which its owner might overlook the Ringboro valley on the one side and the valley of the South Branch upon the other. A stone wall bordered the road along with sumac and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BLACK COUSIN
Continued from Page Eleven]

witch hopple had been allowed to grow, and the gate in its archway consisted of two leaves of heavy timbers with huge iron hinges—a medieval sort of thing and surprising, but by no means so surprising when one got a view of the mansion itself. A triumph of ugliness it was, built of the granite of the surrounding hills, with doors over large and windows over small. It was not cheerful. Its general tone was a darkish gray.

"Anyhow," Harries said to himself, "I don't envy the young woman her castle."

He walked on down the road under the shadow of the stone wall, and turned off at its corner with a view to scrutinizing the monstrosity from its southern exposure.

FOR twenty minutes, perhaps, he sat on the sunny side of a boulder, wondering what could have moved any man, but more especially a New Englander, to erect for himself such a dwelling. There was nothing of New England about it, nor of any other known country, though it would have excited less surprise had it been perched on a mountainside near Castrogiovanni. After all, he thought, it did have a Sicilian look. But what touch could an old Yankee lumberman have with distant Sicily?

Slowly he got to his feet and descended again toward the little river. In his path lay broken boulders, and through a cleft which separated the parts of one of these he passed, edgewise, foot after foot. On the yonder side of it he started and turned quickly, for a little startled cry reached his ears. . . . And there, half risen from a flat rock, poised the dainty dark girl of the passing carriage; this Isabel Estey who had come to Ringboro to assume the property which was hers through the death of old Micah.

For a duration sufficient for one to have counted ten they stared at each other, startled—he more admiring than abashed, she with what seemed to be genuine alarm. He lifted his hat.

"I'm sorry," he said, though his eyes belied his words. "I had no idea anyone was here. I hope I'm not trespassing." He moved closer, though she did not reply but only continued to watch him with bright, intelligent, alert eyes. . . . And then he saw that she had been weeping.

"Who are you?" she asked, with a certain surprising directness. And then, appraising him, "You are not a—a *cantadino*." It was evident she was at a loss for the English equivalent for this word, and he felt a little shock of surprise.

"No," he said, smiling, "I am not a peasant. We don't have them about here. . . . And what in the world made you think we did! Neither peasants nor princes; all born free and equal, the Star-Spangled Banner, and long may she wave!" He grinned amiably. Then he recited the old rhyme of childhood, "W. Harries is my name, America is my nation; tra-la-la-la-la-doodle-doo (I forget that part of it); and loafer is my station."

Her lips bent upward, and her eyes commenced to twinkle in spite of her efforts to maintain an attitude of cold superiority.

"That," she said, "is nonsense."

"I'm not sure," he answered soberly. "I've made a scholarly study of life, and have reached the conclusion either that nothing at all is ever nonsense, or else that everything always is. You may have your choice."

She did not meet his mood. Her eyes became even blacker and her lips wistful. "I think," she said—and he noted how she almost said *theenk*—"that nothing is at all ever nonsense. And that is not good, is it?"

By the added question she seemed to admit him to the presence, as it were, and sank again upon her flat rock, where she appeared very graceful and lovely indeed—the most graciously molded bit of daintiness he had ever seen.

"You may sit down," she said. "I will talk to you a little. . . . Do you live in this place?"

"No; I am a visitor."

"You have to come here?"

"Oh, no."

"If you do not live here, and do not have to

come, then why, will you tell me, are you here at all? I should not be."

He threw back his head and laughed, for in her disgust of the place her face became piquant, adorable.

"Maybe I came to look for something," he said.

"To look for what?" she demanded sharply.

"It might be the shadows of the clouds moving along the mountain slopes. It might be a brook tumbling down the side of a hill, or a dickey bird sitting on a limb, or a woman baking doughnuts by her kitchen window, or—well, it might be a fairy princess, or a leprechaun, or a chance to make money, or a fight that isn't private. Who knows?"

"I'm sure I don't," she answered flatly.

"You speak English," he said, "as if it were not your native tongue."

"PERHAPS it isn't," she answered. "Why should it be? Must one be native-born American to be respectable? This village thinks so. Do you agree with it?"

"I don't care a hoot if you are an Eskimo—so long as you let me sit here and talk to you. I was lonely tramping the roads alone."

"Lonely!" Her lip curled. "What do you know of loneliness? What does anybody know?"

"Then you are lonesome in the big house there? It is isolated, and certainly it's not inviting. Aren't you a bit afraid at night?"

"Afraid! Me!" This time her lip curled unmistakably. "I am afraid of nothing." She paused and looked across the valley at the distant forest. "If I were afraid of anything I should long ago be dead."

"You speak," he said, "as if you had been leading a life of wild adventure, where your hand must always be ready and your wits alert. . . . Or are you just imagining?"

"Do you think I am a kitten with someone always to give me warm milk?"

"I think you are a New England young lady of wealth, who has lived abroad for a long time, doubtless with a Bostonese gentlewoman for a chaperon. I think you have gone to school in Switzerland, and maybe in Paris, and a little in Italy. And I would guess that the greatest peril you have ever been in was lest the cable of the lift might break when you were going up to your rooms in the Hotel Russie." Purposely he spoke provocatively, for she had quickened his curiosity.

"You try to make me angry so I will tell you things," she said. "I do not like people who are inquisitive. It would be better if you went away now. I am through talking with you."

"Do you sit here every afternoon?" he dared to ask, and her eyes twinkled mischievously as she replied:

"If you wish to know that I would advise that you come to look."

"May I?"

"The road is not private. This place has no wall. I have no dog to chase you away."

"I SHALL take that for permission. I have a friend, but he is busy looking for something—for a place to build a dam—and so he leaves me alone. Please don't build a wall or buy a dog. I've just come back to America, and it is your patriotic duty to be hospitable."

"You have just crossed the ocean?" Again he noted that curious, arrested expression upon her face.

"Landed only a few days ago."

"What vessel?" She seemed to ask with a purpose.

"The Guilio," he answered.

Her face was immobile now, her eyes expressionless, deep, unfathomable, as she said in a voice in which Harries could detect nothing but the casual, "She is a fine ship. . . ." But her eyes were level upon his, and he knew a sensation almost physical, as if she were trying to break and enter his head with burglarious intent. For the first time it was clear she was interested in him. But why? Because he had crossed on the Guilio? . . . That was absurd.

He lifted his hat. "Since I am dismissed," he said gayly, "I shall go. But, rain or shine, I shall walk this way tomorrow."

"I do not sit out under umbrellas waiting for young men," she said pertly.

Harries climbed the slope to the road, where he paused to look down again. Over the tip of the rock he could see a bit of color, which was her dress, and the black of her hair. He rounded the corner of the wall and passed the big house. Once he stopped to scrutinize it again, and as he did so he became conscious of movement at a shuttered window on the second floor. As he watched, a little hand reached between the leaves of the shutter, a tiny white hand. That was all. It moved; but whether it was waving to him or engaged upon some concern of its own he could not tell. In an instant it was withdrawn.

Harries stared. Then he wondered. How could Miss Estey have reached the house so soon? Nor, if he appraised her rightly, was she one to wave at so new an acquaintance from a window. The thing puzzled him, compelled him to retrace his steps to the corner of the wall, where he could look down again toward the brook. There sat Miss Estey, where he had left her. Who, then, he asked himself, was the owner of the little hand at the shutter? And had that hand waved to him, and why?

"A wild goose chase"—that's what you are probably calling this expedition to Ringboro. It looks as though Rhino and Worth were on the wrong track to the solution of John Hard's mysterious words, but wait! The story continues next week with astonishing surprises.

Frenzied Football

By WALTER DAVENPORT

"Cold Cash" Pyle Gives Florida a Practical Lesson in Flint-hearted Finance

How Red Grange, the Galloping Ghost, Gets the Lion's Portion of Purses

MR. C. C. PYLE, who came into fame a few weeks ago as the manager of and for Mr. Harold Grange, student at large in the University of Illinois and the Babe Ruth of football, was sitting in his hotel in Tampa, Florida, congratulating himself.

Many unkind things have been said about Mr. Pyle since Mr. Grange deserted amateurism and the campus for professional football, but none is justified. He is a business man. He is a business man not, as he takes care to emphasize, for the love of the wits battle incident to such a career, but for financial reward. So apt is he at promoting and managing that his jealous rivals interpret the initials of his name as Cash and Carry.

"Little do they know," says Mr. Pyle, "how they flatter me. Ask any of my boys."

Mr. Pyle's boys were abed, it being midnight. There were eighteen of them, all late heroes of college gridirons and now energetic if not enthusiastic employees of the Chicago Bears. Mr. Pyle, having started his professional football management with one hero, Red Grange, had now taken over the entire team.

Charles L. Frank Photo.

Here are the Chicago Bears, whose prowess is dimmed by the fame of the Wheaton Iceman. The towering central figure is Red Grange himself.

Mr. Pyle was not abed because he was awaiting the coming of Mr. John S. O'Brien, co-promoter and manager for a brand-new aggregation of college ex-heroes assembled for business reasons at Jacksonville. Mr. O'Brien arrived in excellent humor, for he had just become the manager for Mr. Ernie Nevers of California, all-American fullback from Stanford University and second to Grange in football sensationalism. Of course, said Mr. O'Brien, Swede Oberlander of Dartmouth might be almost as much of a sensation but inasmuch as the Swede declined to desert the classroom for the cash register (being a rotten business man), Nevers of Stanford got his job.

"It should be the battle of the century, Mr. Pyle," said Mr. O'Brien. "I aim to cover the South with announcements that no red-blooded man should miss the titanic struggle between the Galloping Ghost and the Lion of the Sierras—Red and Ernie. It will be a sell-out with lamentable numbers turned away at the gate."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Pyle, "because you will now read with less pain our contract, which, I regret to say, has embarrassed other managers. All we ask before we start for Jacksonville is that twenty thousand dollars be placed in a safe bank in my name and that you sign this document which gives us sixty-five per cent of the gross gate receipts."

Mr. O'Brien's smile hardened a trifle but stuck to his face.

"Of course," said Mr. Pyle, "the twenty thousand dollars in the bank applies on the sixty-five per cent guaranty."

"That's fine," said Mr. O'Brien. "What was the size of the gate at Coral Gables?"

"Somewhat disappointing," said Mr. Pyle. "That is the reason I ask for the money in the bank."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FRENZIED FOOTBALL
Continued from Page Thirteen]

Mr. O'Brien asked for and was given permission to think. Never in the history of business promotion had there been greater necessity for concentrated thought.

The history of the Jacksonville team is sufficiently similar to that of the others, always excepting the Chicago Bears, to warrant its telling. Mr. Donaldson and Mr. Ferris are newspaper reporters come from the North along with a million other Yanks to take part in the big parade from relative rags to comparative riches. While awaiting the tide that leads to fortune they devoted themselves to their profession, Mr. Ferris becoming sports editor and Mr. Donaldson general reporter for the *Times-Union* in Jacksonville.

Mr. Ferris conceived the idea of promoting a professional football team for the town. Mr. Donaldson applauded and hurried out to see the mayor, John T. Allsop, Jr., who once played fullback for the University of Virginia and won lasting glory by scoring a touchdown against Harvard.

Mr. Allsop applauded and asked the names of the players.

"We will go into that at once," said Mr. Donaldson.

"They will want to be paid," said the mayor.

"That's another detail we shall consider," said Mr. Donaldson.

WHILE Mr. Ferris and Mr. Donaldson were pondering these details, Mr. O'Brien arrived in Jacksonville with football on his mind. Mr. O'Brien had had some experience at promoting but not in sports. Naturally he sought out the sports editor of the morning newspaper. He entered while Mr. Donaldson and Mr. Ferris were conferring. Thus the three joined forces.

On the following morning the Jacksonville *Times-Union's* sports page carried an article to the effect that that town was about to collect football players. Within twenty-four hours the most amazing aggregation of athletes ever assembled in one spot appeared, offering their services for one hundred, two hundred, and five hundred dollars a game. They ranged in ages from twenty to forty years and all had scored touchdowns on Harvard.

Messrs. O'Brien, Donaldson, and Ferris could not venture upon the streets without escorts of fullbacks, centers, guards, and ends of assorted poundages.

"This won't do," said Mr. O'Brien. "We will have to get a few athletes who have not scored touchdowns on Harvard. But first of all we three promoters will have to score on somebody's bank account. Moreover, we shall need a star attraction. Now if we had another Red Grange our troubles would be over."

"Would Ernie Nevers do?" inquired Mr. Donaldson.

"You couldn't think of Swede Oberlander too, could you?" asked Mr. O'Brien.

"I'm from the Coast," said Mr. Donaldson, "and I know Nevers. Also I know his lawyer, Mr. Finlaw Geary of Santa Rosa."

The trio pooled their cash and telegraphed Mr. Geary. Would the great Nevers turn professional? If so, how much? In twelve hours the reply was in the Western Union office. The promoters were told that they could see it upon payment of the charges, twenty-nine dollars and some cents. That was on Wednesday. Mr. Donaldson's pay-day was two days away. So the boys waited two days to find out what Mr. Nevers had to say.

Ernie Nevers would be glad to play five games for the glory of Jacksonville and twenty-five thousand dollars plus five per cent of the gross gate receipts. He would embark for Florida the moment the money was in a stipulated bank in Santa Rosa and two railroad tickets—one for Nevers and one for Geary—were received by the latter. The twenty-nine-dollar telegram was a contract.

Much detail must be omitted. By making an office-to-office and house-to-house canvass of Jacksonville the promoters raised twenty-five thousand dollars.

Nevers and his lawyer arrived in Jacksonville. The news spread. The Stein brothers—Herb of the University of Pittsburgh and Russ of Washington and Jefferson—enlisted at two hundred dollars apiece per game in addition to food and lodging. The promoters, playing their luck, agreed to the Stein proposal. Red Barron of Georgia Tech was induced to join up for a halfback job and John Shirey of Auburn strolled in from New Mexico, saying he'd play for anything but applause.

THE Stein brothers corralled Bowser, who used to play quarterback for Pittsburgh; and Bull Wesley of Alabama came looking for work. Physically Bull resembles a large steel safe. Blockhouse Bulger of Tufts quit firing a Nashville and Louisville freight and applied for a job.

"I made a touchdown on Harvard," said Mr. Bulger.

"Sorry, Mr. Bulger," said Mr. O'Brien, "we're not playing Harvard."

"Makes no difference," said Mr. Bulger. "Half the time I didn't know the name of the team we were playing anyway."

Hoots Flanagan of Pittsburgh was lured away from his job with the Palm Beach team. The manager of the latter eleven threatened Mr. O'Brien with all sorts of dire things, including a lawsuit, but Mr. O'Brien had lost the ability to be scared.

It was a noble aggregation. Mr. O'Brien had hired a trainer—Pat McGuire of Shelby, Montana, and a coach. The boys elected Ernie Nevers captain, fired the trainer, and ignored the coach.

Mr. O'Brien rented the sample room in George Mason's hotel and converted it into a dormitory. Strong iron cots were moved in and the athletes followed. He followed the usual formula by allowing the boys three dollars a day each for food. There were objections to this because the athletes were large, strong men and many of them had been known to have consumed more than three dollars' worth of food for breakfast alone.

Financing professional football is no business for a conservative. Roughly estimated it costs six dollars a day per player for board and lodging and that, quoting Two-ton Bill Knoedler of the Colorado School of Mines, the University of Utah, Coe College, and Oklahoma Baptist, means eating light and a chance the roof leaks. Mr. Knoedler, being rejected by Mr. O'Brien, was on his way to report to Jim Thorpe in Tampa when intercepted by the police in St. Augustine. The charge is assault, although details are lacking.

THE average wage for football players is two hundred dollars a game. Much depends upon the reputation of the athlete. If he is fresh from the campus with all-American honors he can demand and get five hundred dollars a game as long as the management remains solvent. The cases of Grange and Nevers are wholly different. Oberlander of Dartmouth, Wilson of Washington, Friedman of Michigan, and similarly widely advertised athletes would be in position to make demands like Nevers.

But the old war horses who have been out of college several seasons have to be content with from two to three hundred dollars a game. The lesser lads get about a hundred or a hundred and fifty dollars a game.

Such innocents as Willie Gruber, who claimed the Oregon Aggies as his alma mater, were rejected forthwith. Mr. Gruber was quite bald and slightly drunk. He weighed approximately three hundred pounds.

"I'm an end by rights," said Mr. Gruber, "but if you're going to play the Bears I'd like to play guard so's to take on this guy Garvey of Notre Dame, who they tell me is a fighter. All I ask is a chance and if I don't have this guy Garvey crying in the umpire's lap in five minutes I won't ask a cent."

"No, Mr. Gruber," Mr. Donaldson told him, "you won't do. We aim to keep the game as peaceable as possible and we do not wish Mr. Garvey hurt. Are you a fighter?"

"I knocked out Homer Cummings once and chased Fred Fulton out of a clubhouse out in Milwaukee."

"No, I'm afraid not," said Mr. Donaldson. "I'm no fighter and I have a bum back but—— No, Mr. Gruber. Thank you for offering assistance."

In the dormitory the boys set about making it homey. In a few minutes after they had been shown their quarters, the walls flowered with "Toots to Unkie Jasper," "to Daddy Sweetie-sweet from Daphne G.," "Dimples," and "Yes Sir, He's My Daddy, from Bunny."

When Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Pyle met in Tampa to make the financial arrangements for the collision of those giants, the Wheaton

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

J. F. CARR

HERE is an All-American professional football team with a second team thrown in for good measure. It is a selection made from the choices of *J. F. Carr*, President of the National Professional Football League, and various stars playing with teams which have been barnstorming in Florida this winter.

FIRST TEAM	SECOND TEAM
ENDS: Bomar (Vanderbilt), New York Goebel (Michigan), Columbus	Chamberlain (Nebraska), Frankford Voss (Detroit), Detroit
TACKLES: Healy (Dartmouth), Chicago Bears Lyman (Nebraska), Cleveland	Wesley (Alabama), Jacksonville Sonnenberg (Dartmouth), Detroit
GUARDS: Spagne (No College), Frankford Alexander (Syracuse), New York	Osborn (Penn. State), Pottsville Nesser (No College), Akron
CENTER Stein (Pittsburgh), Pottsville	Trafton (Notre Dame), Chicago Bears
QUARTERBACK: Sternaman (Ill.) Ch. Bears	Driscoll (Northwestern), Chicago Cardinals
HALFBACKS: Grange (Ill.), Chicago Bears Barron (Ga. Tech.), Coral Gbls.	Flanagan (Pittsburgh), Pottsville Lamb (Lombard), Rock Island
FULLBACK McBride (Syracuse) New York	Elliott (Lafayette), Cleveland

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. . . for years Thompson struggled gamely under the handicap of a poor physique. He tired easily; couldn't stand the gaff of hard work. Now he is a marvel to all who know him. Head of a world-business, director in a dozen corporations, capable of long hours at fever pitch that would burn out an ordinary man. What is his secret?

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HEINZ KETCHUP IMPROVES THE BEST

This is why Heinz Tomato Ketchup goes so well with food in general, and cold cuts in particular:

It is the full-bodied, boiled-down essence of Heinz-grown tomatoes, combined with granulated sugar and the finest spices bought by Heinz where they actually grow. The Heinz recipe for this world-known Ketchup calls for long thorough cooking in which the tomatoes are boiled down and the water steamed away, leaving a thick, rich, undiluted ketchup which pours slowly and pleases quickly. You *know* it is *all* ketchup.

For Tomato Ketchup at its best, order Heinz.

WHEN IN PITTSBURGH BE SURE TO VISIT THE HEINZ KITCHENS · H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

Ghost and the Lion of the Sierras, Mr. O'Brien asked:

"Is twenty thousand your lowest terms, Mr. Pyle? You see, the game's new in Jax and we're having a little trouble making the leading citizens see it. With Ernie Nevers and an all-star cast trouping the country playing in the name of Jacksonville, it means big advertising for the town, but as I say——"

"Twenty thousand in the bank is the absolutely last word, Mr. O'Brien. Twenty thousand before the Bears move in the direction of Jax."

Any gambling man, even an amateur, will understand what happened. Mr. O'Brien returned to Jacksonville and again interviewed the gentlemen who posted the twenty-five thousand for Mr. Nevers. Now, twenty-five thousand is a lot of money even in Florida and anybody with that much at stake is loath to desert it without a fight.

These sporting men who had guaranteed the Lion of the Sierras went forth into the streets and cajoled and entreated their friends, with the result that Mr. Pyle's twenty thousand was posted and Mr. Pyle notified thereof. In return for this Mr. O'Brien surrendered the ticket sales to his backers, which, as it turned out, was no soul-killing concession.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later, having in the meantime beaten the Tampa Cardinals seventeen to three (Red running seventy yards for one of the touchdowns, incidentally trampling old Jim Thorpe and Pete Calac), Grange and his associated Bears appeared in Jacksonville. The frigid Mr. C. C. Pyle, also known as Cold Cash Pyle, left the train first and hurried into conference with Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Finlaw Geary, personal representative and legal adviser of the great Nevers.

The Bears remained in their combination buffet and sleeping car on a side track in the railroad yards.

Compared with other Florida teams here was a real organization. Here was something resembling discipline. The Bears exhibited fewer bloodshot eyes and there was a noticeable absence of cigarette smoking which was indulged in by the Jacksonvile lads on and off the field. Joe and Ed Sternaman and George Halas are the owners of the team, but wisely they made the efficient Mr. Pyle business manager.

The payroll of the Bears—exclusive of Grange—averages twenty-five hundred dollars a week. By careful playing and not trying to run up enormous scores and hitting the line with discretion, they can survive at least two and sometimes three games a week. As long as Grange's vogue lasts towns will guarantee the team twenty and twenty-five thousand a game.

The small crowd trooping the platform ogling the athletes were concerned chiefly in seeing Red. But Red is not easy of access. Like the star attraction of a side show, the Galloping Ghost of Wheaton is well curtained until the arrival at the playing field, when he is suddenly sprung upon the awaiting populace with much shouting by the entire cast.

Red was in the compartment at the end of the sleeping car. The shades were drawn and his secretary and assistant manager lolled against the portals to make sure that he was not intruded upon. Presently the most privileged of visitors arrived—the reporters.

"Red," whispered the secretary through the slightly ajar door, "can you see the reporters?"

Growls issued.

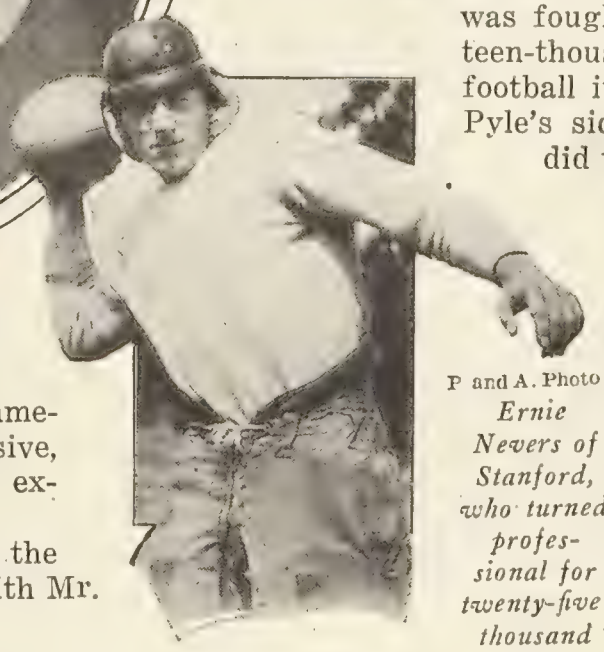
"Just a minute, gentlemen. Red will see you in a minute."

In five minutes the door swung wide open and a somewhat diffident and apparently very tired young man presented himself. He looks more than his years. Almost immediately he assumed the offensive, doubtless his defense against expected questioning.

P. and A Photo

Andy Oberlander of Dartmouth, amateur rival of Grange.

C. C. Pyle, manager of Grange and of the Chicago Bears.



P and A. Photo

Ernie Nevers of Stanford, who turned professional for twenty-five thousand dollars.

"Red, this is Mr. Angwyn of the St. Paul *Leader*. Shake hands with Mr. Grange, Mr. Angwyn."

"Hy-yah, Angwyn."

"Glad to meetya, Mr. Grange."

"Red, meet Dr. Glutz of *Brawn*. *Brawn's* a magazine, Red."

"Hy-yah, Glutz."

"Mr. Grange," began Dr. Glutz, trying to crowd Red back into the compartment, "I have come down from New York to compare you in a series of articles with other great athletes of history. Now if I may have a few minutes of private conversation——"

"See Pyle," said Grange.

"We might begin with the early Greek athletes and continue up through Tom Longboat and prove that you, Mr. Grange——"

"See Pyle," said Red.

Apparently the signal for help was flying, because suddenly four massive athletes plowed down the baggage-littered aisle of the car and neatly, without injuring the doctor, shunted him toward the door. By the time he had fought back Red had shaken hands with four more persons and had retired into his compartment. The suave secretary took the doctor by the arm and led him to the hotel, where Mr. Pyle was giving Messrs. Geary and O'Brien a comprehensive lesson in how to make football a business.

Red has no illusions about professional football. He says that the game is hard on the ribs but easy on the conscience. He has ceased making statements for publication, referring everybody with questions to Pyle. He hopes by next winter to have garnered enough money to embark in the stock brokerage business or something akin to that; and while he is not giving his secret away, preferring to sell it, he is nurturing a scheme that will surround him with bright young college men who have financial ambitions.

And Pyle is not willing to talk about finances. I am assured that Red has not made and is not making all the money the newspapers have alleged. It was said that he was in a fair way to earning about four hundred thousand dollars, what with his football receipts, his movie contract, and his income from manufactured articles bearing his name as a trademark. Grange will not have half that sum to show for his athletic prowess.

"PROFESSIONAL football will never be a paying business," said a member of the Bears, "until we have something of the organization professional baseball has attained. We shall need a Judge Landis. We shall have to get rid of the wildcat promoters. We shall have to adopt league rules that will make it impossible for managers to tamper with college players while they are undergraduates. In fact, it may be necessary to adopt rules barring all college-bred players for a number of years."

The battle between Mr. O'Brien's Lion of the Sierras and Mr. Pyle's Galloping Ghost was fought for a twelve- or fifteen-thousand-dollar deficit. As football it was sorry stuff. Mr. Pyle's side won. But the boys did their best to enliven the afternoon with a few fist fights. Once Herb Stein of the Jacksonville team and Garvey of the Bears swung at each other's chins and missed and twice more other lads actually socked each other. But even as gang warfare it was dull.

Socially, too, the event was a total loss. In his efforts to soften the flinty heart of Mr. Pyle, Mr. O'Brien had said:

"The athletes will be royally entertained after the game. The elite of Jacksonville will dance and dine them at the Casa Marino on Jacksonville Beach in the evening after the fray."

Mr. Pyle looked doubtful. Whatever his emotions, he did not reduce his terms by a penny. At any rate the grand social climax did not materialize. The most prominent mammas of Jacksonville said:

"Not our daughters. Doubtless there are some very fine young men in this enterprise but—well, we won't go."

The athletes didn't seem to mind. Messrs. Pyle and O'Brien were far too busy on the adding machine to care.

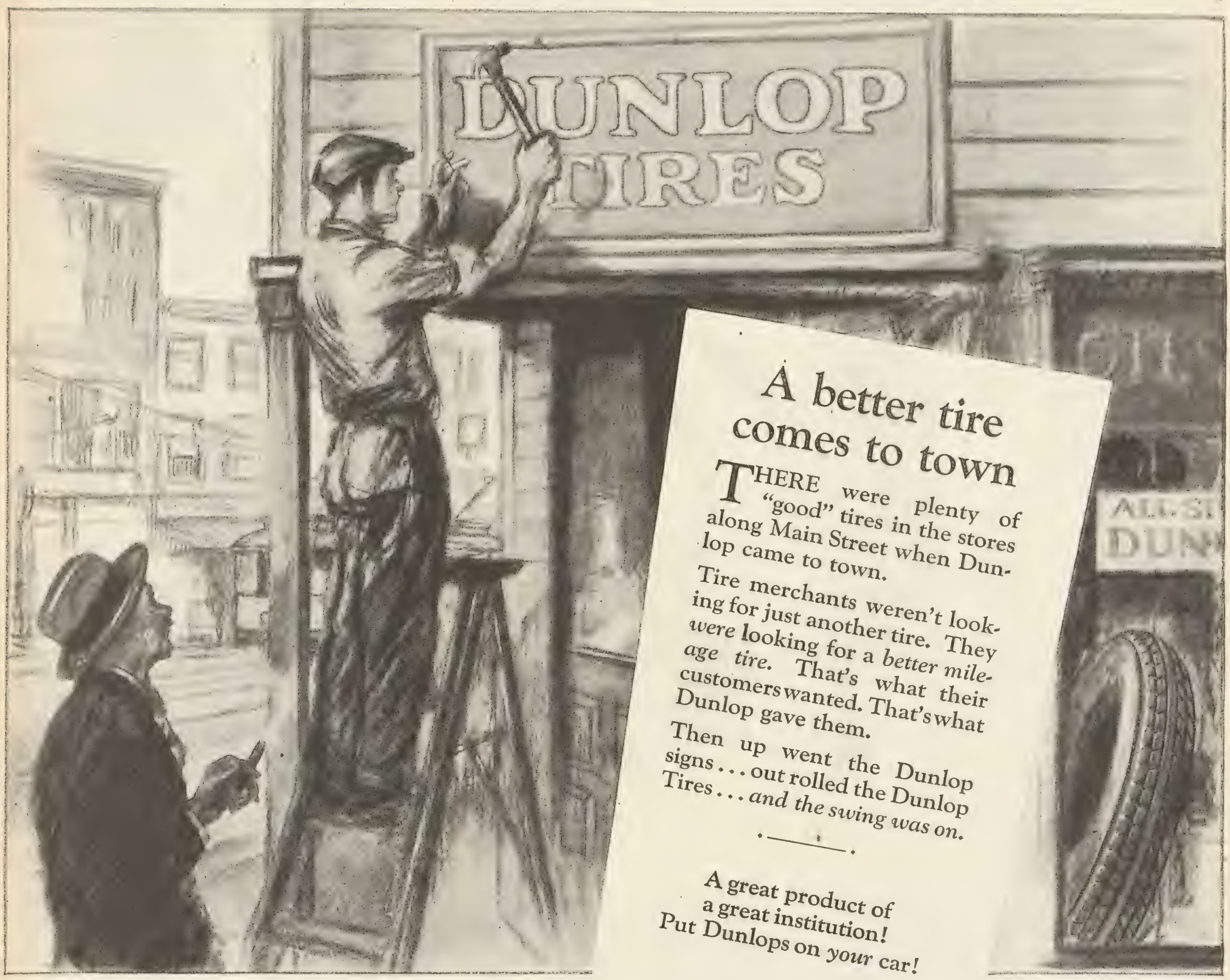
"Do you think this business will last?" I asked Mr. O'Brien as I left Fairfield Stadium.

"Whether it does or not," said he, "it is probably the last of me."

Two weeks later the Jacksonville team blew up. The athletes disbanded. The Lion of the Sierras joined the New York Giants for football purposes. Mr. O'Brien was right.

THE END

THE SWING TO DUNLOP - - - CHAPTER I



A better tire comes to town

THERE were plenty of "good" tires in the stores along Main Street when Dunlop came to town.

Tire merchants weren't looking for just another tire. They were looking for a *better mileage tire.* That's what their customers wanted. That's what Dunlop gave them.

Then up went the Dunlop signs . . . out rolled the Dunlop Tires . . . *and the swing was on.*

A great product of
a great institution!
Put Dunlops on *your* car!

EVERY 2¼ SECONDS
somewhere in the world someone buys a

DUNLOP

Makers of the famous DUNLOP GOLF BALL

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

Why business men pick good-looking GIRLS

By EILEEN BOURNE

Employers Find That Beauty in Offices Pays Big Dividends

Pictures by RUSSELL PATTERSON

ONCE upon a time, when a young woman applied for a position the office manager inquired about her experience. This proving satisfactory he engaged her. Or, if a beginner, he dictated a test letter and if she didn't spell "judgment" with an "e" he told her to report for duty next morning.

There was no thought of how her wispy, mouse-colored hair would reflect against ash-paneled walls; nor of how a drab complexion would look in a mahogany setting. How an outsider might be affected by the personality of a woman employee was a thought no self-respecting business man would dream of entertaining. In the decorative scheme of the office she was about as important as the machine she operated.

Enough that the young woman turned out her full quota of letters neatly and swiftly. She might, to all outward appearances, be a comic valentine or, what was more likely in those bygone days, a poor imitation of a male co-worker in her tweed suit, starched waist, and stiff sailor hat. If she turned out the work that was all that was expected. If the subject of looks had any place in an employer's consciousness his preference undoubtedly would have been for the girl who seemed wholly incapable of any feminine artifice or vanity of dress. With the old type of employer, when he engaged a woman's service the idea was to get one who would be held down to the dead level of work and compensation.

But that is all past and gone. A new era has dawned in the business world. The Simon Legree in the manager's chair has vanished. In his place is a human being who likes to see around him healthy and happy-looking, well dressed and well trained women. And he is willing to pay a fair enough wage to make these things possible. He still wants production. He still wants a high degree of efficiency. But he demands that these staple requirements be delivered with a uniformly pleasing appearance.

"If you had to choose between a plain girl with brains and one not so plain but capable, which would you choose?" was the foolish question put to a number of up-to-date employers. The consensus appears in the reply of one intrepid brother:

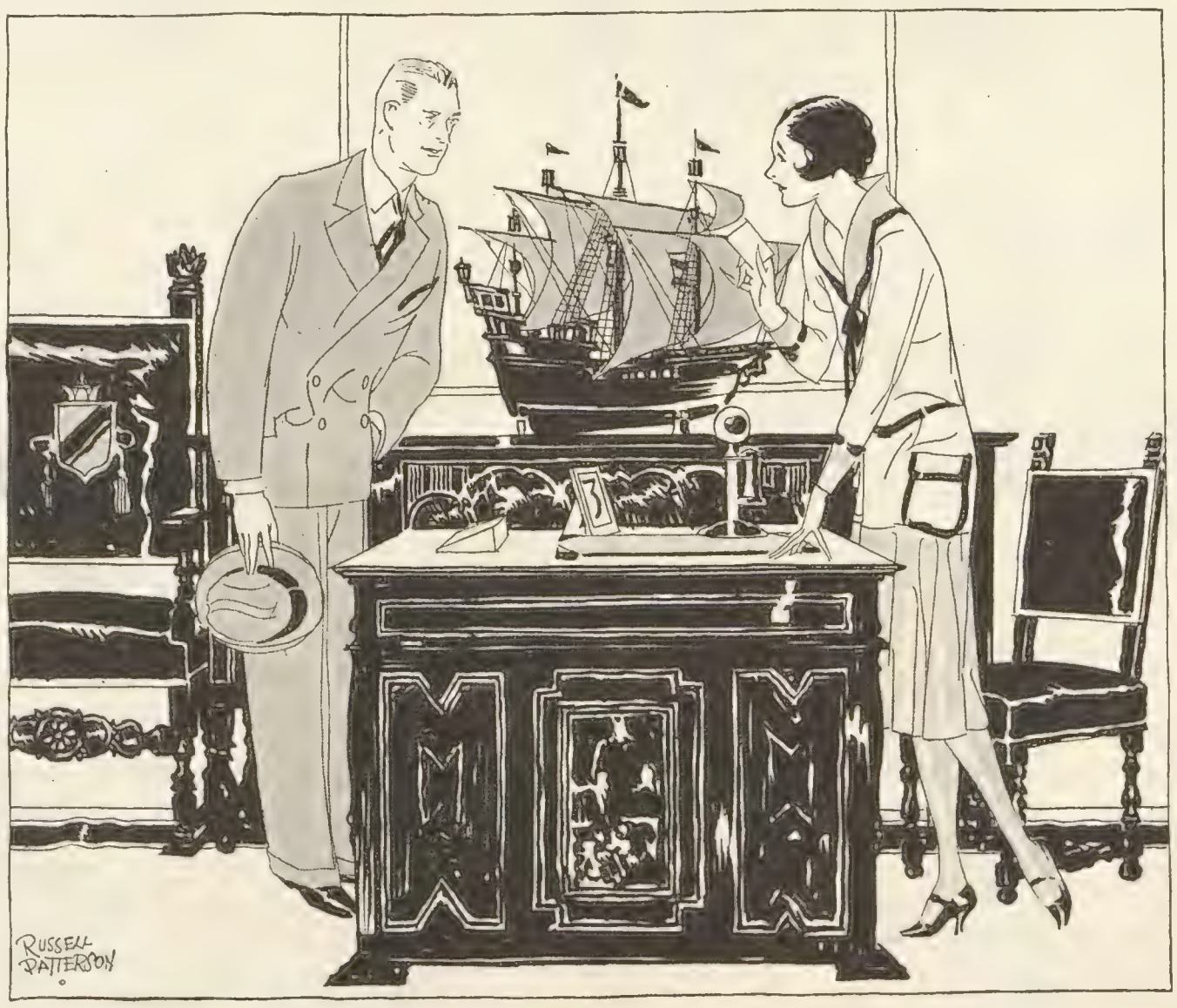
"Since beauty costs no more than plainness, let us have beauty!"

Not all those interviewed, it must be confessed, were so wantonly reckless; but enough of them admitted an eye for the decorative value, in a world otherwise harsh and unadorned, to convince any doubting Thomas that the reign of beauty in business has to be reckoned with.

It may not make the world brighter for the jealous wife to learn the truth, but beauty assuredly is fast becoming the little sister of efficiency in that realm over which her husband presides.

It is true, of course, there are some timid ones who feel more comfortable with a girl who has thin hair and buck teeth. But the majority have enrolled in the new school of business thought which teaches that pleasant surroundings have a stimulating effect on workers in general.

Looks and personality, under the new dispensation, count easily fifty per cent in landing a job and in advancement.



"Main-floor jobs" go to the girl who puts up an excellent appearance.

ONE employer admitted that a preference for the good-looking girl would be influenced by the position she was to hold. If at the information desk, he would choose the one with the most pleasing appearance. Again, the good-looking one would triumph if her duties required her to meet clients. The genial, smiling, smartly dressed girl would better serve the interests of his office.

"Main-floor jobs," they call these. They go to the girl who puts up an excellent appearance, other things being equal, of course. And hordes of attractive young women holding down

[CONT'D ON PAGE 21]

KISSEL

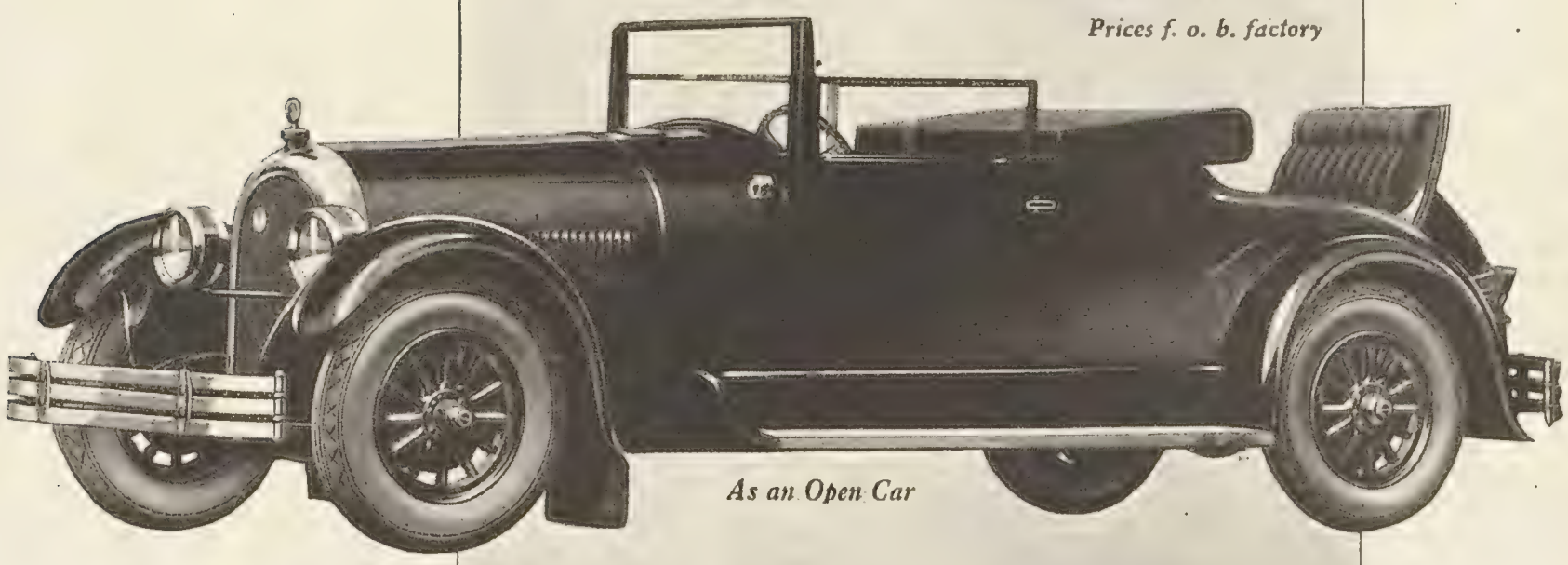
As a Closed Car

Two Cars in One $1695

For the 2-Passenger Six

The Straight Eight, $2095

Prices f. o. b. factory



As an Open Car

Body by Kissel

Change from

Coupe to Roadster in Seven Seconds

Here is a car as changeable as the weather! When wintry winds blend into soft spring breezes, simply lower the top and you have a smart open roadster, flooded with sunshine and pure air.

At the first sign of rain or cold weather raise the top and you have again a smart, snug, comfortable coupe.

Small wonder that this All-Year Coupe Roadster has won such quick and far-reaching popularity.

Salesmen, doctors and business men have recognized its many advantages as a personal car. Young people, desiring a fashionable car of their own, have found in it just the car for Country Club, town use and touring. It is the car of the year for all the year.

The Six Cylinder at $1695, standard equipped, is an emphatic value—so is the Straight Eight at $2095.

Two other Kissel innovations for 1926—(1) The Six and Eight Brougham with sliding front seats which permit easy entrance and exit to and from car. (2) Long wheelbase for easy riding, the 137-inch wheelbase DeLuxe Brougham Sedan Straight Eight—$2985 f. o. b. factory.

THE KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO., Hartford, Wis.

(215)

CUSTOM BUILT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

these main-floor jobs are rapidly dispelling that widely prevailing notion that beauty and brains are incompatible.

The old-fogy idea that a good-looking girl in an office is distracting to the male workers is also disappearing—perhaps because an average office today boasts not one but a number of them. It is more likely, however, that the idea is dissipated with man's own changing taste in the matter of business surroundings.

THERE is no question that the business world is slowly turning to the world of art for help.

You see in the architecture of business buildings evidence of a dawning realization of the very large part that beauty can play.

Designs are paid for and architects given wide scope with intent to impress the imagination by the power of beauty.

A well known steamship office has a beautiful room for the transaction of business. So impressive is the decoration that it has become a Mecca for lovers of art.

The engaging of staterooms could be done in a room half the size, but the management realized that in dealing with clients in a hall where form and color are combined in a superb manner it achieved the best kind of publicity. Banking houses, mercantile establishments, newspaper buildings, are gradually securing the same appeal to the imagination.

The field of advertising gives evidence on every hand to prove that art pays. Here you have the most intimate association of beautiful women and business. Hardly a manufactured article, from a high-priced automobile to a low-priced ham, but includes a charming female figure in its advertising features.

How, then, with this awakening to the value of surrounding business with beauty, could the fair worker escape?

She has not escaped. She is expected to play an active part in this movement for bigger and more beautiful business. What would it profit a house to design a perfect reception hall to impress the out-of-town client and permit a girl clerk to be a blot on the picture?

It has not yet reached the point where Ziegfeld is called in for an employment consultation hour, nor where photographs are requested with written applications; but one may safely say that in many houses employment heads are committed to a policy of pulchritude.

It has not yet been recorded that a dim corner of a business room in need of a high light has been taken care of by a call on an employment agency to send over a red-headed girl. But it is no surprise to an employment agency to get a request not to send a fat girl.

The excuse proffered is that the office is small; but the reason suspected hinges on that well known axiom that large bodies move slowly and therefore are less likely to convey the impression to an outsider of the go-get-'em efficiency of the organization.

Some men, it is revealed at these

A TOUCH of color on the cheeks and lips in no wise interferes with the work.

clearing houses for young workers, have a decided preference for a certain type. A blonde will not serve if a brunette has already established a record of capability-plus. And vice versa. Fortunately the demand and supply is seemingly so inexhaustible that even the freckle-faced carrot top is saved the embarrassment of having to face her landlady with the request for another week's extension.

INSTEAD of this new trend reflecting, as some unesthetic souls might suspect, the amorous propensities of the male, the employer's demands for a high standard of looks is the ultimate phase of hard-headed management.

The psychological effect has been weighed and found to pay dividends in morale, in salesmanship, and in prestige.

The girl whose duty it is to meet callers, answer their questions, or make appointments for her employer is an important factor in creating the atmosphere of the place.

She can help build up a clientele for her employer and by her manner and appearance inspire in those who have dealings with her a high estimate of the employer and the organization.

This beauty demand may sound despotic to the ambitious young woman whose features the good fairies neglected to iron out at birth. It is not.

In the new code the features of a Dolores and the grace of a Pavlowa are beside the point.

The standard of beauty in business, luckily, is based primarily on something that every business girl can have if she makes up her mind to it.

It is health, and the attributes of health.

It is the clear eye, the clean and glossy hair, the skin free of imperfections, teeth and breath that indicate strict hygiene, a person that bespeaks the daily bath, an expression radiating enthusiasm and good cheer, and alert, alive personality.

All these things are within the reach of the girl who asks to be fitted into a promising niche in the business world.

AFTER health, smart dress! Dress is not overstressed in requests from would-be employers, but the heads of employment bureaus fully realize its selling quality.

And what every woman knows, though the men may never suspect it, is that becoming dress is half—and may be the better half—of beauty.

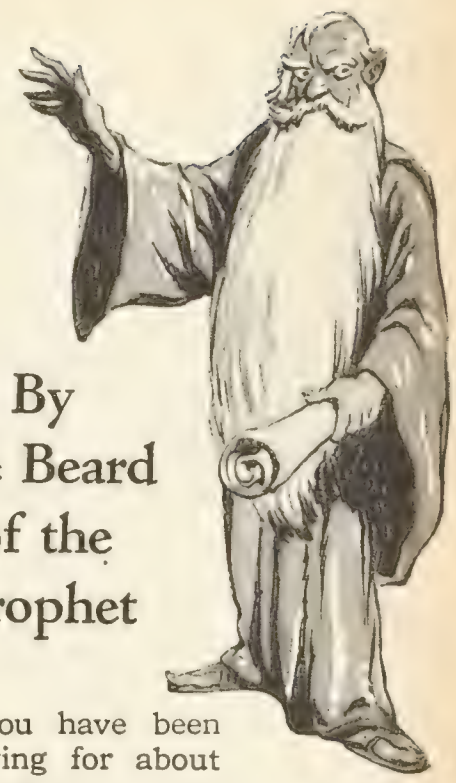
Years ago the problem of dress was simple. When women first entered the business arena they wore mannish suits and stiff collars. Because they were penetrating what was then conceded to be a man's world, they thought they had to make themselves as much like men as possible. Gradually, as their number increased, they abandoned the uniform and were permitted to be women in spite of their breadwinning capabilities.

Nowadays there is no objection to a business woman making herself as attractively feminine as she can, provided she does not overstep that solid dictum of fashion which commands: "Dress for the occasion." This does not mean she has to dress like a nun, nor be constantly garbed in dull, discouraging blues, browns, and blacks. Efficiency can quite as well be dressed in soft, becoming colors. A touch of color on the cheeks and lips in no wise interferes with the work that employers demand.

Why hasn't the girl who earns her living by her typewriter as much right to be lovely during the day as the girl who earns her living coaxing an allowance out of father?

She has. In this new scheme of office decoration sponsored by the men she is encouraged to look just as smart as she can afford.

THE END



By the Beard of the Prophet

If you have been shaving for about ten years, you may recall my first prophecy that Mennen Shaving Cream would quickly bring about a revolution in shaving method.

Several million men prove every morning that I was right. The proud, rebellious wiriness of their whiskers is all gone. Dermutation strips 'em off so gently and smoothly that a man hardly knows his razor is in action.

Then, some years ago, I told you about Talcum for Men. At that time, men classed talcum with rouge and lip sticks. But to-day, the custom is almost universal to rub on a velvety, soothing film of Talcum for Men, which protects and doesn't show white on your face.

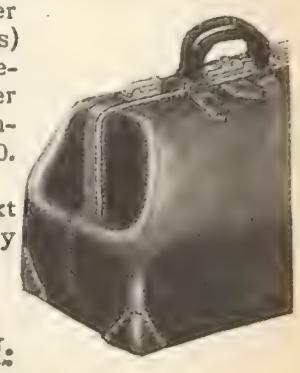
Last year I pulled my third prophecy. I said that if you would try Mennen Skin Balm, you would find it the most delightful and efficient after-shaving preparation that ever touched your face. Incidentally, it's great for chapped lips or roughened skin—as wonderful for hands as for the face. Antiseptic and astringent. Right now, to-day, Skin Balm has won national acceptance and its sales are amazing.

These three should be used together. They give the "Complete Mennen Shave," than which there "ain't no better."

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MY QUESTION CONTEST

Here is another chance to win a magnificent $50 traveling bag



Send in an answer (100 words or less) to the question below. Best answer wins the bag. Contest closes April 10. I am the judge.

Watch for next contest in an early issue.

The QUESTION:

For what special reason do you use talcum after shaving?

Mail your reply to The Mennen Company, *Jim Henry Contest*, 381 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

Portrait of a Girl on

By

Michael Arlen

Charming But Cruel—Is the Author's Impression of Movieland's Main Street

HOLLYWOOD is a pleasant little township in southern California, ideally situated between the great city of Los Angeles and the Pacific Ocean. The line of coast in those parts has been called the Spanish Riviera, no doubt to distinguish it from the Shubert Riviera, which is, of course, in the East.

The climate of southern California is agreeable beyond description. Rain is almost unheard of—except by people of exceptionally good hearing, who have been known to hear it rain for a month on end in the winter. But that is very unusual.

The staple industry of Hollywood is the making of Motion Pictures. Residents of Beverly Hills, which is the fashionable quarter of Hollywood, consider that Motion Pictures should not be called "Movies" except by the vulgar. The English butler is a well known feature of Beverly Hills.

A Motion Picture can be made very simply. A Motion Picture should be made very simply. The fact that a great many Motion Pictures are a Mess is because they are not made simply. For instance, it was discovered toward the end of the third year of filming Ben-Hur that a crowd effect could be just as vividly portrayed with twenty-one thousand extras as with twenty-two thousand.

The quickest way to learn how to make a really good Motion Picture is to study the articles of the film critics or to have five minutes' chat with some of the eminent authors who have been to Hollywood.

Nothing can be gained by concealing the fact that Rolls-Royce automobiles have an agency not far from the Ambassador Hotel, which is a palatial and commodious building in the early Cecil de Mille manner.

The quickest way to distinguish a female picture star from the surrounding fauna is to ascertain whether or not her mother is living with her. If her mother is living with her, she is a star. If her mother is not living with her, the girl has grounds for complaint, but is no star. The quickest way to distinguish a male picture star is to engage in conversation with him.

Week-end trips at moderate rates may be arranged to San Francisco, between which and Los Angeles a deep feeling of friendship has always existed. Tourists may rest assured that presidents of motion-picture corporations will always be delighted to show them round the studios. Although oranges and lemons are plentiful, the main interest of local agriculturalists is in the growing and cultivation of ukeleles.

The men of southern California are notable for their fine physique. The beauty of the women is certainly without parallel in any other quarter of the globe while their domestic virtues are of an order which very seldom permits them to leave their homes except for an occasional old-fashioned Charleston party.

Champagne is almost unprocurable during the winter months owing to the yearly migration of the principal bootleggers to Florida, where the season is at that time at its height. While, however, the whisky retains its present high quality, stockholders in first-class American breweries need fear nothing from the active but somewhat uninspired competition of Near-Beer.

Walking slowly but surely toward an unknown destination, I was reading the above "boost" in a pamphlet, issued locally, when I fancied I heard my name called high above the roar of engines that continually beats the air roundabout the corners of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard.

I turned and saw a thousand motor cars arrested in the block. In them sat a thousand youths and maidens. I am, of course, speaking roughly but in a nice way. The calm eternal sun of southern California spread a bright mantle over them. The faces of negro chauffeurs shone like the faces of negro impersonators. Some of the maidens looked a trifle

Hollywood Boulevard

Pictures by J. SIMONT

"HERE, baby, jump in here!" cried a quick high voice from among the caravan of automobiles. I looked around and what I saw was what good young men may sometimes see in their dreams: a million-dollar face with the eyes of a bankrupt nymph.

wan, some of the youths looked a trifle thoughtful, and when they spoke they smiled only with their teeth, which is the way of young people who have been up too late the night before.

I BOWED at random and was walking on when the cop on the corner stopped me.

"How d'you get that way?" said he. "Quit that jay-walking!"

"Jay-walking?" I said.

"Crossing the street just any place you wanna," said the cop.

"Oh!" I said.

"You big bum!" said the cop.

"Little bum," I corrected him, for I am not tall in inches.

"Don't talk back at me!" said the cop.

"Sorry," I said.

"Sorry?" said the cop. "Who the hell cares if you're sorry!"

"Here, baby, jump in here!" cried a quick high voice from among the caravan of automobiles.

I looked around and what I saw was what good young men may sometimes see in their dreams: a million-dollar face with the eyes of a bankrupt nymph. I liked her frightfully. Her eyes were brown—I think her eyes were brown. Her car was certainly brown. And she was dressed like a cigar, in soft rich brown, and around her waist was a silken sash of barbaric colors such as cocottes wore three years ago at Cannes and may still be wearing for all I know. The young lady's hat I have some hesitation in describing as green, but that is what it was. But it was green in a nice way.

"He's a jay-walker," said the cop to the lady.

"Why, he's an *angel!*" said the lady to the cop.

"Angel?" I said, wondering how she could have known, for we had never met before. Yet her face was vaguely familiar. Her smile was vaguely reminiscent of those pleasantly absent-minded moments which we used to spend at the pictures until great, big, hulking, cussing men came along and knocked us down and kicked us and picked us up and socked our jaws with pictures like The Big Parade.

"COME on, now!" said the cop to me. "What's your name?"

"Just call me 'Mike,'" I begged him.

"Like hell I will!" said the cop.

"Say, you let the boy alone!" said the pretty young lady.

"Boy?" I said. "Thank you, my child."

"Child?" said the cop. "Fanny Ward was a kid at school when this dame was writing fan letters to herself so as to impress her third husband."

"That's rude," I said, and said with dignity.

"He's just a poor hick!" said the pretty young lady.

"Oi, there!" cried voices from the cars behind. "What the hell d'you think you are all—a convention?"

"Jump in!" said the pretty young lady to me a second time.

"Good-by," I said to the cop.

"That's all right, kid," said the cop. "I'm coming with you."

"There's room," said the young lady. "Jump in."

"You don't mind dropping me at the Montmartre?" said the cop.

"If I can really depend on dropping you," said the young lady.

"Montmartre?" I said.

"It's a restaurant, honey—called after Montmartre, Paris, France, because there are so many Americans there."

We swept up Hollywood Boulevard.

The sunlight shone on a famous sheik on the sidewalk, and he looked to me as though he could black the eyes of any two of the critics who called him unmanly.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

When there's a
HUMPHREY
there's no room for doubt

In a well-equipped modern home there are few things that give so much genuine satisfaction as a Humphrey Automatic Gas Water Heater.

Hot water is too important a factor to leave to human carelessness or clumsy, old-fashioned heating contrivances.

There's no room for doubt when you have a Humphrey Automatic. Its job is to produce hot water and it does that, abundantly and without fail. Whenever there is a demand for hot water anywhere in the house, at any time of the day or night, your Humphrey delivers it instantly at the faucet's turn. No limit to the amount.

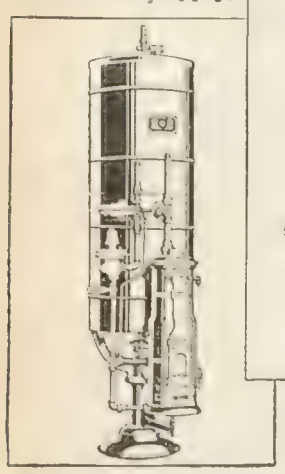
Inexpensive to Buy
Inexpensive to Use

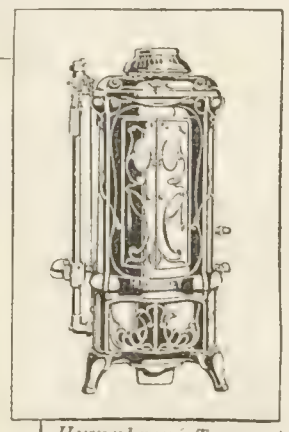
You can quit being *"saving"* with hot water the day your Humphrey Automatic is installed, for economy is one of the chief virtues of Humphrey operation. No water heater in the world can produce a gallon or a hundred gallons of hot water as cheaply as a Humphrey Automatic. Or maintain its highest efficiency over such a long period of years.

Your Gas Company or Plumber will give you details, or better yet, write us for New Booklet of interesting information, and name of dealer who can serve you.

HUMPHREY COMPANY
KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN
(Div. Ruud Mfg. Co.)

Humphrey Storage System—maintains a continuous supply.





Humphrey Type-A Automatic — heats water *instantly* as it flows.

HUMPHREY
Automatic Gas Water Heaters

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

A girl passed by with her make-up on, very thin and quick and sad. She was like a doll, and dolls always look sad to me, as though they were dreaming of a better world.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"SHE'S just lost her husband and her baby in an automobile accident near Pasadena," said the cop.

"And she's got to go on making her picture," said the young lady.

"Laff that off!" said the cop grimly.

A Rolls, a Hispano, and an Isotta-Fraschini passed by.

A handsome boy stared at us from the sidewalk with somber eyes.

"Eddie out of a job again," said the cop.

"He can't act," said the young lady.

"He don't have to act!" said the cop. "He's got no S. A."

"S.A.?" I said.

"Sex-appeal, honey," said the pretty young lady.

"And without S. A.," said the cop, "a guy can sell himself to the picture public just about as easily as he could sell ice-creams in Alaska."

"Where are you working now?" said the lady to the cop.

"Mack Sennett Studio," said the cop. "But I want to tell you that I've gotten too old for these comedies where I gotter dress as a cop and fall off every darned ladder on the lot."

"You're not Ford Sterling?" I said shyly.

"No, *sir!*" said the cop.

"You looked quite lost walking around," said the young lady to me.

"It was very kind indeed of you to take pity on a perfect stranger," I said.

"Well, for crying out loud!" said the young lady, staring at me.

"And how do you like Hollywood?" said the cop to me.

"Oh, give him a rest!" said the young lady.

"I hear you're writing a scenario for a picture," said the cop to me.

"Well, I'm not actually writing a scenario for a picture," I said. "I am talking over a scenario for a picture."

"You can't tell me nothing about talking!" said the cop.

"I've been in the picture business ten years."

"And that's why you'll be out of it next year," said the young lady.

"That's true too," said the cop.

"It's a nice kind business, this!" said the pretty young lady.

"But none of us ever leave it," said the cop. "We always wait till we're dropped out."

"That's true too," said the young lady.

"They say," said the cop, "that Chaplin's blocking the merger between Metro and United Artists."

"I hate mergers," said the young lady. "They're frightening, somehow. . . ."

She looked tired. I wished I could remember the name of some picture in which I had seen her. She was a dear.

"How did you enjoy the party last night?" she asked me.

I THOUGHT of a thousand nights, of a thousand parties, two melodies and a thousand highballs, a few Hawaiians, and jewels winking on slender forearms, some lobsters on a round table, a salad with a Russian dressing, a girl reading a book in a dark corner and her husband asleep against her knee . . . a thousand nights, a thousand parties, from Budapest to Beverly Hills . . . and everything tastes the same after midnight, and everyone looks the same after midnight. Oh, yes, everyone!

"The party? . . . Oh, very much! I didn't know you were there."

"It was my party," said the pretty young lady.

"Here's Montmartre," said the cop.

We got out. Our lady swept onward in her slim brown car.

"Who was she?" I asked the cop.

"A big star six years ago."

"And now?"

"Well, maybe the public don't want her any more . . . maybe she's been a fool . . . maybe God knows what He's about . . . maybe. . . . Hallo, Frank! What d'you know?"

"I say," I said, "I'm awfully sorry, but I didn't catch your name."

"That's just my trouble," smiled the cop. "People haven't been catching my name for years. It's Robinson, and I'm English."

A CRAZY place, a charming place, a cruel place . . . and that's all I know of Hollywood. There are ten thousand Hollywoods.

There are as many Hollywoods as there are houses from Laurel Canyon to the Biltmore. There are as many Hollywoods as there are dreams and nightmares in a fevered mind. That's why this business of writing about Hollywood is so absurd. Hollywood is a legend of the twentieth century. The legend, like all legends, comes from God. But whither will it go? We do not know. I, for my part, do not care.

Why the devil should I care, when life is so short that there's no time to do more than sit around a while and then fade out?

Now here, for instance, is a chair or two, and cushions, and lights that do not hurt the eyes. Thanks, I'll accept a cigarette. You'll find a highball somewhere. There's that broken divan loaded with soda water and ginger ale. Now where's that confounded ukelele?

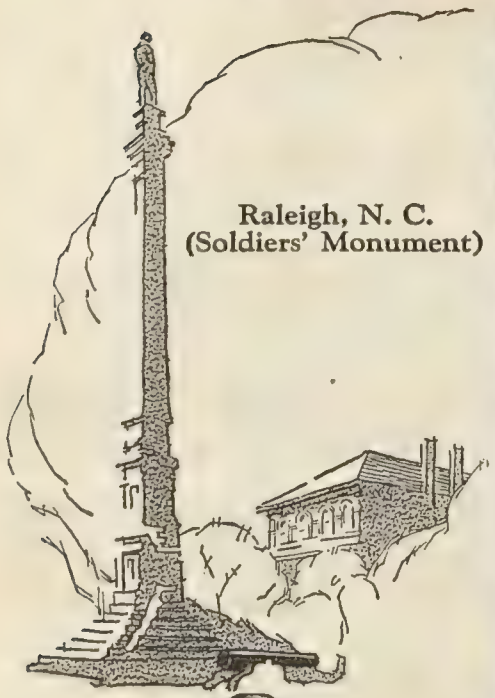
And that, more or less, is all I know about Hollywood. And that, more or less, is all that anyone knows about Hollywood.

But people just like to be *tiresome* about it, instead of just admitting——

That's all there is . . . there ain't no more!
Stop, stop knocking at my front door;
I'm through—yes, through with you!
Well, a turtle's slow, a snail is worse,
You follow after them in a hearse,
You do. . . .

THE END

Would You Like to Discover the Way to Make More Money?



Raleigh, N. C.
(Soldiers' Monument)

At the left—the agency staff of Raleigh District, Durham Life Insurance Company, Raleigh, North Carolina.

All of the men in this picture, including R. F. Harward, District Manager, are enrolled with LaSalle for home-study training in Modern Salesmanship.

All These Men Have Found It Thru "Modern Salesmanship"

The group of men shown in the above illustration comprise the local sales force of the Raleigh, N. C., District of the Durham Life Insurance Company. They are seasoned salesmen, all of them—post-graduates in the school of practical selling.

Unlike many salesmen, however, these men are not content to stop growing. They recognize that no man ever reaches the point in selling goods or services where he cannot improve. To them the secret of more money and greater progress lies in constantly developing and applying a more thoro and practical understanding of MODERN SALESMANSHIP.

They have therefore sought training from the largest business-training institution in the world. One and all, they have enrolled with LaSalle Extension University. Read their enthusiastic letter, at the left. Commenting on their progress, R. F. Harward, their District Manager, writes: *"I have noticed a marked increase in efficiency and a material increase in the earnings of my Agents since their enrollment."*

Take this shorter route to increased earnings

Is it possible to acquire a mastery of Salesmanship by extension methods?

Take O. M. Albe, for instance. As salesman for the Lindsay Disc Sharpener Company, Cleveland, he landed the biggest order ever written for that Company—from one of the large mail-order houses of Chicago—solely on the strength of sales pointers he had got from his *first* assignment in "Modern Salesmanship."

On the strength of the gains made by Mr. Albe as a result of his training, he has since been made Sales Manager of that company. His work so impressed D. W. Reinohl, President of the Lindsay Disc Sharpener Company, himself a salesman of twenty-five years' experience, that he has likewise enrolled in "Modern Salesmanship."

Send for free copy of "Modern Salesmanship"

The widespread opportunities in selling are clearly outlined in a 64-page book, "The Modern Salesman." *The information it contains is of priceless value to the man seriously ambitious to make a real success in the selling field. The coupon brings it FREE.*

Whether or not you have had sales experience, if you have average intelligence and will follow the LaSalle plan, you can quickly multiply your earnings. You have often thought you would send for one of these free books. This time—for the sake of a brighter future—ACT!

A Material Increase in Salaries

"We, the undersigned representatives of the Raleigh District of the Durham Life Insurance Company, desiring to equip ourselves for better service to our Company and its policyholders, enrolled in the course of Modern Salesmanship conducted by LaSalle Extension University of Chicago, Illinois.

"We feel that the study required by this course, coupled with the training given by our own Company, has afforded us a larger vision and therefore more enjoyment from our work. Since enrolling in the LaSalle course, we believe that we have rendered more efficient service, and we do know that our salaries have shown a material increase.

"We heartily recommend the LaSalle Modern Salesmanship course to all salesmen who are ambitious to improve their methods and increase their earnings." (Signed)

J. T. Moye — J. W. Bobbitt
B. H. Whitford — R. B. Ellis
I. Peele — N. F. Parham
D. D. Johnson — J. K. Dunham
D. W. Butts — C. W. Hall
R. E. Barnes — Cleo P. Whitford
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- ☐ Higher Accountancy: Leading to position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
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- ☐ Law: Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.
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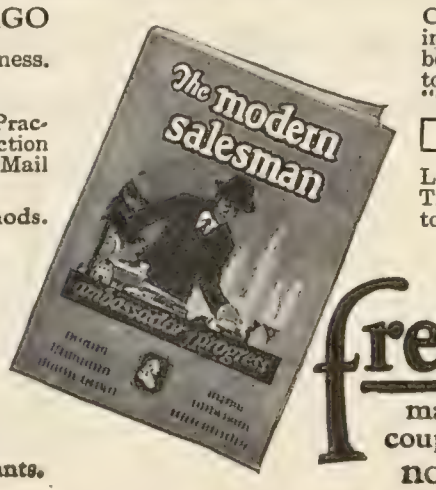


free! mail coupon now

Opportunities in Salesmanship—If you are especially interested in learning of the opportunities in Modern Salesmanship, check below and we will send you an outline of our *salary-doubling plan*, together with a copy of "The Modern Salesman," also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

☐ **Modern Salesmanship:**

Leading to position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.

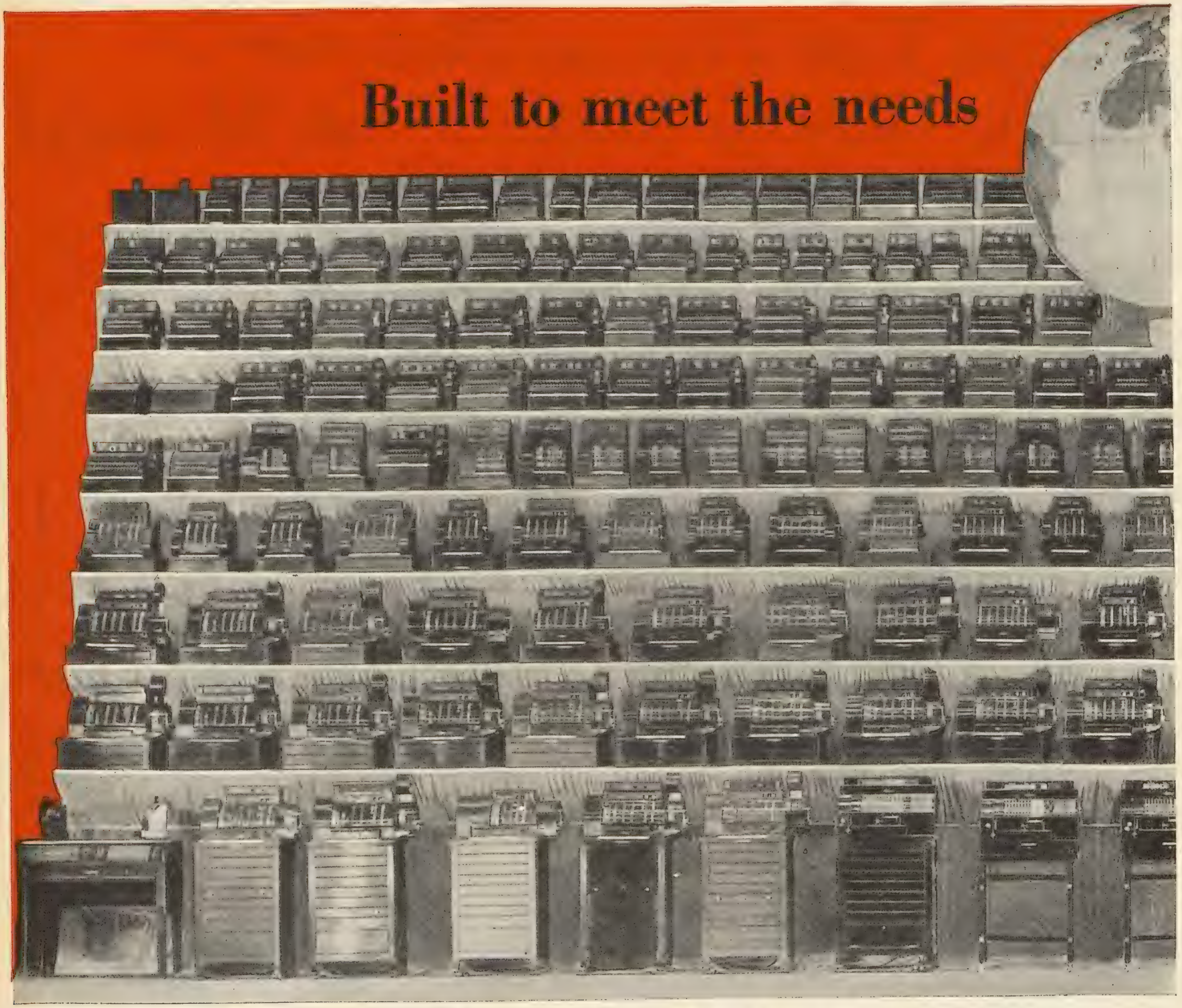
Name .....

Address .....

Present Position .....

Age .....

Built to meet the needs



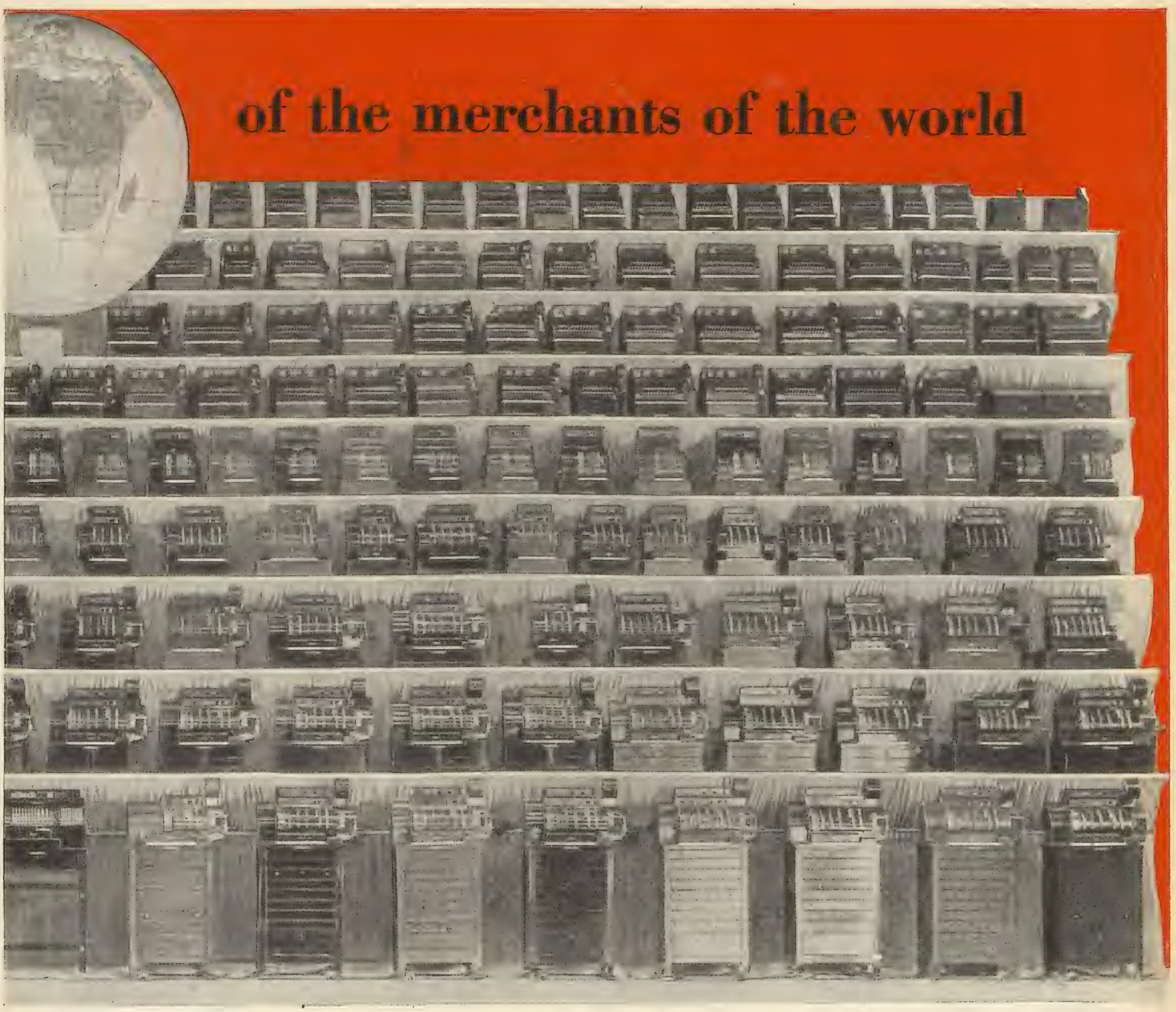
250 types of National Cash Registers, *no two alike.*

We fit your business with the proper type $175, $200, $225

WE BUILD over 500 different kinds of National Cash Registers. Without such a great variety of types we could not furnish a merchant with the proper kind and size for his business. All storekeeping problems are not the same, no one method will suit them all.

National

of the merchants of the world



This is only part of our complete line of registers.

of register. Prices: $75, $100, $125, $150 $250 and up

There is the right system for every size and type of business, and we have it. Forty-four years' contact with merchants has taught us what they want.

The National Cash Register Company Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A.

Cash Registers

"I Wouldn't Sell My Fyr-Fyter Job for $10,000."

Louis George

Here's His Letter

"Dear Mr. Iddings:—I have always made money with the Fyr-Fyter line since I started with your company about four years ago. Work?—Of course, I have had to work, but what of it so long as it pays! Now with the addition of the new approved Captain, my sales have increased 100%. I would not take $10,000 for my job at the present time, as I feel sure that during the next twelve months my earnings will reach the $15,000 mark. Yours truly, LOUIS GEORGE."

THAT'S what one man says after four years with us. And it's why all successful Fyr-Fyter men are equally enthusiastic about their jobs. Fyr-Fyter men make big money—easily—and every day in the year! Their earnings often reach thousands of dollars annually! And their business steadily increases! What about YOU? Are you making as much as $5,000 a year now? Are you grinding away hopelessly at some job without a future? Are you wishing for a better home, a new auto, more comforts for the family than you can now afford? Mr. George is only one of many men who found the answer to these questions in Fyr-Fyter. Below are letters from a few others.

What they have done YOU can Do!

Prospects for Fyr-Fyter are all about you: Every home—factory—garage—office building—hotel—store—and public institution needs the complete protection afforded by Fyr-Fyters. Statistics show that over seventeen thousand lives and more than half a billion dollars are lost each year by fire. And in practically every instance, Fyr-Fyter service would have blotted out the fire with little or no damage. The nation is at last awake to the ever-growing menace of fire and is now demanding the effective fire-fighting equipment that only Fyr-Fyter men can supply.

$7,000 a Year

Mr. Frank DePries of Ohio has been associated with our company over six years. He has sold over 14,000 Extinguishers and has made as much as $7,000 in one year. He says: "With the new Junior Model I expect to double my previous record."

$4,507 in 217 Days

Mr. L. D. Payne of Iowa writes: "I have earned $4,507 in 217 days. I made $159 in my first three days—have had any number of $50 and $60 days." Mr. Payne, like hundreds of Fyr-Fyter representatives, is making big money.

We Help You Make Good

We train every Fyr-Fyter salesman to be an expert on fire fighting equipment. Our sales manual shows you how to close sales and make money the first day you start. Plenty of live leads are furnished by our publicity in national mediums like The Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Liberty, and the American Magazine. We send out thousands of direct-by-mail pieces and give our men every cooperation in closing the many inquiries received from such advertising.

If you are seeking financial independence—an assured future and pleasant, dignified work—representing the largest exclusive manufacturers of portable extinguishers in the world—*here is your big chance.* Let us send you more letters that tell what other men are doing with Fyr-Fyters. See for yourself what the possibilities are. Write us today for complete inside information about the profit-making Fyr-Fyter Plan.

$160 a Week Clear

Mr. W. E. Findley of Texas, who made $366 his first month, writes: "I broke my record of 41 this week—sold 44 up to this morning. Sold 155 machines in 27 days. Recently I have averaged over $160 a week clear, except living expenses."

One Order $1,700

Mr. M. C. Viles of Wisconsin has been associated with us for several years. He says: "My sales in two years have run over $25,000. One order alone amounted to $1,700. I never had any selling experience previous to joining the Fyr-Fyter organization."

Your Opportunity—Act Today

Opportunity is knocking at your door—inviting you into the big money-making class—with a dignified, high-grade business proposition that pays from the start—that puts no limit on your earning capacity—and at the same time enables you to render a real public service in the national fight against fire. All it takes is a two cent stamp to learn how to build a permanent business with an ever-increasing income for yourself—as hundreds of others have done. It is your move—**and today is better than tomorrow. Write today!**

R. C. Iddings
President

THE FYR-FYTER CO.

752 Fyr-Fyter Bldg. DAYTON, OHIO

(626)

Mr. Dooley *on* Youth

A New Series of Weekly Articles
Written Exclusively for Liberty

By

FINLEY PETER DUNNE

Pictures by ALBERT T. REID

"TH' sooner ye git old th' longer ye'll be old. If ye git old at all, git old in modheration."

The Mad Pace of Our Frolicsome Grandparents Wins Cheers of Encouragement from the Famous Humorist

"YE know that fri'nd iv mine that's over a hundherd years old an' is prisidint iv a bank? Well, I see he's as sthrong as iver. He still has all his faculties. He can compound six per cint inthrest in his head without pencil or paper. He remimbers whin Wall Sthreet was a counthry lane an' th' l'adin' op'rators on th' Exchange rustled th' shotes an' steers iv th' invistin' public. There's nawthin', it seems, so health-givin' as takin' care iv other people's money. Ivry banker I know is old an' hearty. Countin' coin is a gr-reat form iv calisthenics. If I was advisin' a young man on his future I'd tell him to be a banker. It hardens th' heart but softens th' arteries. Some wise fellow wanst said there were more old drunkards thin old physicians. An' it's thrue. But there are more ol' fi-nanceers thin ayther dhrunks or docs. Usury seems to be a fine tonic. If ye practice it ye have no need to rob th' billy-goat or th' ape. It's on'y those who put money into banks that age premachurely.

"That's th' kind iv news I like to see in th' pa-apers. There's been too much space give to th' antics iv th' young an' foolish. It's a good sign iv th' times whin th' old ar-re no longer respicted but feared. Divvle a bit do I want the respict iv anny man f'r me infirmities. Respict f'r ol' age is on'y another kind iv pity. Was there iver a more contimchus sayin' thin, 'I have respict f'r his gray hairs'? Ye might as well say, 'I have respict f'r his false teeth, f'r his lumbago, f'r his wooden leg, f'r his chest protector.' If anny impydint youth, glowin' with pride in th' fact that he can jump further thin I can, gets up to give me his seat in a sthreet car, I'll hit him over th' head with me goold-headed cane. What us old men wants an' what we're goin' to have, by ginger, is not respict but fear. If ye take off ye'er hat to me I want ye to do it not because ye want to show ye have more hair thin I have, but because if ye don't I'll knock it off.

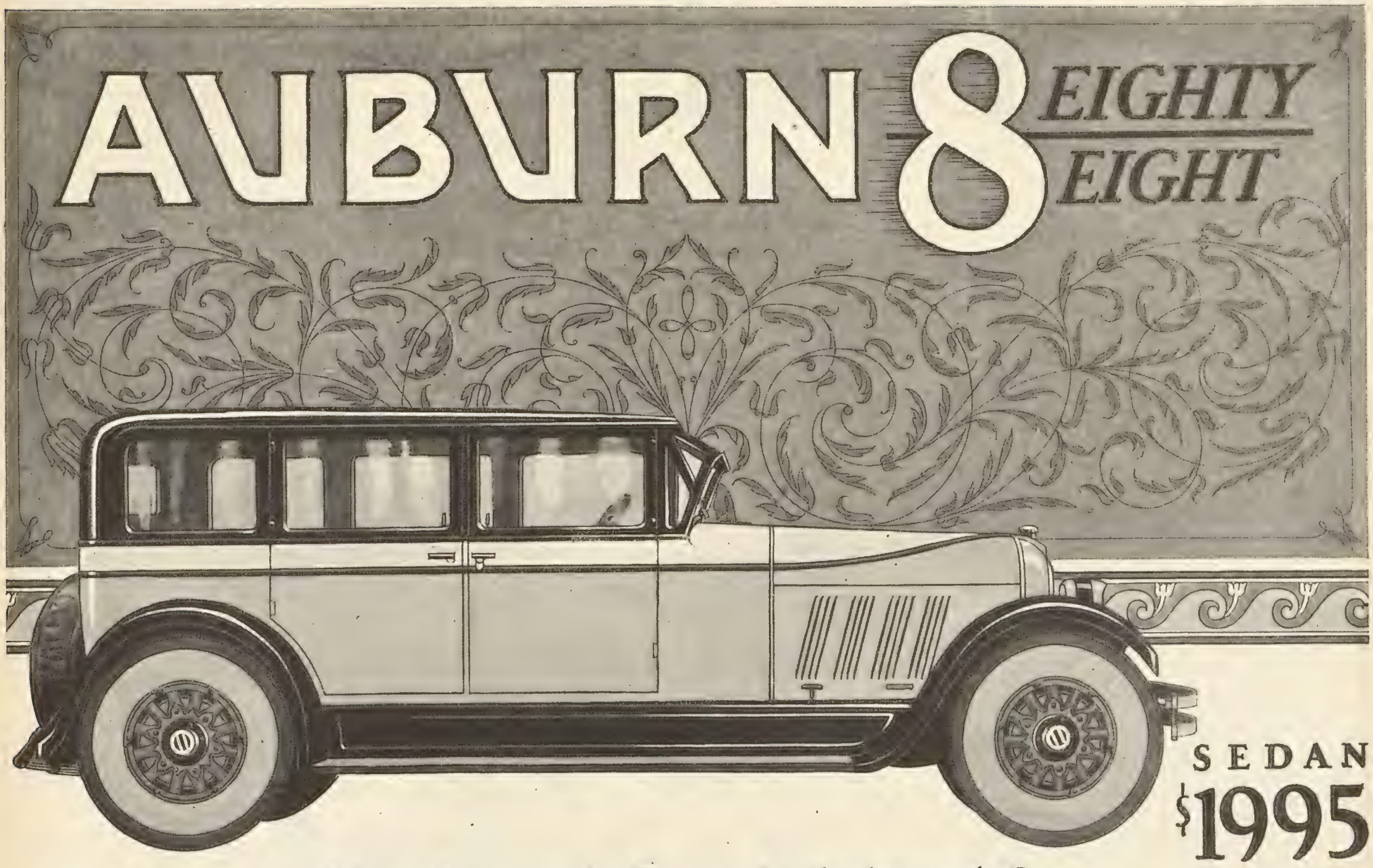
"Whin I was a young man, a man iv fifty was given a good shove into th' corner an' told to stay there an' th' undhertaker wud be around in a few minyits. At forty a man was old, at fifty senile, at sixty a dotard, an' if he lived to be siventy an' cud make signs with his hands th' fam'ly thought iv takin' him around th' counthry an' exhibitin' him along with th' wild man iv Borneo an' th' iddycated pig. His young fri'nds see him waltzin' down th' sthreet an' maybe thinkin' to himsilf what a dashin' figure he was cuttin', an' they said to thimsilves: 'Well, I hope th' Lord will take me befure I get to be like that old dizzard.' An' whin he sprung his famous story that threw th' convintion iv th' vethrans iv th' Mexican War into convulsions in eighteen siventy-three, th' little childher looked down into their plates in shame an' th' bigger wans gazed at him as much as to say, 'Grampah is failin' fast.'

"An' look at grampah now. Ye don't see him settin' in no corner waitin' f'r Tim Gavin to measure him f'r a name plate an' a dhress suit an' how wud he like to have th' crate lined. He's not settin' back listenin' f'r th' beatin' iv th' angels' wings that is comin' to get him an' take him where his worth will be betther apprecyated thin it is in th' fam'ly. Not be a damn sight. Th' ol' gazook is down town at th' bank firin' th' payin' teller iv sixty because he's inexpeeryenced or callin' loans in a voice that makes th' walls an' th' borrower quake. Or he's out on th' goluf links pastin' th' ball o'er hill an' dale. An' if th' gran'childher don't explode over his quips, th' nex' day finds him settin' in front iv th' fire with his last will an' testymint on his lap an' a blue pencil in his hand.

"An' what about gram-ma? In my time gram-ma wus buried alive aven before grampah. Th' minyit th' first catlike squeal told th' neighborhood that her gran'child was ushered into th' wurruld she was ushered out. Me on'y idee iv gram-ma was a black alpaca dhress, a lace fichu, a little cap on top iv her silver locks, an' an expression on her face that made th' photographer weep inside his hood. He got ivry wrinkle in that space wud allow. If there weren't enough th' fam'ly wudd'nt pay f'r th' picture. 'Ye missed a couple iv furrows,' says they, 'an' ye'll have to do it over again.' An' he'd go back an' rout th' negative till th' saintly ol' countenance looked like a bird's-eye view iv an irrigated farm.

"IN these here daggerotypes, gram-ma was always pictured with her hands folded around a prayer book in her lap. But now, by dad, if they're folded around anything, it's an ace full or a gin ricky. Ye don't see gram-ma in these days settin' in an armchair singin' 'Jeroosalem, my happy home.' Ye bet ye don't. Th' ol' cutie is down at th' club thrumpin' her pardner's thrick, an' th' childher that she used to feed with gum-dhrops niver see her now onless they go to th' movies. Or she's runnin' f'r aldherman in th' Gas House Disthrict or she's out hersilf on th' goluf coorse. I see be th' pa-aper th' other day that

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]



Also, America's Finest Upholstered Car

Not only does Auburn give larger motors, heavier frames, long wheelbase, greater power, easier steering and finer finish, but also more expensive bodies of most attractive and enduring two-tone colors.

The quality and tone harmony of the mohair interiors of the new Auburn Sedans are unsurpassed in refinement and beauty.

Luxury heretofore unknown is now available in these roomy cars. With new type Davenport cushions, wide, deep and soft, you enjoy the relaxation and comfort of an overstuffed chair.

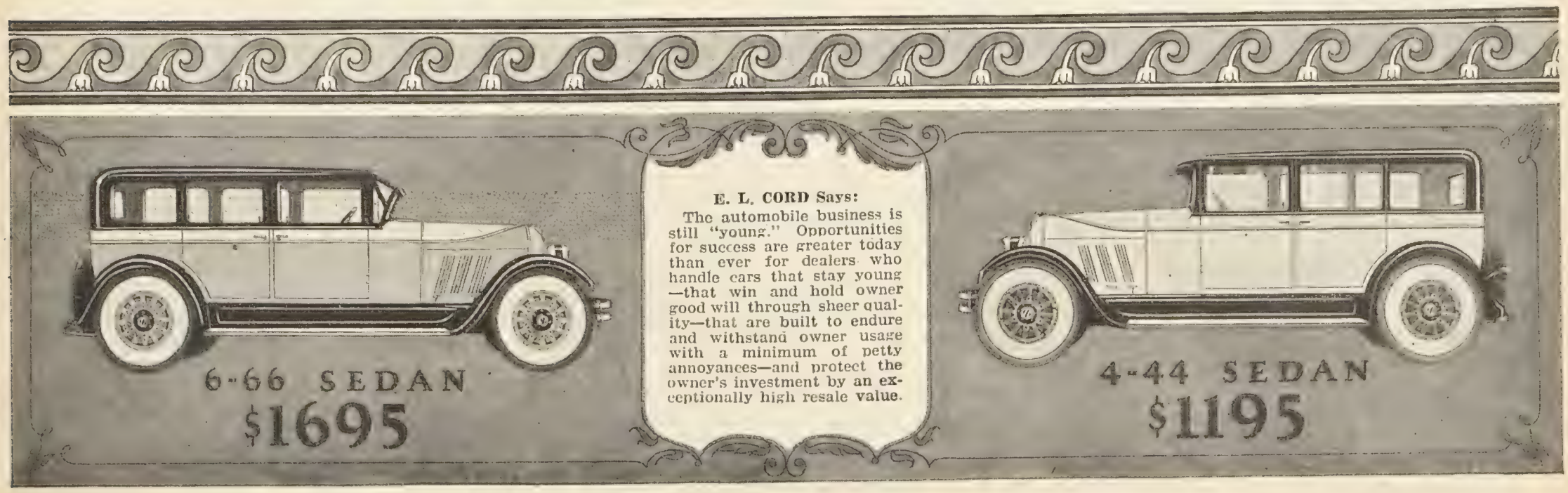
High-priced Marshall Springs throughout, with double deck on both cushions guarantee permanency of shape, resiliency and quietness of the upholstery.

No car runs sweeter, none better, none holds the road easier, none requires less driver-effort and none stands up under the hardest usage longer, than does the new Auburn.

It is the greatest value on the market today for the least commensurate cost. Drive it and compare it and if it does not sell itself you will not be asked to buy.

8-88 Sedan, $1995; 8-88 Brougham, $1795; 8-88 Roadster, $1695; 8-88 Coupe, $1745; 6-66 Sedan, $1695; 6-66 Brougham, $1495; 6-66 Roadster, $1395; 6-66 Coupe, $1445; 4-44 Sedan, $1195; 4-44 Roadster, $1145; 4-44 Coupe, $1175; Freight and tax extra.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA



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a vin'rable gram-mother fr'm Phillydelphy was three up on Bogie. He's a good player, too, J. Biddle Bogie, wan iv th' old Phillydelphy Bogies iv that name.

"As f'r wrinkles there are no more seams on her placid brow or her calm cheek thin on a lookin' glass. If there were she'd fire her facial repairer. Ye niver hear anny more about silver threads among th' gold. Th' on'y way ye can tell th' silver threads is because they're a brighter gold thin th' others. With her flashin' new teeth, her dark eyelashes, her little half-pint hat on her head, showin' on'y enough auburn hair to cover her ears, an' with th' merest flush iv carmine on her cheekbones she looks an' acts younger thin her gran-daughter. An' she ought to. Th' pink kalsomine may make a lady iv sixty look thirty, but it makes a lady iv twinty look forty-two an' battle worn at that.

"I KNOW I oughtn't to talk about a lady's legs—but it's th' only way ye have nowadays of recognizin' a lady fri'nd."

"I know I oughtn't to talk about a lady's legs an' I don't often. There was more convarsation about those useful articles whin they were concealed thin there is now whin they're open to public inspection. It's th' on'y way ye have iv recognizin' a lady fri'nd, now that th' fair wans have took to pullin' their hats down over their little noses an' foldin' fur boas around their dimpled chins. Ye say to ye'ersilf: 'Those legs are familyar; I wondher where I've seen thim befure.' No two are alike—I mane no two pairs. Up to three or four years ago no wan iver see gram-ma's legs but grampah an' th' fam'ly physician. Now annywan can look at thim who cares to an' some iv thim ar-re well worth riskin' an eye on. I wondher if gram-ma don't regret th' long years whin these slim but rounded calves blushed unseen undher th' bombazine?

"I WAS walkin' down th' sthreet th' other day whin I see ahead iv me as delicately a molded pair iv propellers as me eyes has lit on since th' Black Crook was put on at th' Halsted Sthreet opry house. I overtook th' owner an' lo an' behold! Who do ye think she was, Hinnissy? None else but ye'er cousin Monica Casey. 'Well,' says I, 'Monica,' I says, f'r I know her well, havin' come over with her th' year iv th' potato rot. ''Tis a pleasure to see ye. Ye'er legs haven't changed a particle,' says I. 'Whin did ye see thim last?' says she. 'Th' last time I see thim,' says I, 'ye were climbin' over a fence on Hallow e'en night, th' year afther th' big fire,' I says. 'I'm glad to see thim out again,' says I. 'Ye're a bad man,' she says, givin' me a tap with her cigarette case. But I cud see be th' look iv her that she wasn't cross an' she seemed that good to me I took her into a drug store an' stood a round iv chocolate an' vanilly an' I've been onwell iver since. Did ye iver notice Monica's legs?"

"I niver did," said Mr. Hennessy. "They don't inthrest me no more thin a pair iv stilts wud. But I've noticed her temper. She's th' crossest old thing between here an' Council Bluffs. It's a wondher to me she didn't bat ye in th' eye, ye maundhrin' ol flirt, ye."

"HAVE no fear," said Mr. Dooley. "No man was iver murdhered be a lady fer a compliment. Ye used to say: 'What a becomin' hat ye have on today'; now it's 'Fine stockin's ye'er wearin'.' Ye used to begin ye'er addhresses, 'Whin I look into ye'er beautiful eyes,' but instead iv that ye say, 'Whin I gaze at ye'er beautiful legs.'

"Some people say th' short skirts were caused be the war. If they were it's th' on'y good result iv th' war that I've seen. It makes small diff'rence to me whether Poland is free or not, but I'd shoulder th' ol' blunderbuss anny time f'r th' shortened skirts. Ye bet I wud.

"The doctors say they're sanitary. Maybe that's why th' girls wear thim, but I don't think so. Anny time a lady dhresses f'r her health or comfort, her gintlemen fri'nds will all be in th' asylum f'r th' blind. No, sir, since th' first mantua maker set up business in th' Garden iv Eden, women have dhressed not to be comfortable thimsilves, but to make men onaisy an' other women onhappy. Ivry wanst in a while I hear a clargyman over th' radio denouncin' th' tindincy iv modhren women to cut up didoes. At such times I chune in on th' saxyphone, f'r man an' boy I've niver knew th' time whin the clargy weren't indignant about th' way th' girls festooned thimsilves. If it wasn't wan thing it was another. If it wasn't crinoline it was corsets an' if it wasn't corsets it was bustles. Th' heretic clargy ar-re niver satisfied. They preach on woman's dhress as if they had just got th' fam'ly dhressmaker's bill. At prisint they ar-re makin' war on th' short skirts that, says they, ar're dhraggin' th' American women down to hell. Well, maybe they ar-re. Who knows? But I have an idee that all th' people that are damned in th' pulpit niver go to th' divvle. An' annyhow it don't seem to frighten the frail crathers. Anny American woman that wuddn't rather show up in the bottomless pit in th' fashions iv th' day thin mingle with th' seraphims—who don't wear skirts iv anny description—in a polonaise iv last year's style is not worthy iv th' name iv American woman.

"I asked th' good man at th' corner about it. He is on fine terms with th' Protestant clargy. He is kind to thim because afther a while he don't expict to see much iv thim. He says he ain't known a gradle iv harm to be done be th' short skirt or th' fox throt.

"'Dancin' is a good thing,' he says. 'Didn't King David dance? Iv coorse he did. An' an ol' maid looked out iv a windy at him an' cried, "Shame on ye!" I don't know if he danced th' tango or th' charleston. More like in thim ancient days 'twas th' ol'-fashioned jig. As f'r woman's dhress I niver noticed it or I wudd'nt be in th' Church. Do I think th' wurruld is degineratin' because iv th' new styles? I do not. Th' wurruld was too bad at th' start iver to get worse. Anny change is f'r the betther. Th' mean av'rage iv meanness in this vicinity doesn't vary as much as th' rainfall or th' timprachoor.

"'SOMETIMES,' he says, 'iv a Saturdah night, I wondher if I'll see anny iv me fri'nds at all in hiven. But on Sundah night, whin I considher how hard their life is an' how short, an' what they put up with an' how patient they ar-re, I wondher if there'll be room among th' stars f'r all that ar-re qualified,' he says."

"Dhress an' paint don't make people younger," said Mr. Hennessey. "Take Monica Casey.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FADA Radio

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Better than most
and guaranteed!

FADA RADIO is true-toned, human-voiced and *clear*.

It doesn't stutter, it can't cough, it never speaks through its nose!

It slides in and out of stations, near or far, as smoothly and as easily as a boy slides down a greased plank.

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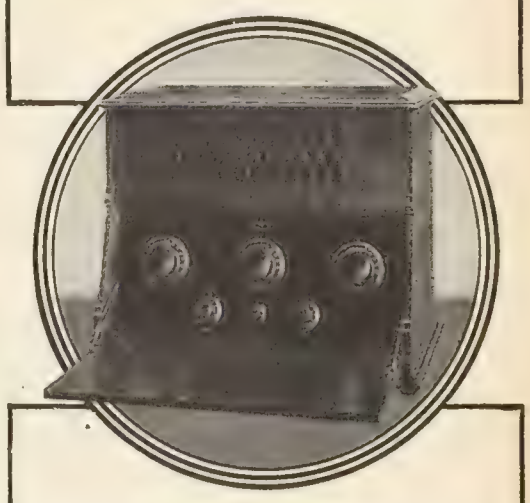
Trot out that impulse and obey it! Today, for instance.



The FADA NEUTROLA
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Hear this one by way of example—it's typical of FADA RADIO value. 5-tube tuned radio frequency—plus the Neutrodyne improvements—cabinet work in mahogany—self-contained loud speaker.

A set you can rely on for a lifetime.

Send for this book

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IF certain scientific facts—that are known to every well-informed physician—could be explained to all women, the use of poisonous, burning disinfectants in feminine hygiene would cease abruptly and forever.

These facts are known as the result of clinical and biological investigations by leading scientists. They can no more be disputed than that 2 and 2 are 4.

Here are the facts: Poisonous, caustic compounds, even when heavily diluted with water, corrode, irritate and harden the tissues and membrane of the human body. The continued use of such poisons, at any real germicidal strength, produces an area of scar tissue, with lasting, irreparable injury to the delicate membrane and tissues with which they come in contact.

The one excuse for the use of poisons in feminine hygiene was this: All known antiseptics with great germ killing power were of a poisonous, irritating character. Women were forced to use such things or do without protection from germ life.

The above is no longer true. As the result of a discovery made during the World War, we now have an antiseptic with great germ killing power that is non-poisonous and non-irritating.

Zonite is this new form of antiseptic, prepared for general use. Although it has far greater germ killing power than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the body, Zonite is absolutely non-poisonous, and safe in the hands of a child. Authorities are urging its adoption for feminine hygiene by all women.

Zonite is a colorless liquid that destroys odors promptly and leaves no lasting odor of its own. It has many important and necessary uses in the practice of preventive medicine in the home. No modern household can afford to be without it. Ask your doctor.

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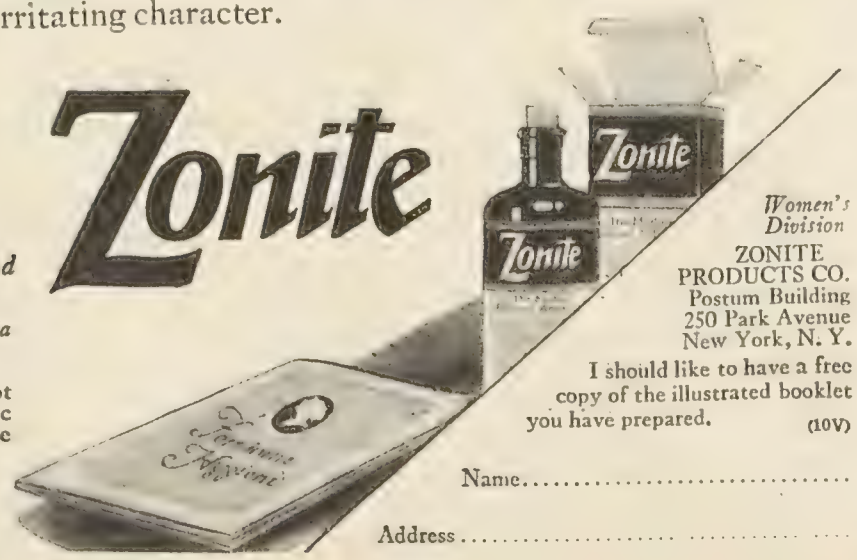

In bottles, 25c, 50c and $1 at drug stores

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[MR. DOOLEY ON YOUTH
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

Ivrybody knows how old she is. If she's a day, she's——"

"Hol' on," said Mr. Dooley. "I'll have no wan discussin' a lady's age in this place. Whin a man gets tellin' th' age iv wan iv his female rilitives, ye'd think fr'm th' figures he uses he was describin' th' naytional debt. A woman is as old as she looks to a man that likes to look at her. An' I ain't so sure about dhress an' habits not makin' us younger. What is old age annyhow? It's what Doc Einstein wud call a matther iv relativity. If it depinds on how soon ye'er li'ble to kick off, a man iv siventy is younger thin a lad iv twenty that's just started to fall fr'm a roof. If it's a matther iv teeth an' hair, th' oldest people an' th' youngest have th' same amount. If it's a matther iv wisdom, ye'er a youngster still although ye may've gone to school with King Tut. If it's a question iv takin' life seeryously, I niver had as grim a view iv th' wurruld as whin I was twinty. Today I regard life as a joke, a practical joke like pullin' the chair fr'm undher ye just as ye ar-re about to set down to supper.

"If her hands are folded around anythings it's an ace full or a gin ricky."

"YEARS are no measure iv age—excipt in a gin'ral way. Whin I was twinty a man iv forty was a pathriarch to me. Now that I'm—niver mind—I look on a man iv ninety as no more thin machure. In th' Bible if a man got to be threescore an' ten, they stopped countin'. Anny time he lived afther that was so much velvet. Th' modern Hebrews live longer because a steam-heated flat is more conjoocive to long life thin a tent in th' desert. I read in th' pa-aper th' other day about a club in a Jew Home f'r th' Aged, where they blackballed a man because he was on'y ninety an' too young f'r club life. Me obsarvation is that there ar-re more old Jews thin old Christyans.

"A man who wanted to be sure iv a long life wud be wise to become a Jew, or a banker, or both. They seem to lead a healthier life thin we do. Wan thing is they keep their hats on in church an' are not exposed to th' dhraft.

"Me advice to all who are at th' p'int iv succumbing to th' timptation to be old is to fight it off. Don't let it get a holt on ye. Th' sooner ye git old th' longer ye'll be old. If ye grow old at all, get old in modheration. Dhress against it, ate against it, sing against it, dhrink against it, an' laugh against it.

"Thin whin that there disagreeable visitor th' pa-apers calls th' Grim Reaper pulls th' durebell, ye can have th' hired girl say, 'Th' boss is not in. Ye'll have to call again.' An' if he pursoos ye to th' goluf coorse an' sees ye flayin' a bunker, he'll say: 'I guess this is th' wrong party. I'd best not bother him. That's a cross-lookin' niblick he swings.'

"Not, mind ye, Hinnissy, that old age be itsilf is a bad companion. It's wise in a way. It knows all ye'er ol' stories an' ol' jokes an' ye cud pass manny a pleasant avenin' with it over a bottle.

"But th' throuble is, as th' fellow says, old age niver comes alone. Wanst ye let it in, it brings around all its poor rilitives to sponge on ye an' ye can't shake thim off.

"It likes low comp'ny such as rhoomatism an' gout an' other nuisances. An' I'm free to say it's a tough fri'nd to shake.

"Ye keep it off all day, but whin ye go home at night an' put th' bicuspids into th' glass iv water an' hang th' wig on th' back iv th' chair, it has a way iv creepin' into bed with ye, an' whin ye wake up, there it is; an' sittin' alongside iv th' bed is ol' Uncle Lumbago, waitin' to give ye a kick in th' back th' minyit ye put ye'er feet on th' flure. But ye must go on stallin'. I'll niver admit ol' age till it gets a headholt on me. I'm as young today as I was fifty years ago. While ye'er up, will ye shut that dure? There's a bad dhraft an' I feel th' nooralgy."

"HOW long wud you like to live?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "I wudd'nt want to have me life prolonged till I become a nuisance. I'd like to live as long as life is bearable to me an' as long afther that as I am bearable to life, an' thin I'd like a few years to think it over an' mend me ways."

Mr. Dooley harks back to violently patriotic spasms of his home reserve outfit in a genuinely funny article in the next issue of Liberty. He calls it his War Recollections and like all of Mr. Dooley's humor brings real reasoning to bear on timely topics.

Flung Roses

The Story of a Wife Who Played with Jealousy—*By* PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

AS Marian turned on the lights in the living-room, there came the answering rumble from the electric motor down at the end of the trellised walk which led from the house to the garage. She turned to smile at Floyd Kerrington.

"'S a darn pretty house, Marian," he approved, viewing for the first time the oblong room at night. "You've got some nice stuff."

She stood, mistress of it, the back of her cropped brown head resting against the mantelpiece, her slim figure silhouetted against the firelight.

"It *is* pretty," she agreed absently. Her brown eyes traveled slowly about the room, resting for a moment of approval upon the grandfather's clock, whose brass hands pointed to ten minutes after three. The eyes of the tall young man remained upon her, approving but puzzled.

Floyd Kerrington had not until that morning seen Marian since she married Chris Ware, five years past. In that interval, so many things had happened. . . . He had married Betsy, and little Floyd and Marcia had been born. And Marian had put behind her the helter-skelter existence of her father's studio to become mistress of this well regulated household, mother of the immaculate young Christopher Ware who slept upstairs in his white crib.

At twenty-five she looked younger, more boyish, than she had at twenty; golf and tennis at the country club had hardened her slim arms, stained her oval face and neck a tawny brown. Yet the change was not in any of these things. It was as though she had become suddenly purposeful. Purposeful? As he contemplated her, Floyd Kerrington felt a sense of envy at her assurance, her calm poise.

"Want a drink, Kerry? Scotch?" Again that quick smile flashed as she swung about and entered the dining-room, humming lightly a blues of the evening's dance.

Poise, that was it, he reflected, as she disappeared. Five years before, when he had reluctantly admitted to himself that she would never marry him, he had thought her different from any girl he had ever known. And now, molded into the correct lines of a young married woman, she was still different.

Back at the clubhouse his wife and her husband were dancing. Chris had always been a fast worker.

The thing that got him was Marian! He had half hoped, that morning, that after five years of Chris Ward she might now have an eye for him. Nothing too serious or involved, of course. Yet here they all were, Betsy and Chris, saturated in six hours of color and drinks and wailing jazz, topping off the evening with the requisite dash of sex—and he, in this softly lighted room, did not so much as dare to hold Marian's hand!

Marian stood, the back of her cropped brown head resting against the mantelpiece, her slim figure silhouetted against the firelight.

"Here y'are, my boy!" She set the silver tray upon the table between them. "Think I'll take mine straight, Kerry—low Irish taste, but I always did hate to ruin good whisky."

He watched her perplexedly as she drained the liquor with an expressionless face. Here was Marian, a married woman, unquestionably what any old lady would describe as scantily dressed, downing her straight whisky like a man—or what the world had used to call a Bad Woman—and inspiring him with more unqualified respect than he had ever felt for anyone!

"I," she said decidedly, "am going to my li'l' bed. C'mon up and look at my son and heir with me."

He envied the two-year-old, as he watched her bend over him, brushing her brown cheek against his pink one, tucking in blankets.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

$123 worth of Clothes

in every Monday's washing

4¢ a week and you protect them just as you do fine fabrics

ONE week's laundry for an average family worth over a hundred dollars! Look at their list—no fine things included, just daily necessities, just medium prices.

Compare it with your own. Your laundry is probably worth much more!

Years ago, when clothes cost less, ordinary soap seemed good enough. But now—more than a hundred dollars' worth of clothes in a week's wash! Harsh soap is no longer an economy but a positive extravagance! For just 4c more than you pay for ordinary soap you use Lux—save your clothes, add many extra weeks of life to every piece in your wash—*dollars saved!*

3 men's shirts		$6.00*
1 suit men's underwear		2.00
1 pair pajamas		3.00
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2 aprons		2.00
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1 pair boy's pajamas		2.00
7 pairs rompers		21.00
3 girl's dresses		9.00
4 suits of children's underwear		4.00
1 girl's nightgown		1.50
1½ dozen handkerchiefs		5.00
4 sheets		8.00
5 pillow slips		5.00
8 table napkins		6.00
2 table-cloths	10.00	
Table doilies	5.50	
4 bath towels	4.00	
8 hand towels	5.00	
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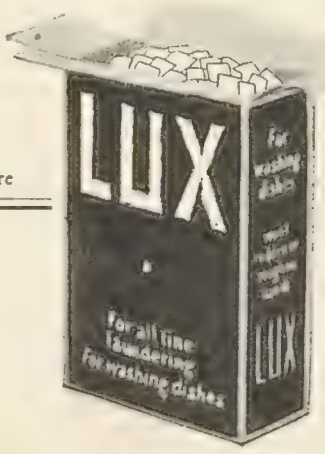
For years Lux has guarded the fragile beauty of your fine fabrics. You know how quickly it refreshes exquisite silk underwear and hosiery, your delicate woolens.

Now, in the laundry, too, Lux works these same miracles. Rich, creamy, sudsy Lux makes *all* your clothes and household linens as fresh and sweet as new. And best of all, they *stay new* so much longer with Lux! And your hands!—what a difference Lux makes in them. You know what harsh soap does to hands—how cruel those stinging, burning suds can be! Lux is as kind to them as the finest toilet soap. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Now let Lux save your hands in the laundry just as it does when you wash out a bit of finery—when you wash dishes

Enough Lux in the big new package for two average washings

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

"Got everything you need?"

As she stood within the guest room, lifting the water-jug from the bedside table, inspecting the lights, chattering of this and that, he wanted terribly to kiss her. She was so damned pretty.

"Don't be sil, Kerry," she said casually, as he did. Her lips had been unresisting, disinterested, and she had not bothered to lift a finger to push him away. "Good night, old thing—have breakfast whenever you get up."

Floyd Kerrington felt suddenly ashamed of himself.

"Didn't mean to be an ass," he mumbled.

"Don't be one now, then, idiot!" Swiftly, she leaned forward and kissed his cheek, her young arms gave him a quick, friendly hug. "Night, Kerry. May the morning be good to you and bring no headache. I fear the worst for Chris and Betsy!"

The door of her chamber closed quietly behind her as he turned and entered the guest room.

QUIETLY she had closed the door of her room, and within it she crossed to the window seat and sat down, staring out the window with solemn eyes.

She wasn't jealous of Chris, she told herself. That would be too absurd. Marian Ware was wise enough to appreciate how lucky she was in having not only a husband who was in love with her, but one who, after five years, still told her that he loved her. It wasn't really jealousy—she just wished he wouldn't, that was all. Wouldn't linger at parties after she had gone home, sitting in dim lights, holding pretty hands, kissing pretty lips.

She knew that it didn't mean anything, really; knew that everyone else among their friends was doing precisely the same thing. It was part of the game of modernism.

Marian liked the thrill of jazz; she felt as keenly as anyone else the throb of it in her blood. To all the intoxications of a party her response was as vivid as Christopher's. But when it came to love-making, it was *his* hand that she wanted to hold, *his* mouth which she wanted pressed upon hers. Odd! Was she, then, just naturally faithful to one man, incurably monogamous? That was a dull thought and, anyway, it wasn't true. Tonight, when Kerry had kissed her, she could easily have kissed him back. Kerry was attractive and young.

"Hot dog!" said Marian to herself. "In another minute I'll be saying that my lips belong to my husband! Soft music——"

Of course she was modern enough, sufficiently reasonable, to understand how Chris felt! He wasn't giving away anything that belonged to her when he kissed Betsy Kerrington! Yet—if *she* were to go about indiscriminately kissing—wouldn't it be cheap? She didn't think Chris was cheap though. Double standard stuff?

She sighed and began slowly to undress. Curled on her side of the broad bed she lay awake, seeking some reason.

Then she heard the sound of a car in the driveway.

They were back! The garage doors slammed. There was a long interval of silence. Then the front door—she heard Chris stumble—his laughter and a protracted "Sh-h-h!" from Betsy. Was Chris tight?

Listening, she heard the tinkle of ice against glass. They really ought to come to bed now. It was nearly morning. Again the sound of a bump—Chris must be awfully tight! Betsy's laugh—there, they were on the stairs, at last—

She pressed her cheek into the pillow and closed her eyes as he opened the door. What was he doing? Standing before the mirror, swaying and grinning foolishly.

Eric and Betsy were tangoing to the phonograph.

"'Lo, Christopher." She sat up in bed, smiling at him.

"Oh—you still awake?"

Instantly she realized that he had wanted her to be asleep and her smile faded. "Got to thinking—couldn't get to sleep," she apologized.

He grunted and commenced to undress methodically. Absurd, the way in which Chris folded his clothes! The more liquor he had consumed, the more punctilious he became.

"Got to thinking about—oh, life and marriage and us!" she told him.

His brows drew together. "Let's let it blend until morning, Marian. I'm sleepy."

Reasonable enough—yet he hadn't been so sleepy five minutes before!

"Sometimes I think we're awful idiots," she continued stubbornly. "All of us! It's almost as though we—oh, I don't know—deliberately cheapened the things that ought to be—well, sacred!"

He lifted his hands in a gesture of supplication. "M'love, your husband is intoxicated. I love you—you love me—everyone loves everybody—but now is not the moment for philosophic discussion. I am not, as it were, at my brightest. Anyway, you always give me the heebie-jeebies when you begin pulling this jealous wife stuff."

"*Jealous!*" She sat bolt upright in bed. "Why, Chris Ware, I never was jealous in my life!"

"Not mu-u-uch!" he murmured cheerfully, turning off the light and slipping into bed beside her. "Tell the li'l' boy 'nother bedtime story."

"But I'm not! Why, Chris—Chris Ware, are you going to sleep?"

His lips moved sleepily. "'S my firm intention, m'love, but it looks kinda difficult."

"I won't speak to you again tonight!" Even while she waited response to that threat, she heard his breathing become regular, saw that he was asleep.

Indignantly, she slid beneath the covers.

Jealous, indeed! If only he'd listen to her! She just wanted to know why— Jealous? Well, *he'd* be jealous, if she played around like that! He wouldn't like it any more than she did. Why should she be the one to keep their marriage a sacred thing?

Her brown eyes wide open, she watched the shadows disappear from the wall. She didn't *want* to flirt with other men—that was the trouble! A sob rose in her throat and she pulled herself up on her elbow, looked down at the sleeping man.

Sleeping! How dared he sleep when she wanted so much to talk things over? But he didn't care! He'd had his evening—

She nodded her head up and down aggressively.

"How would you like it, Chris Ware?" she demanded.

He stirred uneasily in his sleep.

"You wouldn't like it a bit!" she persisted. Two tears rolled down her cheeks and she felt exceedingly sorry for herself. Another sob rose; her husband's lashes fluttered and he surveyed her with drowsy, reproachful eyes.

"Oh, m'God, you crying?" he murmured and then the heavy lids dropped as he relapsed into slumber.

Her tears ceased and her brown eyes darkened angrily. Very well, then, she'd show him! She'd show him what it was like! She dropped heavily back upon her pillow, bounced over on her side and again, in his sleep, her husband mumbled incoherent irritation at her disturbance.

POISED before her mirror, Marian Ware caught her under lip beneath her teeth, in sudden thought.

"Hmm!" she said, and with abrupt movements she tore off the jersey frock she had just put on and tossed it over a chair. From the closet she brought forth a negligee, a floating, fluttering affair of peach-colored chiffon and pale gold lace, and slid her feet into gold slippers.

Wasn't she going, in the immortal words of somebody or other, to *Start Something?* A negligee was the conventional attire for allurement and she might quite as well try her hand at Kerry, whom she heard stirring in the next room.

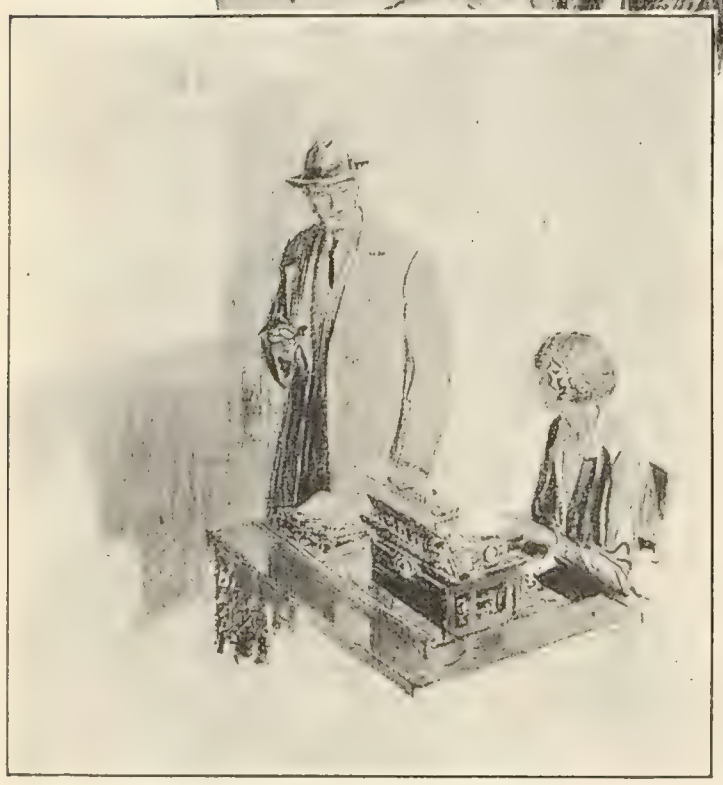
It was her turn now!

The human mind, she reflected a few minutes later, as she poured Kerry's coffee, was a marvelous machine. The day before she could have breakfasted alone with Kerry—

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

Today's Luncheon

Make it those Toasty Grains — *the "something different" that you crave*



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It's WHOLE WHEAT. 25% is Bran. Crisped grains that taste like nutmeats . . . only richer.

That digest easily, stop that urge for an afternoon nap.

Have it with milk, or in bowls of half and half.

Or . . . for the Great Adventure, with fresh berries and cream.

That gives you the food you need, the vitamines of grain and milk.

Order it today at any restaurant, lunch-room or grocer, and—SERVE today at home—See how much brighter the afternoon.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

or with any other man—without the slightest sense of excitement. But this morning——

"How many lumps, Kerry?" There was an intimacy in her tone, as though it were a secret which they two were to share.

"Two." He watched her across the oval table and though she could see that he was puzzled, she could see, too, that he felt the exhilaration of the moment.

Their hands touched as he took the cup from her and she raised her lashes to look at him with smiling eyes. He grinned rather uncertainly and tasted the coffee as though it must be superior to any other coffee in the world!

MARIAN chuckled. They had done nothing, said nothing, yet their relationship was changed. Subtly, almost imperceptibly, a new note was creeping into it.

"I suppose you know," said Kerry slowly, "that I'm just as keen about you as I ever was, Marian."

There! He would not have said it this morning if she had come down brisk and matter-of-fact to eat her breakfast and serve him his.

"Why, I hope you are, Kerry!" she answered.

For a minute Kerry looked at her steadily, questioningly. Then he smiled.

"You're a strange girl, Marian," he told her softly. "I don't quite get you——"

She smoked her cigarette and smiled, lazily.

The day progressed with, for Marian Ware, a strange unreality, a confusion of impression that was like the muddling of one's mind toward the end of a long and strenuous party. Superficially, it was quite like the Saturday of any other week-end. She and Kerry played eighteen holes of golf; at one o'clock, Betsy and Chris, volubly protesting that they were not well, but miraculously reviving with the third cocktail, joined them at the clubhouse for luncheon. A rather disorganized foursome followed, broken up by the appearance, on the links, of Madge and Eric Lombard, who carried them all off to the sprawling Lombard farmhouse for juleps.

On the screened piazza, Madge and Chris chattered in the hammock; Betsy was helping Eric crack ice, and Kerry sat on a cushion at Marian's feet, turning the pages of a magazine. Suddenly he threw it across the floor and rested his head against her knees.

"Sinking, Kerry?" Chris asked sympathetically. "They're an awful time fixing those drinks."

Kerry shook his head. "Gesture of pure affection. I'm in love with your wife."

Chris grinned at Marian.

"The perfect guest," he murmured. "Your own bride's such a faithless wench I should think you'd have learned not to put your trust in women. I shall console my broken heart with Madge."

Marian and Madge Lombard sat on the floor, while young Freddy Burke showed the steadiness of his fingers by demonstrating with burning matches what was known as the Valentino kiss.

Marian sat very still, conscious of the weight of Kerry's head against her knees, conscious of her brain, suddenly changed from an adequately clear mechanism to something which resembled a piece of French pastry—a *napoleon,* she decided, with crumbling layer after layer of thoughts, laid one upon the other.

SHE felt so transformed in her attitude toward Kerry that it seemed impossible that the others should not notice. Yet how absurd she was! No one here would be in the least impressed if she said that she had been flirting with Kerry all morning.

She looked at her husband, speculatively. Chris wouldn't care; he'd accept it as part of the game. It was only herself who found importance in it.

With an absent gesture she stroked Kerry's hair with her fingers, and though Chris and Madge saw no significance in that casual contact, Marian knew that it was a letting down of barriers.

"You've certainly got poor Kerry on the jump," Chris said that evening as they were dressing for dinner.

She looked up at him sharply.

"D'you care, Chris?" came her question.

"Care?" He paused in the tying of his tie in honest bewilderment. "Care about what?"

"If I—let Kerry make love to me?" She stood intently watching his face.

"If you—for the love of Pete, Marian, why should *I* care? So long as he doesn't make love to *me*— " He laughed. "Say, is there any canned pineapple in the house?"

Marian screwed on her earrings fiercely. "Go ask Bertha," she said tersely.

But if Chris was oblivious to the fierce, half-resentful gayety of her mood that evening, Kerry was not. His eyes followed her questioningly as she moved about. The question was deeper in his eyes later that night, when they paused and stood together, looking through the trees at the moonlight, rubbed like silver paste across the black water of the cove.

"Well, Kerry," she asked, smiling up at him.

"Well, Marian?" Involuntarily his arms went out toward her, dropped back to his sides. "Marian, you know that I'm crazy about you!"

"Are you, Kerry?" Her laughter was low and excited. "Aren't you—going to do anything about it?"

Her heart pounded as she watched emotions battle in his face. His eyes were lighted eagerly, thrillingly, but his mouth remained set in a firm line.

"Are you by any chance flirting with me?" he demanded.

She shrugged. "I'm not being very successful at it, am I?"

He struggled. "Good God, you know I'm mad about you! Oh, Marian—— "

"Kerry—don't—" She was excited, yet she felt dizzied, half frightened, by the vehemence of his kisses.

He laughed. "'Kerry—don't!'" he mocked, holding her close. "You asked for it, didn't you?"

She sank down to the bench, silent when he released her. Well, he'd kissed her right enough! She shivered. And she'd kissed him back, she, Marian Ware!

Well—there wasn't any harm in that, was there? Yet he was Betsy's husband and her guest. Five years before, she had been married to Chris. Suddenly she felt that she wanted to cry.

"You're so lovely, Marian! You—" He was again at her feet, his arms about her waist, his face lifted to hers.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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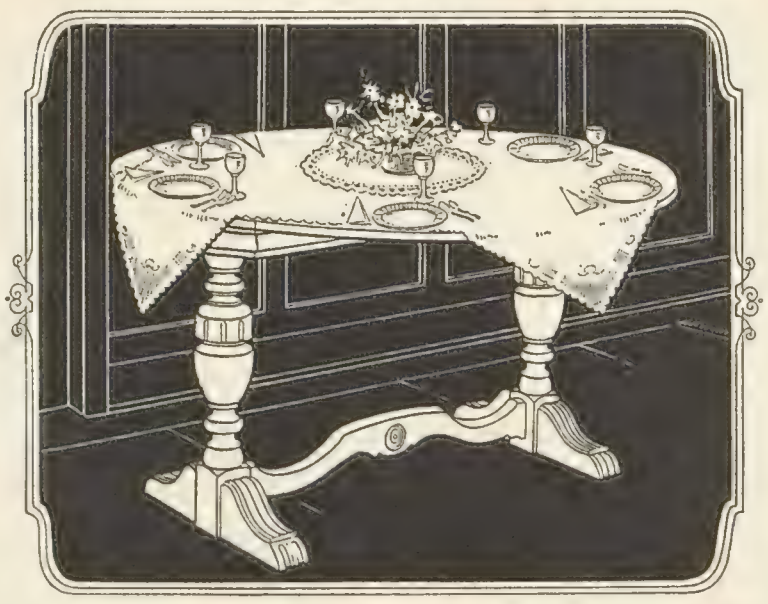

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[FLUNG ROSES
Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

She smiled uncertainly. "Kerry—do you know—that you're the first man I've kissed since I married Chris?"

He winced. "But I love you, Marian. I've always loved you." He rose, lifting her to her feet. "Do you hear me, Marian? I tell you I love you!"

She hadn't wanted him to be serious—it was a game—but she was moved, thrilled. Her arm, which at first had been merely acquiescent, tightened about his neck.

"Oh, Kerry, I love you so much!" She didn't love him, of course, nor had she meant to tell him so.

She closed her eyes, her lips sought his, and suddenly she laughed, a trifle hysterically. "Oh, we're *crazy,* Kerry! We—" The saxophone was wailing out into the summer night and she flung out her arms. "Oh, *gosh!* Let's dance! Let's get another drink. Let's——"

Her fingers closed into tight fists against her palms. She felt younger, more vibrantly alive, more conscious of life about her than she had felt in years. All the color and sound and feeling of it! "'Flung roses—roses riotously—with the throng!'" she quoted, stammering a little in her excitement.

Then she pulled herself from his embrace and ran, stumbling and laughing, to the clubhouse. Breathless, she stood in the doorway, waiting for him to catch up with her, her brown eyes large and luminous. Christopher, dancing past with Betsy, saw her, grinned, and winked one eye accusingly.

CHRIS was properly sympathetic. He sat on the edge of the bed and watched Marian drain the glass of bromide with an expression which was almost maternal.

"When you reach my age, my gal, you'll actually get to enjoy having a hangover," he told her.

"I haven't a hangover!" said Marian rather crossly—nor, as a matter of fact, had she. But Chris, experienced in the gray morning mood which had gripped her when she opened her eyes, merely smiled and took away the empty glass. "Really I haven't, Chris. My head aches and—oh, Chris, what *is* it all about?"

"'For—*I* don't know—*you* don't know—what it's all a-bou-ou-out—'" he sang the refrain of a ballad they had heard in one of Harlem's Negro dance halls.

He kissed her. "You stay in bed until luncheon," he advised. "Then hop on down and have a drink and some food and you'll be ready to do it all over again. The clan's gathering at the Webbs' for cocktails, then home to dress, and the Lombards' at seven-thirty."

"I don't *want* to do it all over again!" she wailed. "Chris—do you love me?"

He grinned. "I do," he answered promptly. "Little idiot; didn't you know that?"

SHE rubbed her cheek against his hand. "Chris! I—I told Kerry I loved him—last night."

He smiled at her gently. "You're so damned intense, Marian. You don't really love Kerry—you love me. But moonlight's moonlight, liquor's liquor, life is life—and that is that!"

"And you're not jealous?"

He lighted a cigarette. "Should I be, Marian?" he asked patiently.

"Of course not!" But—it seems so wrong, Chris! I—" She looked at him almost angrily. "I *enjoyed* kissing Kerry, Chris Ware!"

His laughter was wholly genuine. "By golly, what wouldn't I give to have your conscience! You get so much more kick out of misbehaving—" He kissed her again, patted her pillow professionally. "You go to sleep, baby. In about two hours you'll see life through different eyes."

Obediently she closed her eyes but sleep didn't come. What *was* it all about? She'd only wanted to show Chris, to make him jealous. But perhaps he was right. Why should he be jealous, or she be jealous? They loved each other and—

"But it doesn't seem right!"

The phrase echoed and reechoed in her head. It doesn't seem right—it doesn't seem right—it doesn't—

"When it's cocktail time in Connecticut—I want to be in Connecticut!" sang Christopher's clear tenor, and she opened drowsy eyes, surprised to discover that she had been asleep. "One before and one after rising. Get up, Marian, it's half-past one."

Sleepily she waved away the glass he held out to her.

"I'll get right up."

"Heebie-jeebies all gone?"

She hesitated. Oh, what was the use?

"All gone," she said.

"'Oh—*he* don't know—*she* don't know—what it's all a-bout—'" His voice floated back from the hall.

Marian sighed deeply and jumped out of bed.

If parties grew like rolling snowballs, there came also, Marian decided, a ruthless sun which rose around three o'clock in the morning to melt them away in rather

soppy disorder. Sunday-night parties, especially.

The Webbs had gone home and the Carters; Alan Stevenson was sprawled, asleep, upon the couch.

Of the rest, Kerry and Dick Lorillard had reached the inevitable stage of discussion of that late war which had taken up so much newspaper space eight years past.

Eric and Betsy were tangoing to the phonograph and Chris was attempting a half-hearted competition to its sounds at the radio. Marian and Madge Lombard sat on the floor, while young Freddy Burke showed the steadiness of his fingers by demonstrating with burning matches what was known as the Valentino Kiss.

Marian's eyes wavered from the absurd humanity of the entwined matches, flaming and swaying their pantomimic passion upon the miniature stage of the match box, to her husband. Chris was bored. For an evening he had found Betsy Kerrington's vivacity fascinating, but now, two days later, his interest had burned out like the matches which sputtered in Freddy's fingers. He caught her gaze and his brows lifted in that facial wigwag of marriage. *Want to go home?* She wrinkled her nose slightly and he understood that she did not.

MARIAN was enjoying herself, and as she saw her husband's yawn she felt a thrill of exultation. Tonight she wanted to stay on and he was the one who remembered the alarm clock and the next day! Her eyes slipped to Kerry's face and he smiled.

Kerry was really rather crazy about her!

All evening he had hovered at her side as she had seen men hover about other women. A dozen different times they had entered into those low-voiced conversations *a deux* that always amused her when she watched them between other people.

"I hate to go away tomorrow, Marian," he had told her. "We've simply got to see each other soon."

"Well?" He had played this game before; it was for him to decide.

"Come in town for lunch Tuesday?"

She had agreed to go. It was rather fun to have a man as absurdly infatuated as Kerry, and since Chris didn't object— It was flattering, and there was a thrill in her own unexpected responses to him.

But where could it all end?

Chris was bending over her and she looked up inquiringly. "Think I'll duck, Marian. Little tired—little more bored. You going to stay?"

She nodded. "You take the car. Eric will drive us home."

"Righto."

She watched his departure thoughtfully.

"This party," announced Madge, "needs artificial respiration. I can hear its death rattle."

"Let's go," Eric suggested amiably.

"But where?"

"Let's go take a swim for ourselves," said Betsy. "Last chance Kerry and I'll have until next week-end. Swim'll make us hungry, and we'll eat bacon and eggs. Bacon'll make us thirsty an' we'll drink liquor. Good idea?"

"Splendid idea!" her host agreed.

They piled out of the house in disorderly file and attempted to fit themselves into the Lombards' roadster.

"Too crowded," Freddy Burke objected. "Here, I'll take Marian with me."

Kerry growled protest and Marian grinned at him. Let him growl! It would be good for him.

"Nice party," commented Freddy, in the tone of a connoisseur, as he deftly swung his car in front of Eric's, missing the gateposts by an inch but missing them.

She nodded and smiled indulgently. Freddy had grown from a beanlike, mooning youth to a man within the last year, and his fine air of sophistication rather reminded her of her own youthful son.

"If it wasn't so deadly to come in on a party cold, I don't think I'd ever get anywhere till around this time," he expounded. "The duds have all gone home an' there're only the regular ones left."

He was a ridiculous youth, yet she felt a slight pride that he should include her among the Regular Ones. It was fun, after all, this riding out of a party to the bitter end.

THE sky was that indeterminate color when stars are fading and dawn has not yet broken through. Freddy drove well and swiftly, and she leaned back, enjoying the rush of wind through her hair. Dimly the outlines of trees and hills were becoming solid, three-dimensional. At the foot of a long hill a semaphore flickered its pallid green light to warn of cross-roads.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[FLUNG ROSES
Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

"Dick Lorrillard drove down this hill once, turned around that thing, and came up again in high," Marian said dreamily. "Ever noticed, Freddy, that all aviators are crazy?"

"Why be so exclusive?" he asked grinning. "I should say—" His voice was lost as a violent jerk of the car threw her against his shoulder. There was a breath-taking moment of buoyancy when a flashing green light seemed to hover around them like a giant mosquito, a dizzying, timeless interval when the car rolled like an ocean liner in the opposite direction, a jerk, and they shot triumphantly up the grade they had just descended. "Should say," Freddy continued calmly, "that we were *all* crazy."

Marian unclenched her fingers from the side of the car, lifted one hand to her hammering breast, swallowed, blinked several times, and smiled faintly.

"*You* certainly are!" she agreed feebly. "That—that was great, Freddy!"

He laughed and put his arm about her shoulders. "You're a game kid, Marian. Want to do it again?"

"No, thank you." Her response was immediate. "I am a mother, Freddy, and cannot die just yet. But in a day or two I think I'll begin to enjoy this ride."

THE dawn had broken and suddenly the sun burst over the hills. The morning air was fresh and sweet, and the landscape, sweeping past them at sixty-three miles an hour, looked as though it had been freshly washed and ironed. It was good to be alive and young and to enjoy life! As they turned into the lane that led to the cove, Freddy leaned over and kissed her and quite naturally she returned his kiss.

Kerry was sulking when he joined her. "Might have broken your neck, riding with that young fool!" he growled.

"Oh, you remind me of a husband, Kerry!" she said petulantly.

He took her face in his hands and looked into her eyes. He was very angry. "You don't remind me of a wife, Marian," he returned. "Yesterday you did. Yesterday I thought you were different from—oh, what's the use?"

She smiled mockingly. "What *is* the use?" she replied.

The cold of the water made her body tingle deliciously; her hair clung damply about a face as radiantly glowing as a baby's and her brown eyes shone with excitement.

They returned to the Lombards' at breathless speed, Eric's roadster and Freddy's scarlet racer tearing through the serene country morning like a pair of comets playing tag.

"Might just as well sit up until train time now," said Madge.

They scattered themselves about the devastated living-room, amid a chaos of glasses, overturned ashtrays, blue plates smeared with the yellow of scrambled eggs, disorderly heaps of rugs, and clusters of chairs.

Six o'clock.

"Nice party, Madge!"—"See you in the smoker, Eric!"—"Next week-end!"—"Wednesday at the country club!"

The outside of her own house was unfamiliar at this hour, and Marian found herself staring at it as she led the way up the flagged path, between beds of petunias. There was something unnatural about the serenity of the interior, with each piece of furniture in its proper place, each ashtray clean and empty. She moved about restlessly.

"We'll go up and dress and pack," said Betsy, yawning. "Lord, but I'm a wreck!"

Kerry followed her silently and Marian climbed the stairs behind them.

In the upper hall she met little Christopher, shining from his bath, his blond curls tumbled about his face. "Mumay!" He catapulted into her arms. "Where you going, mumay?"

Chris was bored. His interest had burned out.

Betsy giggled and, oddly, Marian blushed. "Not going, old boy—I'm coming," she said, kissing his fat cheek. "You trot along to nurse."

The elder Christopher was still sleeping, one arm flung out across her pillow. It was strange and grotesque to be returning home in the morning sunlight, as though she were not really herself but some ghost, come at the wrong time to haunt. The roar of the party still sounded in her ears and the swiftness of it throbbed still in her veins. It was as though she were an engine, geared at top speed, unable to adjust herself to a slower pace. She fingered her nightgown, tossed across the foot of the bed, as though it were something alien and unfamiliar.

MARIAN jumped as the alarm clock clanged its call, crossed the room, and quickly turned it off.

"What the—!" Sleepily Chris sat up in bed and stared at her with astonished eyes.

"Hello!" said Marian.

"Why, you little wretch!" He commenced to laugh, drowsily at first. "You certainly are a noble sight!"

She turned toward the mirror and met her brilliant, wide-open eyes. Her hair straggled in a wind-blown mass about her flushed face and the green organdie frock drooped about her slender body like a faded flower. Suddenly she put her hand across her eyes and ran over to the bed—hid her face against his shoulder.

"Good party, kid?"

"Fine party." Her voice was smothered against his neck.

"The old girl's certainly stepping out! Just get in?"

"Yes." She took his face fiercely in her hands, and gazed into it. "Chris, don't you mind one tiny bit?"

"Not one tiny bit," he repeated her words. "Only wish I hadn't faded—I thought the party was dead."

She was silent, looking intently into his eyes.

"Well," she said at last, "you're consistent, Chris. You know, you were right about Friday night—I *was* jealous!"

"Told you you were, didn't I?"

She nodded. "But I don't believe I will be again—ever. At first I was angry. I wanted to show you what it was like."

He smiled at her. "I rather suspected something of the sort, baby."

SHE lifted a forefinger solemnly. "Wait!" I *didn't* show you—because you didn't have to be shown. But I showed myself, Chris. I showed myself that playing about doesn't matter, that nothing really matters." He started to speak, but she pressed the palm of her hand firmly across his lips. Her face was serious, almost tragic, and a sadness had crept into her clear eyes, clouding them.

"I never did it before, Chris, because I thought it wasn't right. So I always pretended I didn't want to. But now I know! I still don't think it's right—but now I know that it's fun. And—I wish I hadn't found that out, Chris!"

"Why, Marian?" He was suddenly serious, too, disturbed by her voice and the quivering line of her mouth.

Her eyes looked drearily past him, through the open window. "Things don't stand still," she said. "You want more excitement and more and more. I *know!* I do wish you'd not approved Chris. Even if it wasn't logical, I wish you could have been jealous and angry."

"But Marian, dearest——"

"Oh, it doesn't matter!" Her voice broke and again she hid her face against his shoulder. "It's just the good old morning-after feeling—the heebie-jeebies again," she told him, in an attempt at lightness. "Picture of a little girl crying because there isn't any Santa Claus!" She lifted her head and flung him a smile that was both brilliant and bitter.

He patted her hair comfortingly. "You'll feel all right after you've had some sleep," he said, and he knew that he lied.

"Of course I will! I'll go take my shower now."

He watched her as she kicked off her slippers, dropped the crumpled frock to the floor. She disappeared into the bathroom and still Christopher Ware did not move.

Was it the supreme jest of a cynical god that one never knew what one had possessed until it was gone? Marian—

Through the sound of falling water, he heard her singing to herself in defiant gayety. The words drifted out to him, indistinctly:

"'For—I don't know—you don't know—what it's all a-bou-out——'"

THE END

When it's a perfect winter day—and you've just returned from a tramp in the crisp country air—when you come in and find the crackling fire awaiting you
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Switch to it completely for one month. Use it faithfully. You'll note with delight how effective Ipana is in cleaning your teeth, how delicious it is to your taste—how beneficial it can be to your gums.

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The Heartbreak of a QUEEN

[From Intimate Sources]

Virginia De Lanty, the girl who started gossip by finding the Prince of Wales' wallet in her room.

P. & A. Photo.

Lafayette Photo.

Queen Alexandra at forty-three.

The Life Story of Alexandra, to Whom Destiny Gave All Except Happiness

International Photo.

The Prince of Wales in the midst of a cheery company of friends at Syosset, Long Island, in 1924.

YOU will recall that Fate lifted Alexandra's father, Christian, from obscurity to the throne of Denmark, and that this turn of fortune placed Alexandra in the position to be sought as a wife for Edward, heir to the British throne.

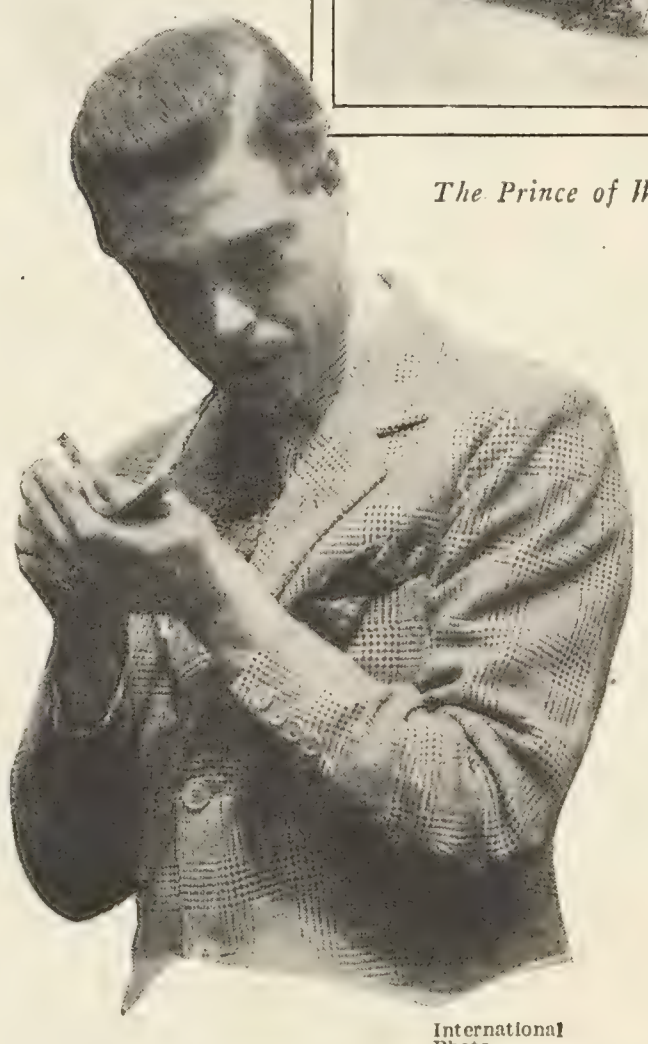
You will remember that this fate had come in the person of Mlle. Rassmussen, a pretty Parisian milliner who visited the castle of King Frederick VII of Denmark to show the Queen a bonnet. The Queen had seen her husband enter into an affair with the dainty visitor and had realized, as the European powers did when the scandal became public, that an acceptable heir to the throne of Denmark would never be born.

It was then that Alexandra's father was chosen as heir to the throne, becoming, at Frederick's death, King Christian IX.

Brought up in comparative poverty, Alexandra was deeply impressed by the splendid Prince who came to woo her. But her dreams were soon to be dissipated.

Queen Victoria and Albert, her German consort, sanctioned the marriage with regret because the bride was not a German princess, for Victoria favored Germany.

The Fairy Princess became a minor part of the English court in circumstances that left her little hope for romance. Almost at once she came under the arbitrary supervision of Victoria. Seeking freedom and gayety, she found her invitation lists censored, her blameless conduct criticized.



International Photo.

A close-up of the royal guest lighting one of his special blend cigarettes during his recent American visit.

She might have better endured the pettiness and even the jealousy of her mother-in-law had Edward proved a more devoted husband. But Edward was bored at court. Alexandra might yield to royal wishes, but not Edward, who turned to lighter diversions, fleeing whenever possible to Paris, Brussels, and Vienna—where lovely ladies beckoned.

PART THREE

I SUPPOSE it will puzzle many of my American readers who are unfamiliar with Continental manners — particularly the manners of the courts—to comprehend how Alexandra, a woman of beauty, charm, and delicacy of feeling, could endure for years the open gossip of Edward's escapades without bringing the matter to an issue.

Certainly (you will argue) a queen has the right to maintain the dignity of her position. Because the very nature of her position makes her private life a semi-public matter, she, if any one, may insist upon her husband's protection. It will seem to you, moreover, that there must be ways in which a queen can contrive to enforce his discretion. Should all else fail, public opinion would sustain her.

You forget, however, that the rigid moral conventions which obtain in the United States have no counterpart among the sovereign houses of Europe.

The fact is that Queen Alexandra had been brought up in an atmosphere of court life which even at its best is never altogether wholesome.

The scandals at the Danish court were primarily responsible for the selection of Alexandra's father as successor to the aged and childless King Frederick VII. Frederick

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

INGERSOLL DOLLAR STROPPER

Makes One Razor Blade Do the Work of 300

IT is a revelation in the art of *shaving* as well as *saving*. It is an automatic device for putting the barber's edge on your Safety Razor Blades. Manufactured and guaranteed by Robt. H. Ingersoll, the originator of the Dollar Watch. Unless you have already used it you cannot fully realize its value. It resharpens every make of razor blade and produces the super-keen edge of a new blade. It has only been on the market a year—yet it has given priceless shaving comfort and joy to nearly a million men!

Don't Throw Away Dull Blades

Every time you throw away a dull blade you waste 25 dozen new ones. If you invest a dollar in the Ingersoll stropper you will put an end to this needless extravagance. Day after day for a whole year you will be able to shave with the *same blade*—and get a smooth comfortable shave each time! You will save $5 to $10 a year in blade money and be assured of a lifetime of shaving comfort you never knew existed.

The Ingersoll Dollar Stropper is based on an entirely new principle. It automatically brings the edge of the blade in contact with the leather strop, at the proper angle, thus insuring a keen cutting edge. It can be used by any one without skill or practice.

Saves $5 to $10 a Year

Ten Days' Trial

It is the unanimous verdict that the Ingersoll Dollar Stropping Outfit is a real boon to the man who shaves. It is more than an accessory to your shaving kit—it is a life investment in a new kind of shaving comfort which you never dreamed would come to you. It costs no more than a few blades and will save you all future blade money and all the dull-blade torment.

WANTED
Agents & Dealers
This clever invention is meeting with nation-wide approval—in fact it is sweeping the country. Our dealers and agents are cashing in heavily. Quick sales, quick profits. Every man a prospect. If interested in Agents' or Dealers' plan, check square in coupon.

If you have not had the Stropper demonstrated to you already by one of our representatives and can not get it at your dealers, mail the coupon with $1.00 and we will send you the complete Outfit, including patent Stropper (blade holder) and fine leather Strop. Use it 10 days and if you do not get the most comfortable, quickest and cleanest shaves you ever had, return it and we will return your $1 at once.

Robt. H. Ingersoll, Pres. New Era Mfg. Co.
Dept. A532, 476 Broadway, New York City

I enclose $1 for which please send me the Ingersoll Dollar Stropping Outfit complete, including the Ingersoll Specially Prepared Leather Strop. It is understood that I can return the Outfit in 10 days if not satisfied, and that you will return my dollar. (Canadian Price $1.50.)

Name.....

Address.....

Make of Razor Used.....

I am interested in ☐Dealers' ☐Agents' proposition

[THE HEARTBREAK OF A QUEEN Continued from Page Forty-five]

met Mlle. Rassmussen, the pretty Parisian milliner, in the corridor outside his wife's apartments in the royal castle, and the ensuing love affair shocked and incensed all Europe. These and many other matters of a similar nature came within Alexandra's notice, both as a child and while she was growing into young womanhood.

WHATEVER effect they might have had upon her conduct was counteracted both by her natural modesty and the rigid standards which her parents set for her.

Yet the constant proximity of such circumstances robbed them of the power to shock or surprise. They became commonplaces of existence — unpleasant commonplaces, it is true, but not to be regarded as intolerable.

Major Metcalfe—mixed up in the wallet mystery.

Another subtle attitude of mind which is common among persons who have witnessed the temptations of royalty may have tempered Alexandra's judgment of Edward.

For much may be said in extenuation of royalty's moral lapses, taking into consideration how impossible it is to free their entourage from the spirit of adulation that influences the entire social system of the Old World.

So much of social, political, and official advantage is affected by the favor of the great, it is only natural that people should seek to attract that favor. That is why princes of the blood are likely to hear only pleasant things; men do not care to give offense to those whose prejudice might be so fatally injurious.

If the average man errs in this respect, women are even greater offenders.

There is no question that the heart of every fair one flutters when the eye of royalty rests upon her. No matter what her station, she seeks to appear at her best in the monarch's presence, even if it be only for a moment. The purest and most innocent woman, immune to the usual forms of masculine homage, may yet be susceptible to the signal deference of a prince.

This is a form of feminine susceptibility which is never quite displeasing to the personage to whom it is addressed. Sometimes it is accepted in silence or with a smile; in other cases with a few gracious remarks or more less trifling badinage; occasionally it may lead to an innocent flirtation, and sometimes, of course, to serious consequences.

In the vast majority of instances, the woman is likely to make the most of it, to exaggerate—for vanity's sake or social advancement—the favorable impression she has made on the royal personage. It is always an occasion of exultation to a pretty woman when she can pose as having a prince under the influence of her charm.

It is difficult to exaggerate the lengths to which some women are willing to go in order to win even the mere appearance of royal favor.

During the last twenty years of Edward's life, for example, special precautions had to be taken by the police to prevent him from being snapshotted. Very soon after this form of diversion started in Europe, he was considerably put out to learn that persons, especially women, upon whom he was merely bestowing a perfunctory and courteous greeting, were causing themselves to be photographed in the act either of bidding him good-day or shaking hands with him, in order to convey the impression that they were on terms of friendship or even something more.

INDEED, during his annual springtime sojourns at Biarritz, the aid of the French authorities had to be invoked in order to protect him from this form of annoyance; he was at Marienbad every autumn, and immediately after his arrival at that resort Prince Edward of Lichtenstein, the Imperial Governor of the Province, would issue an edict forbidding the snapshotting of the visitor under severe penalties that extended to imprisonment or expulsion from Austria-Hungarian territory.

Photographs obtained prior to these and similar precautions adopted by the police in Great Britain, were utilized not only for social advertisement, but also by English and foreign adventuresses with designs of eventual blackmail and for the perpetration of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Time Your Cooking *to the minute*

with the new **Hawkeye Reminder Clock!**

Does your remembering for you!

This wonder clock won't let you forget. Now you can leave your cooking for other duties. Hawkeye will remind you to the minute when your boiling or baking is done. No more watching the clock and worrying.

Simply set lower dial to number of minutes desired, from one to 90. Prompt to the minute, alarm will ring to warn you.

Hawkeye is finding wide favor for all short time operations—in domestic science and public schools, X-Ray treatments, laundries, factories, etc. Beautifully enameled in gray. Hang on wall or set on shelf. Postpaid for $7.50. Money back if not pleased.

HAWKEYE CLOCK CO.
Dept. 12, Muscatine, Iowa

Dealers—Write for Full Details

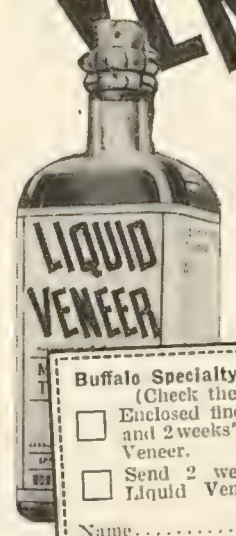
25¢ L-V DUST CLOTH

made of specially woven fabric "Crepette" for only 10c and

FREE

TWO WEEKS DUSTING SUPPLY OF

LIQUID VENEER



A few drops on your dust cloth cleans down to the original beauty and luster of the finish. It nourishes and preserves any varnished or enameled surface.

Buffalo Specialty Co. Buffalo, N. Y.
(Check the offer you prefer)
☐ Enclosed find 10c for L-V Dust Cloth and 2 weeks' dusting supply of Liquid Veneer.
☐ Send 2 weeks' dusting supply of Liquid Veneer, entirely FREE.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

other profitable swindling plans.

To these forms of persecution to which King Edward, despite all the measures adopted for his safeguarding, was subjected until his last illness, and which to this day endanger the peace of mind and reputation of most princes of the blood, must be added those of a number of women who, by devoting all their idle moments to fanciful dreams about the monarch, develop delusions regarding their relations with him.

A NOTABLE instance of this sort occurred in 1903, when two American women of obvious breeding, a mother and a daughter, turned up at Sandringham, declaring themselves to be the transatlantic wife and daughter of the King. They were taken into custody, placed under observation in the psychopathic ward of the County Infirmary at Norwich, certified as harmless though afflicted with delusions, and after a few months were quietly deported to the United States.

Lady de Bathe, better known in America by her former name of Lillie Langtry, refers in her recently issued volume of Reminiscences to an elderly peeress, the Countess of C., who by the time she had swallowed her fourth glass of champagne, would become eloquent about the alleged intimacy of her relations with her Sovereign.

These dinner-table confidences usually ended in a tearful confession by the Countess that she had made the sacrifice of her innocence to her profound loyalty—although she was his senior by some thirty years, and her girlhood and her first marriage had been of a distinctly stormy nature.

It has always seemed to me that in some respects the French and perhaps also the Austrians understood King Edward better than his own countrymen.

He was throughout his life a frequent visitor to Paris, a familiar figure behind the scenes of the most popular theaters, and a favorite among the feminine element of the Great World, with whom he was always ready to exchange gay badinage and "finesses."

But, although, alike as Prince of Wales and as King, he made no secret of being a friend and admirer of Sarah Bernhardt, of the inimitable Jeanne Granier, of Hortense Schneider of "Grande Duchesse" celebrity, and of scores more of actresses whose genius has illumined the Parisian stage, his name was never associated with any one of them in a manner to which his consort could have taken exception.

The French, especially the Parisians, always respected the motto of the English reigning house, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" (Evil to him who evil thinks), which is also the motto of the illustrious and historic Order of the Garter, and did not whisper that because Edward was debonair, courtly, and gay in his demeanor toward a pretty woman, he was necessarily in quest of her affection.

Much the same understanding of the late King prevailed at Vienna, a capital which before the Great War rivaled the French metropolis in gayety, and where he was thoroughly at home. Indeed, most if not all of the slanderous stories affecting the moral conduct of Edward VII emanated from English sources.

It would have been odd indeed had Alexandra not been familiar with this situation, and if she had not, during the earlier years of her marriage, at any rate, let it influence her attitude. Self-delusion has always been the delight of women. She elected to be charitable.

Indeed, in any other circumstance her romance would have been impossible; for even when she came to England to listen to Edward's proposal, the gossips of the court were gayly recounting his conquests during his Canadian and American tours.

The truth of all except one of these stories is open to suspicion. But I shall repeat the one, not because I think it exemplifies Edward's behavior, but because it makes plain the sort of innuendos which, even then, gave to Alexandra's romance its tragic atmosphere.

THE gossips described how Edward had been entertained at the home of a high Canadian official, whose daughter—a delightfully young and innocent person—had immediately given evidence of a fatal infatuation. Not for months had Edward basked in such a charming admiration, his mother having expressed her disapproval of his last gay sojourn in Paris by causing him to spend a protracted interval in relative seclusion. So Edward tarried to prosecute the friendship, and England was far from his thoughts.

Being aware of the young Prince's reputation—the tales of his Parisian adventures had, of course, lost nothing in transmission across the sea—Edward's host viewed his daughter's conduct with an apprehension which even his loyalty and respect for his Sovereign were powerless to quiet.

It was said that the affair had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Only one word to Remember – and it pays

Plural plugs are necessities in every home They make appliances more convenient and extend the possibilities of lighting beyond the limitations of the original wiring of the building.

To be wholly satisfactory they must perform their duty day after day, year in and year out—forgotten after once installed. Hemco Plugs are built for such service. They are molded in one piece of genuine Bakelite—shockproof, heatproof and moistureproof. They are light in weight, of convenient small size and do not mar or crush if dropped.

You will find just the model Hemco Plug you require wherever electrical goods are sold; Hemco Plugs are carried by more than twenty thousand dealers. The new low price their tremenduous sale has made possible now gives you their unequalled quality at an unrivalled price.

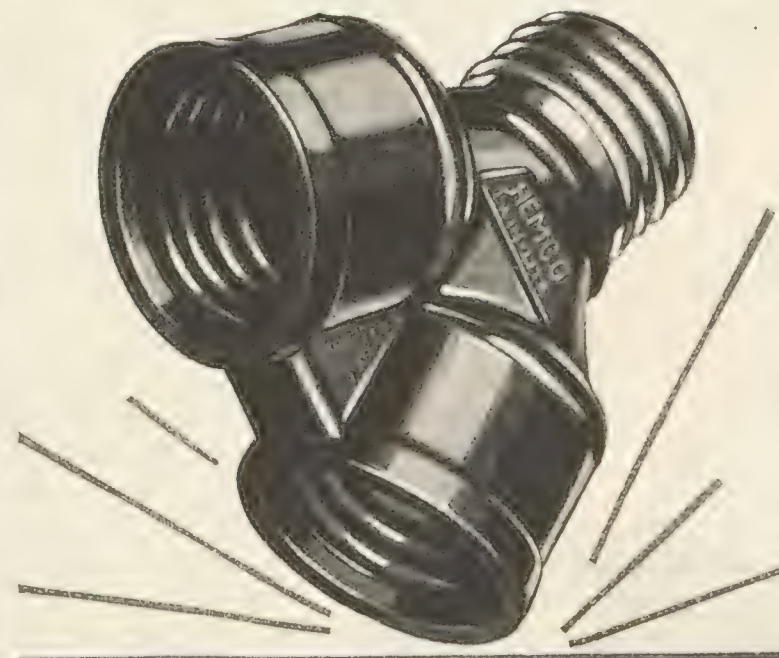
Hemco Health Pad—*The perfect heating pad. Packed in the customary Hemco orange and black box for your protection.*

HEMCO Products for the Home

The Hemco Health Pad—a soft, fleecy blanket of evenly controlled heat. Made in two sizes in single and triple heat. Priced from $5 to $7.50.

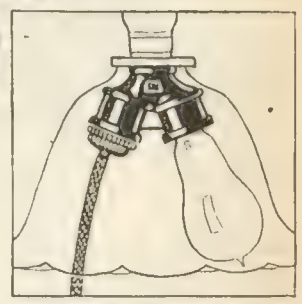
The Hemco Cord Set—a complete appliance cord equipped with the practically indestructible Hemco attachment and heater plugs. Fits all appliances. At dealers everywhere $1.50.

George Richards & Co., 557 W. Monroe St., Chicago

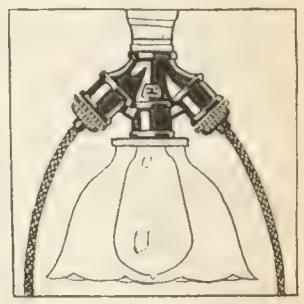


Hemco Twin-Lite

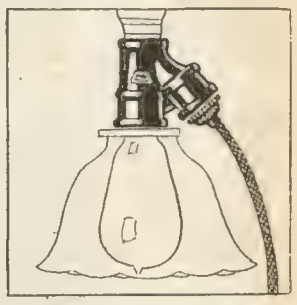
The most popular plural plug in the world. Provides an extra outlet for appliances from any socket. Compact to fit under small shades. Light in weight. Heatproof, shockproof, moistureproof. Does not mar or crush if dropped.



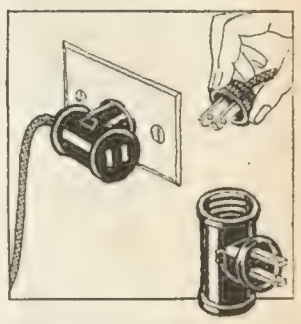
HEMCO TWIN-LITE—*Double outlet plug. High capacity. Small size and properly designed to fit under shades. Lasts a lifetime. Formerly sold at 75c—Now 60c.*



HEMCO TRIP-LITE—*The three outlet plug. Outlets specially threaded to take standard screw or clamp type shade holder. Formerly sold at $1.10—Now $1.00.*



HEMCO TACH-LITE—*The side outlet plug. Allows lamp to be used in vertical position. Outlets, as shown, threaded to take any standard screw or clamp type shade holder. Formerly sold at 75c—Now 60c.*



HEMCO TEE-PRONG—*The plug for flush (wall) receptacles. Provides two slotted outlets to take any standard parallel blade attachment caps. Very small size—neat and unobtrusive. Sold everywhere at 50c.*

HEMCO TEE-LITE—*Similar in design to the Hemco Tee-Prong, except that standard screw shell outlets are provided instead of slots. Takes any standard attachment plugs. Formerly sold at 75c—Now 60c.*

[THE HEARTBREAK OF A QUEEN
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

the upshot which might have been expected. Whether it did, I do not know. It would be as impossible to guess its truth as it would be to attempt to evaluate the reports of certain escapades of the present Prince which reached England during the latter's American tour in 1924.

IT must be said in Edward's behalf that he not only had to contend with the usual temptations to which all princes are exposed but also with an inherited disposition that made it difficult for him to turn away from the lure of beauty. There coursed in his veins adventurous blood derived from his royal ancestors. And who knows but what a little knowledge of the hushed chapters of the House of Hanover's history may not have helped Alexandra to bear her grief with an outward appearance of complacency.

If there are some who doubt this hereditary influence, let them follow it further in the royal line. Alexandra herself lived to hear reports that her grandson, Albert Edward, was treading in the footsteps of Edward, her husband. An incident or two may prove interesting.

Edward VII visited the United States as Lord Renfrew in 1860. His grandson came in 1924. In America, Edward found a new and infinitely interesting field for romantic enterprise; and his grandson did likewise.

Flattered matrons, who entertained the present Prince, screened his diversions from irreverent eyes.

Yet I do feel that Alexandra, his devoted grandmother, listened to the stories which found their way to England with the thoughtful smile of one who wishes that age and experience might be induced to give up their wisdom without the sacrifice of a lifetime.

On Long Island, which the second Lord Renfrew selected for his playground, sometimes he danced until dawn, and made off directly to the polo field; sometimes he darted into New York and danced; sometimes he disappeared entirely from public observation.

All in all, the reports that reached Sandringham were reassuring, however, until the episode of the leather wallet was borne in on gossip's wings and brought apprehension with it.

The wallet, as you may recall, was found in the rooms of a somewhat unconventional young woman, not far from the more promiscuous of New York's lately fashionable night clubs. Considerable mystery surrounded the affair.

The wallet was monogrammed and contained private, crest-marked papers, some money, and a few photographs. Among the latter was a picture of the Queen Mother which bore mute testimony to the sympathetic devotion which was strong in the heart of her grandson.

The young woman had not met the Prince at any of the houses of his Long Island hostesses, and before her exact status could be explained, the Prince and his suite were speeding from New York to Canada.

Many of his friends were prepared to vouch for the fact that there had been some mistake; that he did not even know the young woman; that they could account for every moment of his last night in New York.

P. & A. Photo.

Virginia De Lanty as she appears in street costume.

Meanwhile, Miss Virginia De Lanty, the young woman in whose apartment the wallet was found, came forward with the statement that she was hostess not to the Prince of Wales but to his equerry, Major E. D. Metcalfe.

It appeared that the major had dashed into the street at an early hour in the morning in a highly overwrought state of mind. To the first policeman he chanced to encounter he made a statement, which the excited officer recalled as, "The Prince has been robbed of his wallet." After the recovery of the pocketbook, the major corrected the policeman's impression by informing him that he really had said: "I have lost the Prince's wallet."

IN any event, Miss De Lanty, shocked to discover that she had been the innocent cause of embarrassment to Lord Renfrew, was anxious to make amends by giving a frank recital of the circumstances to newspapers. This recital was printed in one instance, at least, and there was an accompanying photograph of Miss De Lanty in a revealing one-piece costume that might have been mistaken for a bathing suit had she not carried a banjo.

The young woman explained that she and Major Metcalfe had danced at a cabaret and a hotel during the evening and that he had seen her to her apartment. There, she said, he took off his coat and hung it over the radiator. The wallet of the Prince of Wales

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$93 the First Week
$123 in 36 Hours
$10 in One Evening
FREE Selling Outfit To AGENTS
Wonderful NEW Invention
Stay Prest
Trouser Presser

NO wonder salesmen make $100 a week from the start. The latest thing out—New Stay-Prest Trouser Presser—is selling like wildfire. Perfected by four patents to put in lasting crease without heat or steam. Removes wrinkles and bagginess. Saves nap of cloth. Cuts tailor bills. Fits any trousers. A substantial, quality product, beautifully finished in black leatherette and heavy nickelplate. Built to last years. Folds to 15 inches. Demonstrates in 40 seconds. Men buy one to six. 1,000,000 sold already.

"Made $93 First Week"

"My first week I made $93. Since then I have been averaging over $100 every week," writes S. L. Patterson, Iowa. You, too, can make big money. J. W. Varne earned $123 in 36 hours. Mary Roberts made $10 in one evening. Others cleaning up.

Profits in Advance

Your big, cash profits in advance. Simply write orders. We deliver and collect. Big commissions.

FOUR PATENTS

FOLDS to 15 inches.

Make This FREE Test

See for yourself how amazingly easy it is to sell Stay-Prest. Test it without cost either full time or side line. Write immediately for handbook of further facts and offer of free demonstrator. Send no money—only post card. With millions of prospects—everyone interested—you can't avoid making extra dollars every day. Send postal card for Free Offer today.

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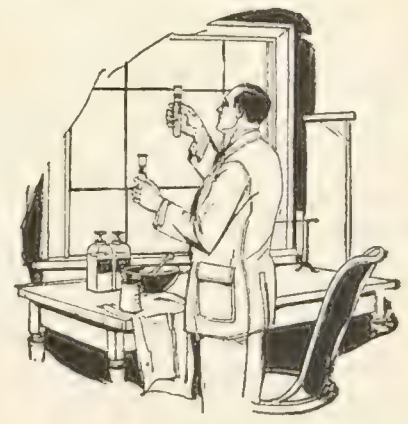

These Healing Oils
Penetrate

Unlike "corn removers" mixed with collodion (acting only on the *top* of corn), Kohler One Night Corn Cure is compounded with oils that *penetrate* and soften the *entire* corn, loosening it so it is lifted out with fingers, the skin soon returning to normal.

Avoid infection and injury—don't use a knife, or anything but a *safe salve*.

For 35 years, druggists have sold and recommended

Kohler
"ONE NIGHT CORN CURE"

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT].

was in the coat pocket and it dropped out.

Major Metcalfe left the apartment, Miss De Lanty said, without noticing that the wallet was missing and started for Syosset on Long Island, where the Prince's suite was being entertained.

When he discovered the loss, he rushed back to her rooms and called for two detectives to assist in the search. Before they arrived the wallet was found and Major Metcalfe hastened off to pack his clothes and accompany the royal party to Canada.

Later there was an exceedingly regrettable parade of the incident when a Broadway supper club featured "Miss Virginia De Lanty — Nightly — Late Friend and Guest to H. R. H. Prince of Wales—In a 'Wallet' of Songs and Dances."

The Prince of Wales when a middy.

Such an incident in the life of the average mortal would cause little concern or scandal. Yet in English court circles it created some very unpleasant moments for the Prince of Wales. The same sort of report about the earlier Edward produced similar results.

I think it was a facet of Alexandra's own character—a profound sense of obligation—which, more often than anything else, guided her over the more stony portions of her path. Edward was not alone her husband but the King. And if something must be sacrificed to his penchant for pretty faces, it would better be her private sensibilities than the dignity of his high estate.

She asked no such consideration for herself nor accorded it to her own sex. Of women she was unfailingly critical when they were discovered in misdeeds—as they not infrequently were, even within the circle of her rigidly censored acquaintance.

I RECALL that, even when age had tempered her judgment—it was in 1906, I believe—she was especially censorious of a certain Germanic Princess, one of whose escapades happened to come within my own observation through a rather unusual coincidence.

I was paying a somewhat protracted visit in Berlin, but had been absent for several days and was returning to the city when the mishap occurred. It was night and I was riding in one of the highly undependable motors of the period, when its ancient gas lamps suddenly revealed another machine stalled in our path.

Because it had been raining, my driver was proceeding more cautiously than was his custom; else, I am afraid, we should have crashed. We stopped, as motorists used to do, to inquire if we could be of service, and a woman detached herself abruptly from the blackness of the edge of the road. Her goggles and heavy motor veil, as well as a long linen cloak—then the accepted automobiling apparel—effectively hid her identity, but I knew her as soon as she spoke.

"WOULD you be kind enough to take me to Berlin?" she asked, forestalling her chauffeur's protests with a gesture.

"I shall be more than pleased," I responded, bowing low before her.

"My maid," she said, with complete equanimity, "was taken ill a short way back and I had to send her home. My motor is in the condition you observe it. I am to spend the night with a schoolgirl friend. I shall appreciate it if you will help me to reach her."

In that brief narrative there is little to arouse suspicion—unless one remembers that the conventions of Europe do not accord to princesses the privilege of touring alone with a chauffeur after dark.

I do not know the upshot of the adventure. I took her to a certain house, which may have been occupied by her schoolgirl friend.

Intrigue such as this had always surrounded Alexandra. Quite true, hers was the Victorian age; yet behind the straight-laced manners of that period, and in spite of the uncompromising shoulder which society turned against the mere suspicion of impropriety, there were those willing to take risks.

A few were deterred, perhaps, by the harsher penalties which were imposed; but when secret opportunity beckoned to inclination, most of the Victorians proved human, after all.

But this has been a long digression, and I fear that I have been neglectful of the major thread of my narrative.

When Alexandra found herself prospective co-heir to the throne of England, she had already seen her brother George chosen by the Greeks to be their king.

Three years after she had married Edward and stepped from the quiet of Copenhagen into the glamour of London, Dagmar, her sister, was to marry Alexander of Russia (Alexander III), father of the last of the Czars.

Even as Alexandra was accus-

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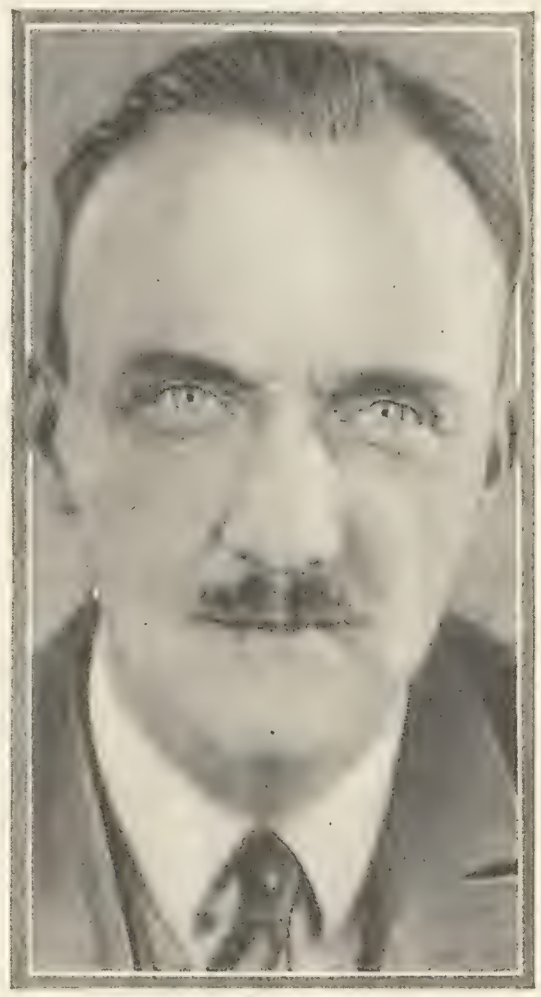
To the man in a little business

who sees no chance ahead



He wanted more than just "a living"

A FEW WEEKS ago, J. Don Alexander was in New York, holding a convention of his salesmen. He visited us at the Institute and we went up to the top floor and sat on Hamilton's sofa, and stretched our legs in front of the fireplace that used to be in Hamilton's home, and had an old-fashioned talk. He told us again the story of his enrollment in the Institute.

He was living in Spokane at the time, the owner of a little electrical business—a good enough little business, but with no promise that it would ever provide anything more than just a decent living. Mr. Alexander wanted *more* than a living. He wanted comfort for his family, and education for the children, and a chance to travel, and financial security.

He turned to the Alexander Hamilton Institute with a good deal of hesitation and doubt. He expected to receive some formal textbooks and lectures, which, while valuable in content, would be hard reading and not very applicable to his personal situation. What he discovered, to his great surprise, was that he had not merely enrolled for "a course." He had allied himself with a powerful group of friends who began immediately to work with him for his business success.

The Institute training is a good deal like a wonderful two years' trip at full pay. It carries you into the office of a great sales manager; you watch him work. He tells you the methods by which he gets results, and gives you full permission to use those methods as your own. You visit a great accountant and he tells you, in the most interesting and informal way, the important things that have taken him so long to learn.

You sit beside a banker and learn the principles of corporation finance. Your instruction in factory and office management comes from men who have made an outstanding success in these fields, who talk to you in terms of tested practical results. And every day thruout the whole two years' journey you feel yourself growing, you are aware of opportunities that you had previously overlooked.

It was so with Mr. Alexander. He sold out the electrical business and organized the Alexander Film Company, with the purpose of producing motion picture films for advertising purposes. A short time later he became its president and today, after only a few years, it is a nation-wide organization, one of the largest and most successful of its kind.

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Send me all the details about your new suit offer which can enable me to make from $100 to $150 a week. This does not obligate me in any way.

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[THE HEARTBREAK OF A QUEEN Continued from Page Forty-nine]

toming herself to the court of St. James's, Dagmar was betrothed to the Russian heir, Nicholas. But the latter was to die and make a deathbed request to Alexander, the next in line, that he marry Dagmar in his stead. Alexandra herself was in nomination to marry Nicholas before her betrothal to Edward; and had Edward not found her, it seems highly probable that she and not Dagmar would have become Alexander's bride.

And all this splendor out of the gloomy rooms of Gule Palace probably left Alexandra a little dazed, but not more so than the tragedy which marked the lives of her kin.

George was assassinated by one of his own subjects. Dagmar and her husband became the target for the bomb and the bullet. She was never wounded, nor was he, but Dagmar lived to see horror such as few mothers experience.

She saw a weak son and his arrogant, superstitious, hysterical wife—Alexandra Feodorovna—ascend the Russian throne. She saw her royal daughter-in-law (formerly Princess Alix of Hesse, niece of Edward) fall under the influence of the mad peasant, Gregory Rasputin and all but betray her own armies in the World War. She watched with anguished dread while her son Nicholas II lost what little will he had and succumbed to the insanities of his monk-dominated consort.

THEN came the downfall of the Romanoffs, the feeble abdication of the Czar, and Alexandra's fierce efforts to have Dagmar, the Czar, and his family given over to her for safety.

But on the night of July 16, 1918, Nicholas, his consort, their invalid son, and four daughters were thrown into a cellar in Ekaterinburg and brutally shot to death by assassins.

For days thereafter, Alexandra's heart was torn with horrid fears for Dagmar. Presently it was learned that the Dowager Empress had been spared the brutality of the Bolsheviki and was on her way to England from the hiding-place to which she had escaped. Dagmar sat in Sandringham House at Alexandra's bedside when she died.

She and Alexandra were the most united children of Christian and Louise, who themselves emerged from the obscurity of the Yellow Palace near Copenhagen's water front to rule Denmark.

Together Dagmar and Alexandra were retired by the deaths of their consorts into the background of distinction; and thus freed from official duties, the bonds between them grew constantly stronger.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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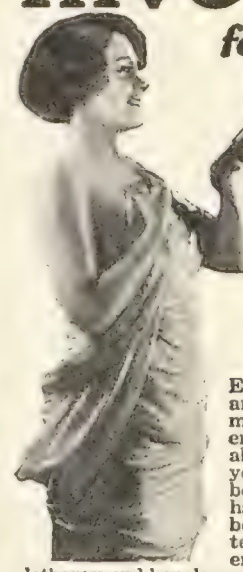

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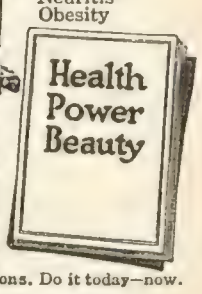

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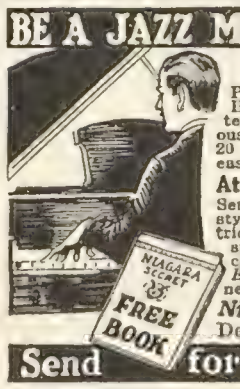

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

Probably one of the most human of all documents would be their correspondence, because a great love and (almost always) a great distance lay between them and they wrote to each other almost daily.

The tragedies of her house, to be sure, came late in Alexandra's career. Perhaps she bore them more bravely for her early education in tribulations.

BEFORE she was twenty-one Princess Alexandra was wife, mother, and next in succession to the position of Queen of Great Britain and the Dominions beyond the Seas.

Very rapidly there came into the Princess' life a succession of children.

Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, was born January 8, 1864; Prince George (the present King) was born June 3, 1865; Princess Louise, February 20, 1867; Princess Victoria, July 6, 1868; Princess Maud, November 26, 1869, and Prince Alexander John in April, 1871, but this last little one lived only for a day.

Six children within a period of eight years is a quick-growing family. After the birth of each of the children, the Princess had trouble with her health, but after the birth of Princess Louise in 1867 the illness was acute and serious.

The doctor in attendance, Sir James Paget, on his own responsibility, telegraphed for the Princess' mother, and Queen Louise herself nursed the Princess.

All the Danish royal family were adept at nursing and Sir James Paget declared that it was Queen Louise who saved her daughter—just as, later, another doctor was to pay tribute to Alexandra's own nursing during the serious illness of the Prince of Wales.

The anxiety of London was very great. Enormous crowds used to wait outside Marlborough House in order to read the latest bulletins. But the illness abated and during convalescence a trip to Egypt with Edward was arranged for the Princess.

Soon after their return to London, Alexandra received a blow which all women can understand —Prince Alexander John was born and lived just one day.

The first pain of that sorrow over, Alexandra set about her duties with greater energy.

Edward was chafing under the Victorian rein more than ever and Alexandra strived mightily, but somewhat ineffectually, to brighten his home life for him. How well she succeeded, as well as what she thought of her own efforts, may be read out of the following cryptic incident:

A few years after his marriage to Alexandra, Edward was in Italy on one of his frequent unofficial journeys to the Continent, and of course London was kept supplied with numerous stories of his flirtations.

This time there seems to have been some truth in at least one of them, because there came to Alexandra a photograph of a lovely Florentine on which the lady had written "To Edward from Lini." Obviously the photograph had gone astray and the sender was eager that Alexandra should be made aware of it.

Alexandra showed the portrait to Lady ——.

"The Prince still has excellent taste, don't you think?" she asked.

Before the lady could produce the expected "Indeed, yes!" Alexandra added: "Such exquisite taste in a man is always complimentary to his wife."

She came by the endearing title Alexandra the Compassionate with good reason. She was the tenderest of women, the most forgiving, the most long-suffering. Witness, by way of illustration, her conduct during one of the most serious of Edward's illnesses.

The illness struck down the Prince, his groom, Blegge, and his friend, Lord Chesterfield, all at about the same time as a result of a typhoid-fever infection which he suffered at Lord Londesborough's house at Scarborough, where a house party had been in progress. All three cases were anxiously reported in the press, as the fate of one might be the fate of all.

Princess Alexandra and Princess Alice nursed the Prince unremittingly. There was relapse after relapse.

Lord Chesterfield died, the Prince's groom died, but after weeks of muttering delirium, the Prince turned the corner and began slowly to recover.

DURING this time the simple piety of the Princess was daily manifest. On one occasion she wrote to the vicar at Sandringham saying:

> My husband being, thank God, somewhat better, I am coming to church. I must leave, I fear, before the service is concluded, that I may watch by his bedside. Can you not say a few words in prayer in the early part of the service, that I may join with you in prayer for my husband before I return to him?

The Prince recovered and there were thanksgiving services. The

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Football ace and athlete extraordinary, drinks Yeast Foam Malted Milk—his favorite beverage

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[THE HEARTBREAK OF A QUEEN Continued from Page Fifty-one]

Princess erected a brass lectern in Sandringham church inscribed:

To the glory of God
A thank-offering for His mercy
14th December, 1871
Alexandra

And in the Sandringham cemetery there is an inscription, also put up by the Princess, on the simple grave of Blegge, the groom:

One was taken and the other left.

Queen Victoria was accustomed to spend the summer at Osborne, her seaside country seat on the Isle of Wight, leaving Windsor Castle vacant.

She insisted that the then Prince of Wales should represent her at the Royal-Ascot races which are held in an outlying portion of the Great Park of Windsor Castle. Yet she refused to place Windsor Castle at his disposal for the race week on the ground that she could not be sure of the choice of his friends.

In consequence he was obliged each year to lease a country seat in the neighborhood.

Sir Sidney Lee in his biography of King Edward lays stress on the surveillance to which King Edward was subjected by orders of his mother. Prior to her reign the Royal Princes were free to go about unattended. When Queen Victoria married she decreed that no member of the royal family should stir from their homes unattended.

The Prince of Wales liked traveling. The Princess did not. Her visit to Egypt was her only excursion outside Europe. This was probably one of the reasons why the Princess did not accompany her husband to India in 1875.

THE Indian visit was a pageant of magnificent ceremonial and the Prince brought back with him about half a million pounds' worth of presents, but it was the spectacle of power without the reality.

The Prince realized very clearly that his position was not "all jam." There were great forces in the world which were not within his control. His mind entered into deep political speculation, where unfortunately the Princess Alexandra could not follow him.

And this division of interest led to the Prince of Wales forming one of the most remarkable friendships which has ever figured in the history of royalty.

Among the women who exercised a marked influence on King Edward was Lady Warwick. Although this attachment to the intellectual noblewoman came in the later years of his reign it added bitterness to the Queen's cup. This friendship and the Baccarat Scandal are intimately discussed in the next issue.

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Name "Kirk" Guarantees Quality

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Likes to play tricks with his health. Thinks he can get along without clothes! Like some people who think they can get along without Smith Brothers Cough Drops in bad or cold weather.

Don't take chances. Have Smith Brothers handy and avoid colds, sore throats and hoarseness.

5¢ Two kinds: the Black S.B. Drops and the Smith Brothers Menthol Drops that come in orange box.

SMITH BROTHERS
COUGH DROPS FAMOUS SINCE 1847

THE

Diaries of WASHINGTON

II. VIRGINIA SQUIRE *and* COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

IN these diaries, covering a time when the portent of the Revolution was becoming a fact and when Washington was active in it, the significance of events is not noted in his entries. That was not the purpose of these notes.

June 1, 1774, he writes: "Went to Church and fasted all day." The Burgesses of Virginia had voted to fast in sympathy with Massachusetts the day the Boston Port Bill went into effect. That bill closed the port until the King opened it, which was to be when order was restored and the destroyed tea paid for.

The first Continental Congress met in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, September 5, 1774. Washington was there but his note in his diary is: "Breakfasted and Dined at Docr. Shippen's. Spent the Eveng. at Tavern."

On June 15, 1775, Washington entered, "Dined at Burnes' in the Field. Spent the Eveng. on a Committee."

That day he was unanimously elected commander in chief of the Colonial forces. The committee was one to provide for the government of the army.

1775. MAY 1. Went up to Alexa. to meet the Independt. Company. Mr. Herbert came at Night.
4. Set out for the Congress at Phila. Dind in Alexa. and lodgd at Marlborough.
6. At Baltimore all day. Reviewed the Companies there and dind at an Entertainmt. given by the Townsmen.
8. Breakfasted at Charles Town and Dined and lodged at Wilmington.
9. Breakfasted at Chester, and dined at the City Tavern, Phila. Supped at Mr. Jos. Read's.
13. Dined at the City Tavern with the Congress. Spent the Eveng. at my Lodgings.
14. Dined at Mr. Willings and spent the Evening at my Lodgings.
17. Went to the Commencemt. at the College [College of Philadelphia, later University of Pennsylvania], and dind at Mr. Saml. Griffin's. After wch. attended a Comee at the Conistoga Waggon.

JUNE 1. Dined at Burns's and Spent the Evening in my own Room.
13. Dined at Burn's in the Fields. Spent the Evening at my Lodgings.
19. Dined at Colo. Ried's. Spent the Evening at Mr. Lynch's.

Washington's commission was dated June 19, 1775, and that is the day his diaries stop. He could not keep them up. In May, 1781, prior to the Yorktown campaign, he resumed them temporarily. While he and his small army were enduring the winter of 1777-'78 in Valley Forge and the British were enjoying themselves near by in Philadelphia, he received notice of the alliance Franklin had made in Paris with Vergennes, the French foreign minister, and the half frozen troops fired three cannon salutes to their new chance of victory. By 1781, when the brief attempt at a diary record of the war was begun, Washington and Rochambeau were in the North hoping that they could besiege New York and drive the British out. Cornwallis was in the South, almost succeeding in overrunning it, defeating Greene, Gates, and Lincoln, but harried by the partisans under Marion and clung to by Lafayette. Tarleton's force was annihilated by the mountaineers at King's Mountain and Cornwallis finally was driven into Yorktown. Washington, beginning his diary in the North, covers the period of his inability to do anything against the British in New York and of his march South to get Cornwallis. The French government had commissioned him a lieutenant-general of his Christian Majesty's forces to eliminate any question of the command of the joint American and French forces. It was Washington's.

1781. MAY. I begin, at this Epoch, a concise Journal of Military transactions, &ca. I lament not having attempted it from the commencement of the War, in aid of my memory—and wish the multiplicity of matter which continually surround me and the embarrassed State of our affairs which is momently calling the attention to perplexities of one kind or another may not defeat altogether, or so interrupt my present intention, and plan, as to render it of little avail.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

An old painting of General Washington and the Marquis de Lafayette at Mount Vernon.

To have the clearer understanding of the entries which may follow, it would be proper to recite, in detail, our wants and our prospects—but this alone, would be a work of much time, and great magnitude. It may suffice to give the sum of them wch. I shall do in a few words—viz.

Instead of having Magazines filled with provisions, we have a scanty pittance scattered here and there in the different States. Instead of having our Arsenals well supplied with Military Stores, they are poorly provided, and the Workmen all leaving them. Instead of having the various articles of Field equipage in readiness to deliver, the Quarter Master General (as the denier resort, according to his acct.) is but now applying to the several States to provide these things for the Troops respectively. Instead of having a regular System of transportation established upon credit—or funds in the Qr. Masters hands to defray the contingent expences of it we have neither the one nor the other and all that business, or a great part of it, being done by Military Impress, we are daily and hourly oppressing the people—souring their tempers—and alienating the affections. . . . In a word—instead of having everything in readiness to take the Field,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE DIARIES OF WASHINGTON
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

we have nothing and instead of having the prospect of a glorious offensive campaign before us, we have a bewildered and gloomy defensive one—unless we should receive a powerful aid of Ships—Land Troops—and Money from our generous allies and these, at present, are too contingent to build upon.

6*th*. Colo. Menonville, one of the Adjutt. Generals in the French Army came to Head Quarters by order of Count de Rochambeau to make arrangements for supplying the Troops of His Most Christian Majesty with certain provisions contracted for by Doctr. Franklin.

9*th*. Went to the Posts at West point, and found by enquiry of General Heath, that all the Meat deposited in the advance redoubts for contingent purposes would not, if served out, serve the Army two days—that the Troops had drawn none that day and that none remained in the common magazine.

JUNE 4*th*. Letters from the Marqs. de La Fayette of the 25th Ulto. informs that Lord Cornwallis formed a junction with Arnold at Petersburg—that with their United force he had marched to City point on James River—and that the detachment which Sailed from New York the 13th. of May had arrived in James River and were debarking at Westover—and that he himself had removed from Wilton to Richmond.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Washington crossing the Delaware.

5*th*. Governor Rutlidge of South Carolina came to Head Qrs. with representations of the situation of Southern affairs, and to sollicit aids—I communicated the plan of Campaign to him—and candidly exposed the true state of our Circumstances which convinced him—or seemed to do so—that no relief cd. be given from this army till we had acquired a Naval superiority and cd. transfer Troops by Water.

29*th*. Rec'd a letter from the Marqs. de la Fayette informing me that Lord Cornwallis after having attempted to surprize the Virginia Assembly at Charlottesville and destroy some Stores at the Forks of James River in which he succeeded partially had returned to Richmond without having effected any valuable purpose by his Manoeuvres in Virginia.

JULY 2*d*. . . . At three o'clock this Morning I commenced my March with the Continental Army in order to cover the detached Troops and improve any advantage which might be gained by them—made a small halt at the New bridge over Croton abt. 9 Miles from Peekskill and another at the Church by Tarry Town till Dusk (9 Miles more) and compleated the remaining part of the March in the Night—arriving at Valentines Hill (at Mile square) about Sunrise.

6*th*. The French Army formed the junction with the American on the Grounds marked out. The Legion of Lauzen took a position advanced of the plains on Chittendons hill west of the River Brunx. This day also the Minister of France arrived in Camp from Philadelphia.

13*th*. The Jersey Troops arrived at Dobbs's Ferry agreeable to orders. Some French Frigates made an attempt on the Enemy's Post at Loyds Neck but without success not being able to land in the night.

20*th*. Count de Rochambeau having called upon me, in the name of Count de Barras, for a definitive plan of Campaign, that he might communicate it to the Count de Grasse—I could not but acknowledge, that the uncertainties under which we labour . . . rendered it impracticable for me to do more than to prepare, first, for the enterprize against New York as agreed to at Weathersfield and secondly for the relief of the Southern States if after all my efforts, and earnest application to these States it should be found at the arrivl. of Count de Grasse that I had neither Men, nor means adequate to the first object.

AUGUST 14*th*. . . . Matters having now come to a crisis and a decisive plan to be determined on, I was obliged, from the shortness of Count de Grasses. promised stay on this Coast, the apparent disinclination in their Naval Officers to force the harbour of New York and the feeble compliance of the States to my requisitions for Men, hitherto, and little prospect of greater exertion in the future, to give up all idea of attacking New York; and instead thereof to remove the French Troops and a detachment from the American Army to the Head of Elk to be transported to Virginia for the purpose of co-operating with the force from the West Indies.

15[*th*]. Dispatched a Courier to the Marquis de la Fayette with information of this matter, requesting him to be in perfect readiness to second my views and to prevent if possible the Retreat of Cornwallis towards Carolina.

SEPTEMBER 5*th*. The rear of the French Army having reached Philadelphia and the American's having passed it. The Stores having got up and everything in a tolerable train here: I left this City for the head of Elk to hasten the Embarkation at that place and on my way (at Chester) received the agreeable news of the safe arrival of the Count de Grasse in the Bay of Chesapeake with 28 Sail of the line and four frigates, with 3000 land Troops which were to be immediately debarked at James town and form a junction with the American Army under the command of the Marqs. de la Fayette. . . .

Judging it highly expedient to be with the Army in Virginia as soon as possible, to make the necessary arrangements for the siege, and to get the Materials prepared for it, I determined to set out for the Camp of the Marqs. de la Fayette without loss of time and accordingly in Company with the Count de Rochambeau who requested to attend me, and the Chevr. de Chastellux set out on the 8th.

9*th*. I reached my own Seat at Mount Vernon (distant 120 Miles from the Hd. of Elk) where I staid till the 12th. and in three days afterwards that is on the 15th. reached Williamsburg.

17*th*. In company with the Count de Rochambeau, the Chevr. Chastellux, Genls. Knox and Duportail I set out for the Interview with the Admiral and arrived on board the Ville de Paris (off Cape Henry) the next day by noon and having settled most points with him to my satisfaction except not obtaining an assurance of sending Ships above York and one that he could not continue his fleet on this Station longer than the first of November I embarked on board the Queen Charlotte (the Vessel I went down in) but by hard blowing and contrary Winds, did not reach Williamsburg again till the 22d.

© Mount Vernon Ladies' Association.

The kitchen in Washington's home.

28*th*. Having debarked all the Troops and their Baggage, Marched and Encamped them in Front of the City and having with some difficulty obtained horses and Waggons sufficient to move our field artillery, Intrenching Tools and such other articles as were indispensibly necessary, we commenced our March for the Investiture of the Enemy at York.

30*th*. The Enemy abandoned all their exterior works and the position they had taken without the Town; and retired within their Interior works of defence in the course of last Night. Immediately upon which we possessed them, and made those on our left (with a little alteration) very serviceable to us. We also began two inclosed Works.

OCTOBER 9*th*. About 3 o'clock P. M. the French opened a battery on our extreme left of 4 Sixteen pounders, and Six Morters and Howitzers and at 5 o'clock an American battery of Six 18s. and 24s.; four Morters and 2 Howitzers began to play from the extremity of our right.

14*th*. The day was spent in compleating our parallel, and maturing the Batteries of the second parallel. The old batteries were principally directed against the Abattis and salient angles of the enemys advanced redoubts on their extreme Right and left to prepare them for the intended assault for which the necessary dispositions were made for attacking the two on the left and,

At half after Six in the Evening both were carried; that on their left (on the Bank of the River) by the Americans and the other by the French Troops. The Baron Viomenil commanded the left attack and the Marqs. de la Fayette the Right on which the light Infantry were employed.

16*th*. About four O'clock this Morning the enemy made a Sortie upon our Second parallel and spiked four French pieces of Artillery and two of ours, but the guards of the Trenches advancing quickly upon them they retreated precipitately.

17*th*. The French opened another Battery of four 24s. and two 16s. and a Morter Battery of 10 Morters and two Howitzers. The American grand Battery consisting of 12 twenty four and Eighteen prs. 4 Morters and two Howitzers.

About ten o'clock the Enemy beat a parley, and Lord Cornwallis proposed a cessation of Hostilities for 24 hours, that Commissioners might meet at the house of a Mr. Moore (in the rear of our first parallel) to settle terms, for the surrender of the Posts of York and Gloucester.

21*st*. The Prisoners began their March and I set out for the Fleet to pay my respects, and offer my

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Note the Size—
18 inches long,
9 inches wide,
5½ inches high.

Only $6.00 for The Priceless Convenience of a Portable Electric Stove

WITH this remarkable stove you are always ready to cook, anywhere or any time. It cooks breakfasts and luncheons at the dining table—afternoon teas and buffet suppers at the tea cart or occasional table. It saves hours of time and adds immeasurably to your comfort and enjoyment. It can be used in the nursery to heat baby's milk. Simply ideal for candy making—and in the summer cottage, simply indispensable!

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☐ Send me on approval the new No. 100 Two-burner stove. I will pay postman only $6 on arrival ($7 in far West.) If not delighted, I will return it after six days use, and you will refund full price at once.

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My dealer's name.....

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

No Governorship for Mine

My good old friend the Governor of Oklahoma was in to see me at the theatre the other night. I had just had humorous mention as a candidate for that position, as they wanted to revive the Populist Party with me as the Standard Bearer.

Well, the Governor showed me what had happened to a friend of his who had been defeated for Governor in our state, so he discouraged me. I won't accuse him of doing it purposely, but he did. His friend's campaign expenditures were as follows:

"I kissed 6,000 babies; helped 42 voters thrash wheat; shook hands with the entire State; smoked 3,000 sacks of 'Bull' Durham; cut 22 cords of wood; helped brand 8,000 calves; spayed 4,000 of them; was sprinkled 8 times in Methodist Churches; totally immersed in cold water in muddy creeks three times by the Baptist; went to confession in every Catholic Town; paid dues to 11 Synagogues; charter member of the Holy-Rollers; listened to 800 get-together Kiwanis, Lions, and Rotary speeches; bought sheet and pillow slip in every Ku Klux Klan in the State; and then I was defeated.

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

"'Bull' Durham was my sole satisfaction not only during, but after election. It is the only thing that stayed with me."

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece here in a few weeks. Look for it.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.

INCORPORATED

111 Fifth Avenue, New York City

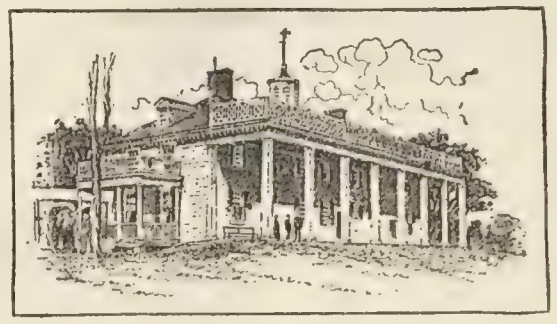
[THE DIARIES OF WASHINGTON
Continued from Page Fifty-five
]

thanks to the admiral for his important Services and to see if he could not be induced to further co-operations before his final departure from this Coast.

NOVEMBER 5*th.* The detachment for the Southward, consisting as has been before observed, of Waynes and Gists Brigades (excepting such Men of the Maryland and Virginia lines whose terms of Service would expire before the first of Jany.) Began their March and were to be joined by all the Cavalry that could be equipped of the first, third, and fourth Regimts. at

> The war diary stopped in the middle of a sentence and was not begun again. The next entry finds Washington back on his Virginia plantations in the interval between the time when he took leave of his officers (December 4, 1783) and returned his commission to Congress and the time when he was to return to public life as statesman and President. In the following entry he reveals his comprehension of the western domain, the danger of the United States losing it, and the provisions and precautions it should take to hold the restless frontiersmen.

1784. OCTOBER. . . . No well informed Mind need be told, that the flanks and rear of the United territory are possessed by other powers, and formidable ones too—nor how necessary it is to apply the cement of interest to bind all parts of it together, by one indissoluble band—particularly the middle States with the Country immediately back of them—for what ties let me ask, should we have upon those people; and how entirely unconnected shod. we be with them if the Spaniards on their right or great Britain on their left, instead of throwing stumbling blocks in their way as they now do; should invite their trade and seek alliance with them? What, when they get strength, which will be sooner than is generally imagined (from the emigration of Foreigners who can have no predeliction for us, as well as from the removal of our own Citizens) may be the consequence of their having formed such connections and alliances; requires no uncommon foresight to predict.



Mount Vernon, the home of Washington.

> The diaries go back to the plantations.

1785. JANUARY 1*st.* Colo. Bassett who brought his daughter Fanny to this place to remain, on the 24th of last Month, set off on his return to the Assembly now sitting at Richmond.

I took a ride to my Plantations in the Neck, and called to see my Neighbour Humphrey Peake, who has been long afflicted with ill health and appears to be in the last stage of life and very near his end.

Thursday, 13*th.* Was invited, and went to the Funeral of Mr. Peake who died on Tuesday night. Returnd to Dinner, accompanied by the Revd. Doctr. Griffith. Found a Mr. Dalby (an English Gentlemen) here—both of whom stayed all Night.

FEBRUARY. *Friday,* 11*th.* Employed all day in marking the ground for the reception of my Shrubs.

Tuesday, 22*d.* Removed two pretty large and full grown Lilacs to the No. Garden gate, one on each side, taking up as much dirt with the roots as cd. be well obtained. Also a mock orange to the walk leading to the No. Necessary.

APRIL. *Wednesday,* 6*th.* Sowed the semicircle North of the front gate with Holly berries sent me by my Brother John—three drills of them: the middle one of Berries which had been got about Christmas and put in Sand, the other two of Berries which had been got earlier in the year, gently dried, and packed in Shavings. . . .

Sent my Shad Sein and Hands to the Ferry to commence Fishing for Messrs. Douglas & Smith, who had engaged to take all the Shad and Herring I can catch in the Season, the first at 15/. a hundred, and the other at 4/. a thousand.

Thursday, 21*st.* My Seedsman (foolishly) renewed his Sowing of the Barley this Morning; the ground being too wet to plough or harrow it, he sowed all the seed he had, and left 5 or 6 rod unfinished for want of seed, did not sow grass seed, nor attempt to harrow the Barley in.

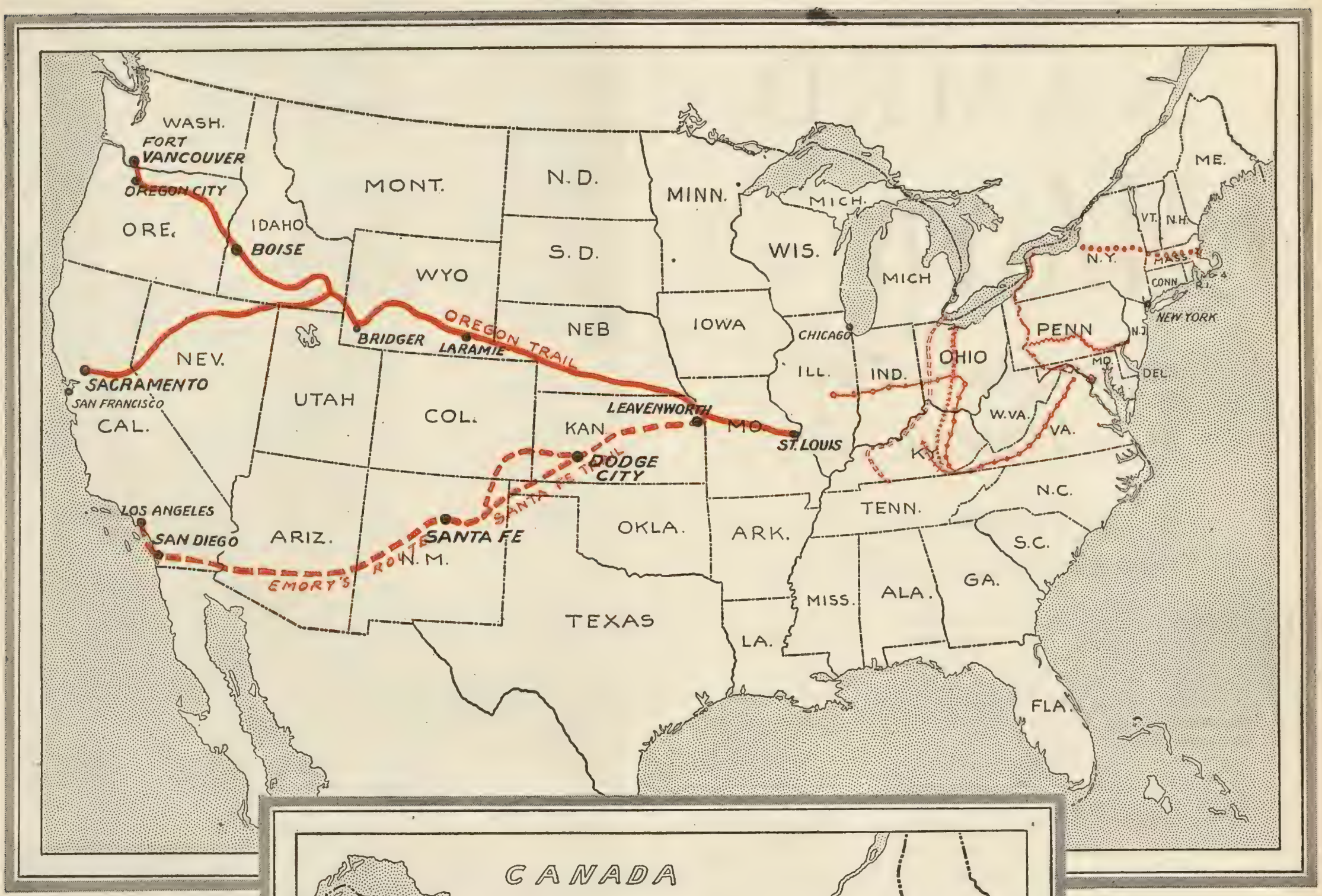
OCTOBER. *Friday, 7th.* Sat to day as I had done yesterday, for Mr. Houdon to form my Bust.

Monday, 10*th.* A Mr. Jno. Lowe, on his way to Bishop Seabury for Ordination, called and dined here. Could not give him more than a general certificate founded on information, respecting his character; having no acquaintance with him, nor any desire to open a Correspondence with the *new* ordained Bishop.

The third and last installment will contain further extracts from the diary of the Squire at Mount Vernon and also from the diary of the President.

Trails of Empire

(See Editorial on Page 5)



THE maps on this page show the chief routes followed by American pioneers in penetrating and settling what is now the United States.

The map at the top illustrates the two great movements of the empire builders—the early penetration of colonists from the Atlantic seaboard and the later winning of the West by the settlers from the older States of the Union.

The lower map shows in greater detail the routes followed by the colonists. These early trails were traveled first by exploring parties or soldiers—mostly French and English—who were playing the Old World game of empires, trying to win territory for their governments. Later came settlers of the Middle West.

After the War of Independence there was a lull in the tide of westward expansion while the new nation was finding itself.

Then, toward the middle of the nineteenth century, the pressure of settlement and the desire for new lands sent a great tide of adventurous men and women out into the vaster and wilder lands toward the setting sun.

The editorial on page 5 gives a graphic picture of these bold enterprises.

The pioneers of the East and the West sought and followed the natural highways—river courses, mountain passes, rifts, and valleys. In many cases the Indians had already found and marked the best trails.

The engineers who later laid the lines for railroads and modern highways often could discover no better routes than these old trails. So that civilization followed literally the footsteps of the pioneers.

A Girl NAMED Moth

Being the Quaint Tale of a Triangle

By OPIE READ

Pictures by J. W. SCHLAIKJER

HE saw a vision in white near the foot of the bed. It was feminine in form, youthful in features, but with hair as devoid of color as a snowdrift.

BANSETT swore that he had the most pernicious luck of any man in the State. He was rich, had a delightful old house, with a yard sloping gently down and then tumbling into the Tennessee River, not far from Florence, Alabama.

Old Bansett was a miser. It was only money that could wring an emotion out of him. In one dollar there was a twitch, in a hundred a jolt, in a thousand a surge. When he needed a thing and didn't get it, he thanked the Lord for his self-denial. And this was about the only Christian virtue possessed by him.

Had there been a word meaning more than beautiful it might have been appropriately applied to Moth. A free-verse poet called her the Thrilling Moth. She was named by her mother, president of the Elizabethan Club. She wanted a Shakespearean name for her daughter and to find one looked, perhaps for the first and last time, into the poet's works. The name pleased her husband, being short and therefore economical. The good lady passed away and the Elizabethans sang at her funeral.

The old man swore that if Moth married without his consent he would leave his entire estate to charity. He kept strict watch of the young fellows that came to his house. And generally he got rid of them along toward the fourth visit.

Along came Steve Crance. It was said that he owned more than a half interest in a big tanning establishment in Milwaukee. Bansett liked him. To him the tanning of hides issued an appeal. He talked with Crance three times—of the weather, Muscle Shoals, prohibition, and the scientific part monkeys were playing in the rejuvenation of the ancient citizen. Then he branched off:

"By the way, Moth is a good looking girl, isn't she?"

"Why, Mr. Bansett, she is the handsomest creature I ever saw."

"Ah, hah, that's what I thought. Well, good-by, and so sorry that you are not coming back again."

"But, Mr. Bansett, I am coming back."

"Oh, no, you're not. Well, so long, and if you see anybody that asks about me, tell him I'm so as to be about."

That was the end of Crance. But Wayne Bocage, from North Dakota, fought harder. He was a man of scope, vowing that he owned one wheat field of sixteen thousand acres. When Bansett bade him good-by he balked. "Good-by nothin'. I'm goin' to marry Moth if she'll have me."

"Ah, and is that so? Have you asked her?"

"Well, not quite, but I have led up pretty close to it."

"Yes, closer than you'll lead again. Jim," he called to a darky, "better shut up that bulldog. He grabbed a feller yesterday and tore his britches off."

Bocage said he guessed he'd be going. Moth laughed.

The neighbors often referred to the Bansett home as "the comic opera." Any one who believed that humor in a man meant that he was a kindly and generous philosopher had only to get acquainted with Bansett. He had never been known to do a kindly act, and yet he was humorous. He saw humor in dogs and laughed at them; kept a miserable hound because he was a joker. He would tease his horses to see them grin, and when one of them bit him on the top of the head he grinned and laughed at himself.

EVERYBODY said it was a shame to treat a girl as Moth's father treated her, but she was so full of fun and laughed so much that no one pitied her. She joked about her admirers, and sometimes, meeting a friend, she would call out, "Another one shipped yesterday."

There came a season of grand opera in Atlanta. Moth loved opera. Once in Memphis, while at a vaudeville show with her father, she had heard a bare-shouldered woman sing something which someone remarked was from grand opera, and Moth liked it. And now she importuned her father to let her go to Atlanta. The old fellow objected, which she had foreseen and was able nimbly to combat.

"I don't see why you should object. You

Love Plays Tricks with a Girl, a Ghost, and the Tree of Fate

like tunes, and from you I have inherited my fondness for good music. You told me that when you were young you learned to blow a flute so that the dogs knew the tune and would come up to be fed."

"Ah, but some wretch stole my flute," Bansett agreed. "Loved music, yes, but a thief deprived me of it."

"But that's no reason why you should deprive me, is it, daddy?"

"Moth, I am delighted to see that you have logic as well as a love for music. You must have got that from me, too."

"I undoubtedly did, daddy. And now, let me see—I could stay at my aunt's house."

"That's a fact," said Bansett. "I had forgotten her. So all the expense would be the railroad fare. All right, you may go; but, mind you, don't come home with a lot of those grand opera fellers tagging after you."

Moth fluttered to him and put her arms around his leathery neck. He did not believe his daughter could really fall in love. He never had, and in some ways she was like him.

But when she returned from Atlanta Bansett could not but observe a peculiar change in her. She laughed not nearly so much, and she was wont to sit alone and, after long poses, fold someone in an imaginary embrace. He surprised her gazing upon a photograph. Oh, that thing? It was merely the picture of one of the singers. He swore that it looked too much like a business man, but she assured him that grand opera had assumed the looks and the dress of business. This eased him, and forth he went to play with his hounds.

THE old fellow slept in a room with ceiling-high windows reaching to the floor and looking out upon a veranda. He had trained a dog to sit at each window all night, rewarding him at breakfast with an extra piece of bacon or the gizzard of a tough rooster.

Time passed and once a notable night came to him. He had stretched himself out in bed and was laughing at a trick he had put upon a tax collector when he saw a vision in white near the foot of the bed. It was feminine in form, youthful in features, but with hair as devoid of color as a snowdrift.

Bansett rubbed his eyes. The apparition raised an arm and pointed.

"You will live as long as that maple tree out there continues to stand. Take good care of it."

Having spoken these words the lady ghost bowed and moved backward through a window. Bansett sprang up, seized a blanket, wrapped it about him, and followed the vision. The old dog nodding on the veranda appeared to have seen nothing. The ghost went swiftly down the veranda and turned a corner. Bansett ran, but did not get another sight of it. The old man returned to his room and called his daughter. He told her about the apparition and she smiled at him.

"It was only a nightmare," she said.

"But I tell you it was a woman, a ghost. I saw it standing right here and then I saw it floating out the window."

"It was the window curtain you saw floating out," the girl replied.

"Window curtain nothing! Moth, I tell you it was a she ghost. Can a window curtain talk? If it can I'll get hold of a good looking one and start out on a lecture tour with it. Why should it tell me about that maple out there? Where's my flashlight? I'm going out there and look at that tree. That ghost was the spirit of a girl I used to know."

Moth brought the flashlight and went out with him. It was a husky tree and had been standing many years. Bansett found an ant creeping along the bark, caught it and pinched it to death. He found a bug and killed it.

"Good Lord!" he cried, "here is a decayed spot. That must be attended to. Have we got any books telling about the care of trees? If not I'll get some. I know that vision spoke the truth. I know that I shall live just as long as this tree stands."

II.

EARLY the next morning he was in the yard looking at the tree. He found a mole working in the ground near it, called his dogs and had them scratch it out and kill it. Among his few books he searched, but found nothing telling of the treatment of trees. He telephoned to Florence and ordered a cartload of books telling all about timber. The books came that evening and he grabbed at them, but could find nothing to satisfy him. The decayed spot looked bigger to his frightened eyes. Moth continued to laugh at him. She had not expected to see the time when her father would center a belief in a ghost.

During four days the old man did not go out of the yard, but placed his chair near the tree to watch for ants and bugs. A caterpillar excited him greatly. He could not reach it, but got a ladder, climbed up, and put it to death. He threw stones at woodpeckers and warned all yellowhammers to keep away.

One Sunday morning while Bansett sat beneath the maple a man stepped out of a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A GIRL NAMED MOTH
Continued from Preceding Page]

sprightly car and opened the gate. He was a handsome young fellow and bore a distinguished air. He did not beat about the bush or the tree, but came at once to his point.

"I understand, sir, that you are greatly concerned about a favorite tree. My name is Spencer and I am a tree doctor, having been graduated from an institution established by the government."

Bansett took him by the hand. "I am more than delighted to see you, doctor. And, sir, I shall put your knowledge to the test. What about that decayed place up there?"

Dr. Spencer put his fingers on the tree as if feeling of its pulse.

"This blight would become serious," he said, "but fortunately we can take it in time. This tree is suffering from bad nutrition. It is taking in a poison with its sap. You know of the redwood tree, I suppose. Well, the redwood never dies a natural death. It has the ability and the discretion to distill its sap before admitting it into its circulation. Unfortunately maple trees can't do that. But we can cure this cancer."

"Lord, doctor, don't tell me it's a cancer!"

"Well, not yet, but it might run into one if neglected, you understand. I believe I can relieve it in a month's time."

"All right; and you consider yourself engaged."

THEY went into the drawing room and there sat Moth on a davenport looking at the pictures of movie stars. Bansett presented the doctor and she gave him a nod and the suggestion of a smile. He spoke of the fine weather and she said that she had not noticed it. He asked her if she liked music and she answered that she could stand some of it.

"How about poetry?" he inquired.

"Well, I don't see any particular harm in it," she answered.

He tried her on a number of subjects, but she was not interested. This tickled the old man. Someone halted at the gate and called him; and when he had gone out, Moth jumped across the room and into the doctor's arms.

"Oh, sweetheart, how beautifully it has worked!" she laughed. "He found me looking at your photograph, and I told him you were a grand opera singer, and how fortunate that he didn't see the resemblance. But it was cruel for me to play ghost to him and fool him, but then, sweetheart, love would lose much of its joy if it didn't fool folks, wouldn't it?"

"And he hasn't suspected that you were the ghost?"

"Oh, no. He believed it to be the spirit of a girl he knew years ago. And I was wise enough to tell him that it was only a dream."

He laughed. "Wise enough? You are wise enough to shape the destiny of any man that ever lived."

They had to kiss fast, for Bansett was not long away; and returning he found Moth on the davenport and the doctor in his chair, evidently trying to think of something to say. The young man expressed himself regretfully that he might better be going, but that he would return within a day or so. Bansett flew into a tremulous fear.

"HE believed it the spirit of a girl. And I was wise enough to tell him it was only a dream."

"No, sir, you'll not leave this place till you have treated that decayed spot. So put that out of your mind. Well, get to work."

The doctor dug out the decayed place and filled the hole with cement. He said that the tree needed iron, a tonic; and producing a big nail he began to drive it into the trunk, and the trunk and the old man flinched with every blow of the hammer. Spencer brought forth an oyster can full of liquid that must be thrown daily on the bark to discourage the ants, and the old man gazed, hands clasped, upon the elixir of life.

"Doctor, do you think it can stand, say, fifteen years longer?"

"Why, Mr. Bansett, I will guarantee it another twenty years of life."

Bansett seized him by the hand. "You are a charming fellow, doctor. By the way, do you know what a vision is?"

"Yes, your daughter."

Moth was in the garden, singing. Bansett was tickled to know that the doctor thought her a vision.

"Are you in love with her?" he inquired.

"Loved her the moment I set eyes on her. And now I have two ambitions in life: one is to take care of that tree and the other is to win her love."

Bansett was delighted. He pranced on the sward.

"And I'll help you," he said. "Then we can all three live here and make it the aim of our lives to take care of that maple. Won't that be joyous, three of us with the same ambition?"

He called Moth. She came sweetly pouting. "Moth, it may be asking a good deal, but I want you to love this man. Think you can?"

"Why, father, what a question to ask! No wonder people call our household a comic opera."

"A question natural enough, Moth. Why, your grandfather told your mother to love me and she did. And all you've got to do is to put your mind on it. The quickest way toward love is to kiss."

"Oh, father! Somebody might see us."

"That will be all right. I'll go and look up and down the road."

HE turned about and they kissed five times before he reached the gate. He looked around, saw them at it, and clapped his hands. He said that the marriage should celebrate the perfect health of the tree. He went to town to have the engagement announced by the newspapers.

Moth and the doctor strolled about in the garden.

Said she: "Wouldn't he storm if he were to learn that we met at my aunt's house? It is wrong to deceive him, but Cupid is himself a little trick."

"The sweetest rascal of all creation," he declared. "But we must never let the old gentleman—here he comes now."

Bansett had spent a busy time in town. He had shaken hands with men whom he had never seen before. He had given an old woman fifty cents, intending to bestow the one with a hole in it, but made a mistake. He threw a handful of pennies to the boys in the street and laughed gleefully at the scuffle. But he came home tired and worn. He told Moth that he had a chill and that he must go early to bed; the air was heavy and he panted for breath. With darkness came a storm and the dogs on the veranda opened their toothless mouths and howled.

Bansett was advised to have a doctor, but he shuddered at the notion.

"No, I can't die as long as that tree stands," he said.

But now he was so weak that he could hardly lift his head. The lightning flashed and the storm roared. There came a crash, and the doctor and Moth ran to the window.

The girl turned about in fright.

"The maple has blown down," she whispered. "But don't tell father."

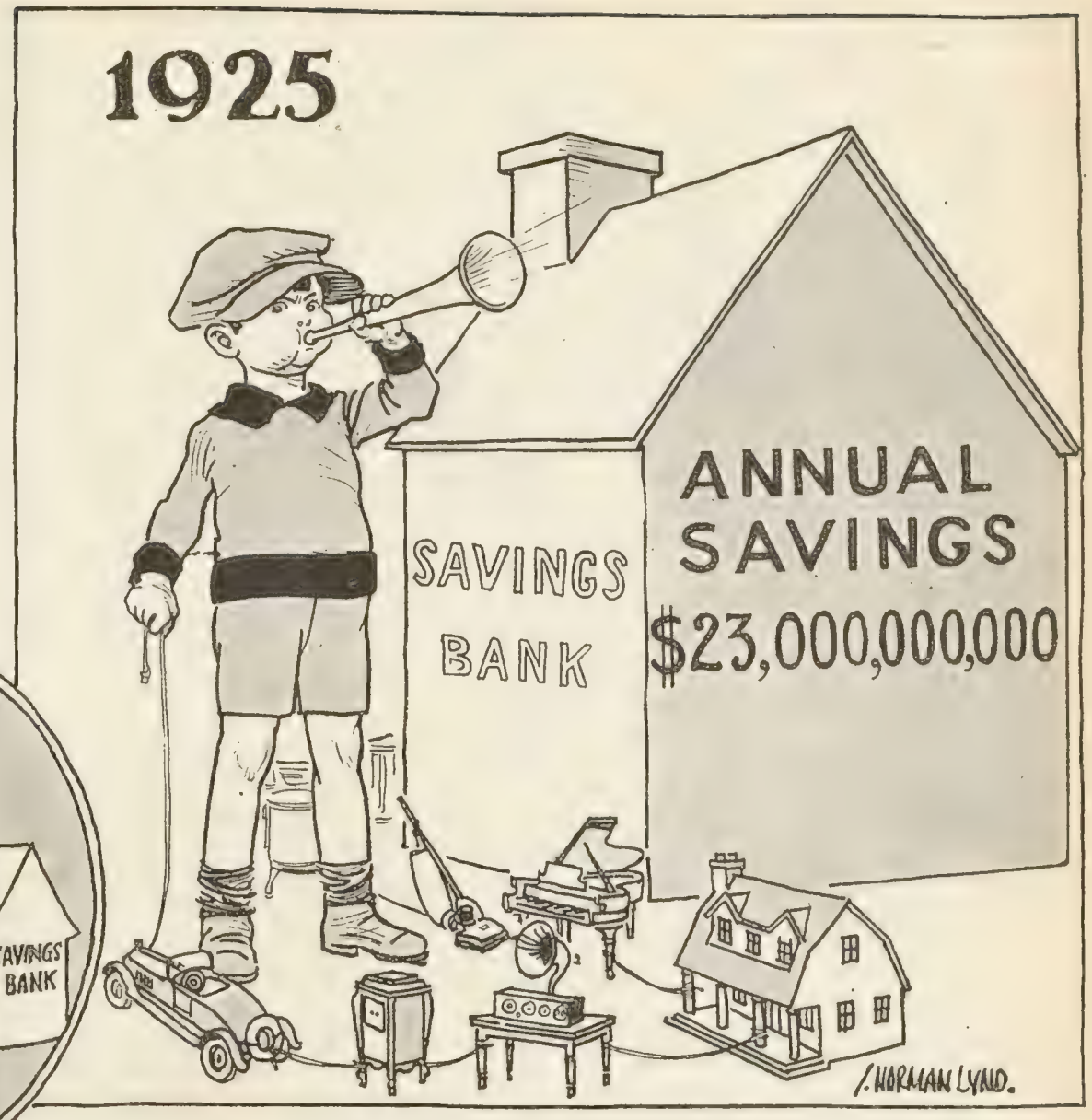
They turned back to the bedside. There was no need to tell the old man. His soul had blown away with the storm.

THE END

A Dollar DOWN

and then WHAT?

The Amazing Story of How America Spends Eight Billion Dollars a Year on the Installment Plan



In 1925 savings bank deposits had grown to twenty-three billions—an increase of eight billions in five years! And in 1912, when the installment plan was emerging from its swaddling clothes, there was an amount equal only to this increase in the savings banks!

By ARTHUR ROBINSON

Cartoon by J. NORMAN LYND

THIS year the people of the United States will buy, on the installment plan, goods amounting to enough money to finance another four-year war.

Just what does this mean?

What are the effects upon the country at large, and the wage-earner in particular, of this enormous extension of credit?

Is it sound finance and economics?

At any rate it involves an eight billion dollar mortgage on the old homestead; and you, and more than one hundred million people like you, are vitally concerned in its ramifications.

Truth is stranger than fiction and the development of the installment plan is stranger than truth. An examination of its under-the-surface workings staggers the imagination and tests human credulity to the extreme.

In 1923 the Federal Reserve Board of Washington issued a bulletin in which it was stated there were approximately 125 finance companies in the country doing a volume of business amounting to one billion 200 million dollars annually. The investigation upon which the report was based was made in 1920.

Today the number of finance companies has increased from 125 to almost 1,500; and as against the 1920 total of one billion 200 million dollars we now have a total of eight billions. In other words, there has been almost a 600 per cent increase in the last five years!

What are these finance companies and how do they function? Well, they link the manufacturer to the wholesaler, the wholesaler to the retailer, and the retailer to the purchaser. They lend money.

For example: You want to buy an automobile, a piano, or a radio set. You are unable to pay in cash or upon thirty, sixty, or ninety days' credit. You can, however, pay for it in weekly or monthly installments out of your salary or income. But the retailer, also lacking in capital, is unable to sell you on time.

Enter, now, the finance company, with this suggestion to the retailer: "Sell that piano or car or radio—as many as you can—on the installment plan. Add a nominal sum to the cash price for time payments. Collect the 'down payment' yourself. Draw up a conditional sale contract with your customer for the balance due in installments on the purchase price. Do this, and we will buy the customer's contract from you and collect the installments or allow you to do so as our agent."

Thus the finance company performs a banking function and creates what may be called an installment credit market. The retailer is properly entitled to a merchandising profit and likewise the finance company to a banking profit. Both, of course, are paid by the consumer.

The customer now begins to pay his weekly or monthly installments. Each week or month he receives notice that a certain amount is due.

He would like to buy an encyclopedia for his daughter or a car for the family, but he has that piano to pay for and cannot indulge in any cash purchases. So the encyclopedia or automobile people, competing with the piano people, must also sell on time if they want to sell him at all. This condition applies to almost all merchants dealing in luxuries.

Finally we find the retailers competing, not in the quality of their goods, but in terms of credit! And out of this welter of competition has emerged the eight billion dollar installment credit pyramid.

Will it fall? Can it fall? To what limit will retailers, supported by the finance companies, go? Just what, when, and how is it to end? Business men, during the last year, have been asking these questions.

Early in this investigation it occurred to me that if people were buying so extensively on the installment plan they would, consequently, be unable to deposit as much in the savings banks as they had been depositing.

But, as installment buying has increased, so, too, have deposits in savings banks.

In 1920, when there were only 125 finance companies doing business, there was, according to the records of the American Bankers' Association, more than 15 billion dollars on deposit in the savings banks. In 1925 this amount had grown to 23 billions—an increase of eight billions in five years! And in 1912, when the installment plan was emerging from its swaddling clothes, there was an amount equal only to this increase in the savings banks!

In other words it would appear that a man who has to meet time payments every week or month readjusts his budget and lives accordingly, becomes thrift-conscious, and actually saves more while spending more on the installment plan.

I WAS anxious to find out what organized labor's attitude toward installment buying was—how, in the eyes of the labor officials, it affected the wage-earner so affiliated. I found opinion divided.

Some held—and their views were in harmony with the savings banks figures and revelations—that the installment plan enabled the laborer to buy things which otherwise would be beyond his reach; that installment buying increased production and therefore boomeranged back to the benefit and advantage of the worker; that the home is the basis of everything—the foundation of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

APLETS & Washington's Birthday!

—Supreme confection for this supreme day!

HAD George Washington lived in the "Vale of Cashmere," the story of the cherry tree would have been the story of the apple tree. For here, the trees in marshalled array that floor the valley and decorate hill and mountain side, are apple trees—apple trees that bear apples the reputation of which has traveled around the world. From these apples are made Aplets—"the Confection of the Fairies." They are more than fruit-flavored—they are the actual fruit.

Tourists visiting the Pacific Northwest have sent packages of Aplets to their friends. On the ears of merchants has fallen the story of their original deliciousness. Today the number of towns in which Aplets may be obtained is surprising.

Perhaps you have already tasted Aplets. If so, you will agree that there is nothing nicer for any important dinner. They come in dollar, and in larger and smaller packages. If no near-at-hand dealer has them, send us your order and the name of your favorite candy counter, and we shall see that you are supplied.* * * LIBERTY ORCHARDS CO., Cashmere, Washington.

APLETS

"The Confection of the Fairies"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

society—and that if it can be made more attractive society gains and the installment plan is justified.

Another proponent of installment buying said there was no difference between working to pay off a piano or automobile bought on time and working harder to pay a mortgage off a farm or home.

The views expressed by James M. Lynch, president of the International Typographical Union, were typical of those who condemned installment buying.

"Rapidly increasing production and the lack of foreign markets," he said, "have turned the full force of the nation's highly organized selling force upon the domestic field. The result is the wage-earner, as well as other classes, has been driven into debt.

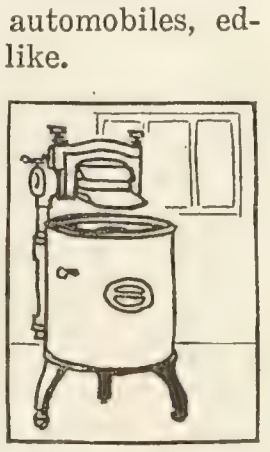
"INSINUATING salesmen, trained in selling psychology and in credit desire, abetted by wives jealous of their neighbors' display, are constantly waiting to take the bread-winner in a weak moment and load something on him."

Roland Cole, an expert on installment plans, said:

"Why isn't it a good thing? If everybody concerned in a transaction makes good on his obligation, where can harm result?

"Installment selling has enabled thousands, even millions, of people of moderate means to buy advantageous articles which, had they been unable to buy them on the time-payment plan, they would never have owned. This applies to such things as labor-saving appliances in the home and on the farm, furniture, automobiles, education, and the like.

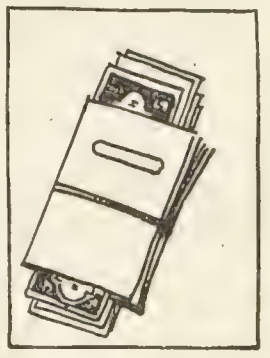
"Harm results mainly through the abuse of the plan—when the opportunity to buy on the installment plan is extended indiscriminately to articles that are quickly consumed or depreciate in value faster than they are paid for. When the consumer overestimates his ability to pay or when unforeseen misfortune, such as sickness or loss of position, interrupts or defers the payments, hardship and economic loss follow. Wisely administered, there is great economic benefit in installment selling as a means of enforced thrift, particularly when the article is recoverable or when depreciation does not outrun liquidation."



Wherefore I emerged from the thickening darkness and sought light from another place—from Wallace D. McLean, vice president of the Morris Plan Company of New York, the largest of the Morris Plan industrial banks operating in one hundred cities of the United States.

"The evils of installment selling of merchandise," Mr. McLean said, "are due mainly to a lack of scientific character investigation, consequent padding of prices, and over-enthusiasm of salesmen. Character and earning power is the basis of the credit which we allow.

"When a man comes to us to borrow $100 we send him to one of a group of clerks who handle only the applications of people who want $100. A man who wants $500 is sent to one of another group of clerks. A man who wants $1,000 we send to still another group, and so on. These clerks become specialists in determining the ability of that particular class with which they are dealing to liquidate a loan. We are not so much interested in paper endorsements and security as we are in character and earning power.



"HERE," went on Mr. McLean, "is something that may interest you." He passed me a sheet of paper. It read as follows:

THE LABORER BORROWED——
$250 to purchase a small printing press for job work at home evenings.
$200 to pay for a son's operation.
$300 to send his mother to her home in Poland.

THE SALARIED MAN BORROWED——
$200 to pay taxes and insurance on his home.
$250 for the birth of a child.
$100 to paint the house.
$150 to take up a business school course.
$50 to purchase coal.

THE PROFESSIONAL MAN BORROWED—
$500 to purchase dental instruments.
$700 to furnish a new office.
$250 to buy a car in which he could make home calls.

THE MERCHANT BORROWED——
$1,000 to purchase new merchandise.
$500 to liquidate small debts.
$2,000 to renovate his store.
$3,500 to buy out a partner.
$2,000 down payment on a home.

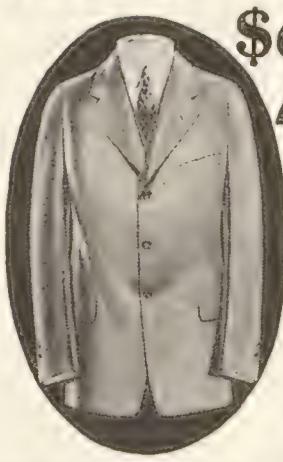
THE BUSINESS WOMAN BORROWED—
$100 to pay the dentist.
$150 to send brother to school.
$300 to pay taxes on mother's home.
$250 to buy share in small dressmaking establishment.

THE END

Go Into Business for Yourself

We'll start you if you think you have any selling ability. You don't have to have actual experience—just so you think you could sell if given the opportunity. Ask yourself this question: Could you sell men's suits, made of the finest quality of pure Virgin Wool in the finest style and workmanship—guaranteed regular

$40.00 Suits for Only $23.50



If your answer is "I can" we'll take you, provided you are honest, earnest and willing to work. If you have no previous experience, we'll train you thoroughly so that your success will be assured from the very start. If you're ambitious to go into business for yourself here is your opportunity. Sign the coupon and mail to Dept. 778.

William C. Bartlett, Inc.
850 West Adams Street CHICAGO

Gentlemen: I'm interested in the opportunity you offer. Please send the facts without obligation to me. 778

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Address .....

Town ..... *State* .....

NO JOKE TO BE BALD!

Before using Hairerbs

If your hair is beginning to recede over the temples—if an embarrassing bald patch is starting to show—if you suffer from dandruff, HAIRERBS will help you.

I was bald and I cured myself—as the accompanying photographs prove. My discovery, HAIRERBS, has actually helped thousands of people to save their hair and regain their youthful appearance.

If you are under 45 years of age and your loss of hair has not been caused by scars or burns, I have something valuable to offer you. Write today for **free booklet**, photographs and full information on HAIRERBS.

The Vreelands
110 Euclid-Windsor Bldg.
Cleveland, Ohio

After using Hairerbs

HAIRERBS *DOES* GROW HAIR!

MANNEQUIN

Liberty's $50,000 Prize Story

A Serial of a Girl's Destiny and the Law

By FANNIE HURST

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

IT was the terrible day that was going to decide the fate of Orchid Sargossa, accused of killing Terry Allen. This trial of Orchid was the blackest moment in a life often plunged into shadow.

Kidnaped as a baby from her parents, John and Selene Herrick, Orchid, whose real name was Joan, was brought up in a New York slum—until she became a mannequin in a big importing firm. At last she found happiness when she fell in love with Martin Innesbrook, a young journalist, nephew of Max Innesbrook, the owner of a chain of newspapers.

Orchid and Martin planned marriage when the younger Innesbrook was taken on by his uncle to write a series of articles condemning American juries for refusing to convict women killers. Then Terry Allen—hard-drinking and dissipated—came into Orchid's life, but she loathed his advances.

At a fashion show Orchid made a sensation by wearing a certain French frock with a jeweled dagger as a shoulder ornament. Martin, bursting with pride, took her out to the May Day Fete at Max Innesbrook's estate, though his last article on women murderers was due at midnight.

By a coincidence, the Herricks—Orchid's real father and mother—were at this garden party. So was Terry Allen, half drunk. Martin, compelled to finish his article, reluctantly left Orchid at the fete, and she was obliged to let Terry Allen take her home in his car.

On the ride to the city he grew bolder in his love-making. Once home, Orchid, slamming into her boarding house, left him outside. He entered her room through the window, after she had undressed. A struggle! Terry pitched forward to his death on the point of the ornamental jeweled dagger. An accident. But the police thought it plain murder.

Orchid, on trial, had as presiding judge none other than John Herrick, her father.

Ironically, Martin's articles asking stern justice for women murderers were likely to prove the greatest obstacle to Orchid's acquittal. In an effort to allay the public prejudice he had roused, Martin wrote for the *Tattler*—a newspaper hostile to Max Innesbrook—an article refuting his previous statements. A last desperate hope!

HARASSED Judge Herrick—waiting for the word to call court and receive the verdict of the jury.

CHAPTER TWELVE

THERE had never been such a sea of faces in the courtroom. The sea of the bloated faces, boiling this morning in a kind of high tide. The high tide of expectancy. The high tide of climax.

And now, hush. That was his honor speaking. And when he spoke his voice was one to make you want to cry. The tired, anxious, harassed-looking Judge who could thunder with his gavel or just sit with his watchdog eyes watching out for justice. Watching out for justice.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

They Called Me a "Human Clam"

But I Changed Almost Overnight

AS I passed the President's office I could not help hearing my name. Instinctively I paused to listen. "That human clam," he was saying, "can't represent us. He's a hard worker, but he seems to have no ability to express himself. I had hoped to make him a branch manager this fall, but he seems to withdraw farther and farther into his shell all the time. I've given up hopes of making anything out of him."

So that was it! That was the reason why I had been passed over time and again when promotions were being made! That was why I was just a plodder—a truck horse for our firm, capable of doing a lot of heavy work, but of no use where brilliant performance was required. I was a failure unless I could do what seemed impossible—learn to use words forcefully, effectively and convincingly.

What 15 Minutes a Day Will Show You

How to talk before your club or lodge
How to address Board Meetings
How to propose and respond to toasts
How to make a political speech
How to tell entertaining stories
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
How to write letters
How to sell more goods
How to train your memory
How to enlarge your vocabulary
How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
How to become a clear, accurate thinker
How to develop your power of concentration
How to be the master of any situation

In 15 Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a powerful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to bend others to my will, how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. Soon I had won salary increases, promotions, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 15 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home, on this most fascinating subject.

* * *

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Today business demands for the big, important high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a salesmanager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

Send for This Amazing Book

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon at right. This book is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words.* In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent, while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions but thousands have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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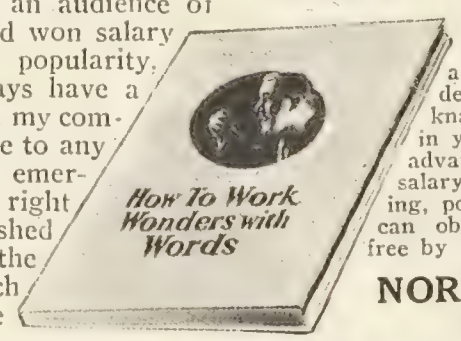

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Address.....

City..... State.....

[MANNEQUIN Continued from Page Sixty-three]

The Judge was using some of Martin's words. Actually, the Judge. That made Orchid feel proud. The Judge did not thunder. He was admonishing—how was it they put it?

Ah, yes, the Judge was admonishing the jury. Carefully. And with every ounce of his big power to be meticulous lending resonance to his voice.

"Gentlemen of the jury—charge you—solemn duty—yourselves—the State—God—bring to bear upon your judgments—every ounce—unbiased—sex equality a farce or a reality [that was Martin's]—true to man-and-womankind [and that!]. Look deeply into your own hearts—ask yourselves—incriminate—malice aforethought—premeditated crime—hysteria of passion—accidental—weigh—men—weigh."

The Judge was like a mountain. He was superb with being a mountain.

The sea of faces was listening to the mountain. The mountain was looking at the sea. Selene Herrick—the Lighthouse—was gleaming at the mountain. Oh, how the Lighthouse was gleaming at the mountain! . . .

"Jury, I admonish you—in the name of justice—fair play—man's humanity to man—and woman—to retire into a session of the gravest responsibility man can impose upon man. A human life—lies in your power—be wise—be honest. Be God-fearing. Human life in balance—do unto others—careful—unbiased—solemn duty—God's will——"

Dear Judge. Where are they going—in there—to decide——? The walrus—the tomato and the Slatt. To decide about me? Life. Death. Dear Judge. Why, I—am I fainting, or is it that the Lighthouse out there in the third row is toppling over? There go the walrus, the tomato, and the Slatt. See—see—Lighthouse—Martin—Judge—let's all of us try not to laugh—there go the walrus, the tomato, and the Slatt!

II

MARTIN had said it.

The *Tattler* blazed with it.

The Innesbrook paper that morning had a stunned, impotent look about it—the look, even in its usual composed headlines, of feeling a little ridiculous.

An Innesbrook paper had been made ridiculous. And by an Innesbrook. And the *Tattler*, losing no opportunity to play up its advantage of an Innesbrook in the act of rebuttal, indulged in an editorial under the headline:

IT IS A WISE MAN WHO KNOWS WHEN TO EAT HIS OWN WORDS

And the article itself, so that even Martin writhed, rode out boldly on the first page under

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TEST FREE

In One Hour

This sparkling drink flushes out the poisons

Some mornings bring to some of us deplorable conditions. They mean days of dullness, depression or unfitness. They result from clogging of the system with poisons and waste.

Find out how easy it is to correct them. Drink a glass of water, hot or cold. Add a little Jad Salts. It will make a sparkling, pleasant drink.

That drink will flush the intestines. In an hour all conditions will change. Instead of a lost day, you will have a day at your best.

The results come in a gentle, natural way. They come from acids of lemon and grape with lithia, etc. And they are at your command every hour of the day—whenever you feel the need.

Let a trial show what they mean to you. They will be a revelation. Send the coupon now.

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598 Madison Avenue
New York, Dept. L12T
Mail me a Free Sample of Jad Salts.

Free Test

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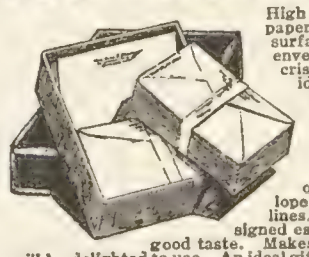
200 Sheets 100 Envelopes $1.00 POST PAID

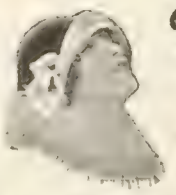


High grade, clear white bond paper—unusually smooth writing surface. Size 6 x 7 inches with envelopes to match. Has that crisp, crackly "feel" that identifies it to everyone as superior quality stationery.

Name & Address Printed Free

on every sheet and envelope in rich dark blue, up to 4 lines. Type is Plate Gothic, designed especially for clearness and good taste. Makes a personal stationery you will be delighted to use. An ideal gift with your friend's name. Attractive 3 letter monogram if preferred. Just send $1.00 (west of Denver and outside U. S., $1.10) and this generous supply of stationery will come by return mail, postage prepaid. Securely packed in a sturdy blue box. Please write or print clearly. Prompt service and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

National Stationery Co., 2532 Lincoln Hwy., Batavia, Illinois



Kissproof Lipstick Will give you lovely lips!

A new, daring shade—waterproof—it stays on all day! Send your name and address for free samples of Kissproof Lipstick, and Kissproof Rouge. Enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

DELICA LABORATORIES Inc., Dept. 1792 3012 Clybourn Ave. Chicago, Ill.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

this ecstasy of headline and subtitle:

MARTIN INNESBROOK REFUTES PREVIOUS THEORY

Declares in the Following Brilliant Article, Printed Exclusively in the *Tattler*, that the Sargossa-Allen Case Is a Pernicious Example of Baiting the Woman. Public Hysteria Has Swung Too Far. Jury Afraid Not to Convict Orchid Sargossa.

Strangely enough, the three Innesbrook girls and Emma Innesbrook, watching Max Innesbrook unfolding the *Tattler* at breakfast, and trembling, need not have.

"Confound him," said Innesbrook quietly—so quietly and so with a gulp of his Adam's apple that the women, all four of them, wished he would either indulge in what seemed almost an irresistible impulse to merriment or shout out, after the fashion of one of his good old tempers. "Confound him," repeated Max Innesbrook, squirting grapefruit into his second daughter's eye as the spoon dug in. "Jackanapes of a fool. I'm a laughing-stock this morning—but so is he. . . . Young jackanapes—tied up, is he, with a murderer of a dressmaker's model. I'll see him in Hades——"

"In love with a murderer of a dressmaker's model," repeated Celeste, her rush of teeth to the front looking quite as wistful as was the sound of her voice, but her pale-blue watery eyes a little more suspiciously watery than usual. "In love with a murderer of a dressmaker's model." And then to her poor, restricted, inhibited little self: "In love with a murderer of a dressmaker's model. Lucky, lucky dressmaker's model!"

"Celeste!"

"Yes, father."

"Pass the sugar."

"Yes, father."

"And stop sitting there with your mouth open in that silly adenoidal fashion."

"Yes, father."

"I want you to go see Steinbroker—about tonsils—confound him for a turncoat and an editorial coward!—make an appointment—with Steinbroker, I mean."

"Yes, father."

FOUR-and-twenty-blackbirds-baked-into-a-pie-when-the-pie-was-opened-the-birds-began-to-sing-wasn't-that-a-dainty-dish-to— No, no, no! Orchid in the corner of her cell of cot-basin-and-bucket. She had receded into it like a bit of fungus clinging to the bare, cold granitoid wall. Forty-nine hours of the sitting waiting for the four-and-twenty-blackbirds baked— No, no, no! Of waiting for the twelve men. The twelve men of the jury to decide.

To decide what? To decide what? If only one's mind wouldn't fuddle up so, like water when you poured milk into it. Of course—why, to decide if you had murdered Mr. Allen. You who always stepped out of the way of little ants scurrying for sidewalk cracks.

Why all this deciding, when in just a few words you could tell them how it came about? Oh, why hadn't you, those few precious minutes when you had the witness chair and the boiling sea was frozen with listening—why hadn't you told them—clearly enough—to make them understand!

IT was as if, during those forty-nine hours of the terror of waiting, Orchid could have torn open her heart to let out the shriek. The shriek of how it happened. The shriek that must somehow, some way, explain to the twelve of them—the twelve of them locked in there—the way the cape was torn from her shoulders. The cape that tinkled. With the clanking of keys—no, no, no! Not with the clanking of keys. The cape that tinkled with the little sword dangling from its scabbard. Terry had fallen forward tipsily with it, from her lunge at him. Of no one's volition. Neither his nor hers. Just accident. There must be some way to make the twelve men know that. And that she had turned him over. *She had rolled him over . . . not plunged in the dagger while he lay face up.*

Why would they not believe that? Life meant so little, and yet how terrible that there was no way to show them the truth. To show Selene Herrick—the Lighthouse—the truth——

Food. Would there ever come a time when food would not taste like the clanking of keys? The clanking of the keys of wardens opening cell doors. The keys that locked your throat. Except for the trickle of coffee, it was so hard to swallow food.

How like Martin! Poor, distracted Martin, to keep sending broths and boned-chicken sandwiches, when the keys of the warden for weeks had locked one's throat against food. Twice, before eleven o'clock, Martin sending in food.

While the four-and-twenty-blackbirds—no, no! the twelve men in there—were deciding she could not get a bite of the food to go down. Why must Martin keep sending—dear Martin—poor, distracted Martin——

It was easier to keep crouching

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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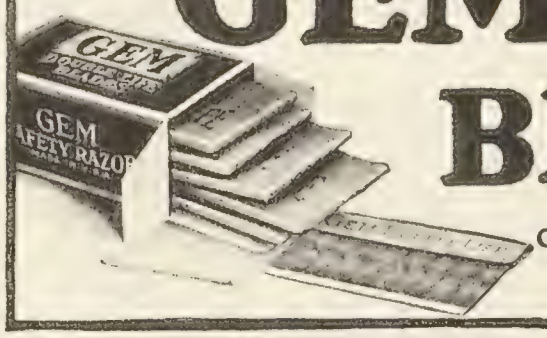

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Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

[MANNEQUIN
Continued from Page Sixty-five]

like the bit of lichen in the corner—just to crouch and to wait.

It was curious—not really caring and yet at the same time caring so terribly. Clank. Clank. Why, what in the world was the matter with Martin? Here was the broth and the boned chicken again! The third time since breakfast, and not yet lunch time. Dear Martin, surely his mind wasn't fuddling, too, like the water with milk poured in? What was the matter with Martin—so constantly sending in food?

The matter was that the more casually and frequently you kept sending in food to the courthouse, the easier it was ultimately to stand in the corridors just as the boy came by at eleven o'clock with the glass of malted milk for Mr. Fudge, and a bag of tissue-wrapped sandwiches—for Martin to intercept him as he passed:

"Here are some boned-chicken sandwiches left over from the newspaper boys. Take 'em in to the jury." Handing out a bulge of them wrapped in newspaper.

"Sure."

It was not until after that "sure," with the boy disappearing into the room of the jury's retirement, that Martin, seemingly so casual, broke out into a sweat that set him trembling so he could scarcely wabble down the corridor.

The casual handing of those sandwiches wrapped in the *Tattler*, and on the off chance of a most far-fetched expectancy of success, had cost him a sleepless night, infinitesimal scheming, and a fatigue that made the top of his brow seem to lift, go spinning off before his eyes like a disk, and then clap back on again, four times its ordinary weight.

THE jury was open at the collar, and Mr. Baker, who was the butcher, kept sucking ice with great drafty noises.

It was so very hot and after forty-nine hours of disagreement Baker and Duvonnie had a habit of plunging forward into the crooks of their arms for impromptu naps on the table, that kept Mr. Fudge in a more or less constant state of *gavel—gavel:* "Gentlemen!"

Forty-nine hours of locked-up conference in a room into which Sewell and Mix and Longini and Slatt and a fellow named Lauch-eim, whose forearms were tattooed, had lighted forty-nine hours of end-on-end cigarettes and stogies.

It was the bloodshot stage. The swollen-eyed stage. Even Mr. Fudge, who was thin to cadaverousness, had sacs of flesh under his eyes and had bloated.

"Gentlemen of the jury, unless Mr. Baker can be induced to join with us in our consensus of opin-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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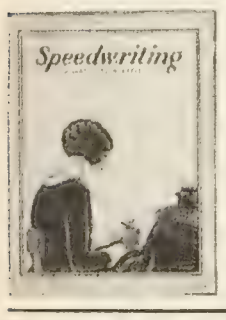

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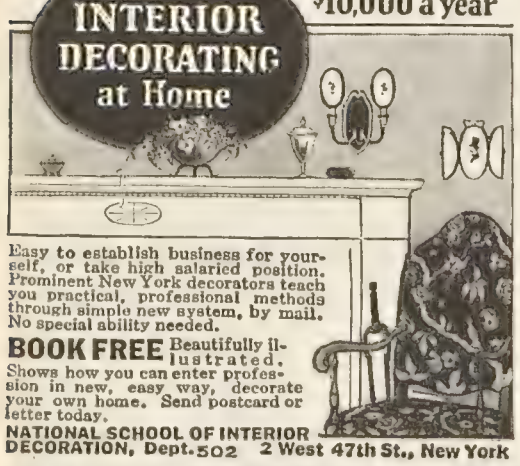

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

ion I see little hope of getting out of here today."

"Gentlemen, I am joost so anxious ass you are. I got my wive. I got my busy-ness joost like you. But only because I am an honest man have I got them. Only because I am an honest man am I on this jury. And because I am an honest man I must hold out for what I belief."

"Yes, Mr. Baker, we respect your convictions. But so are all of these gentlemen of this jury honest men. But, like courageous men, they have dared to change their minds . . ."

"Dot voman, so sure lik I sit here—dot cold liddle voman mit blue pieces of ice for eyes—murdered dot man. The landlady! Dot's when I know it for sure. How before always they had such goings-on—paddycake on laps—"

"Have a sandwich, Baker. Boned chicken. The State is getting generous. Wait, I'll have one, too. M-mmm-m. Great!"

"GENTLEMEN, if I haf eleven against me, and I vant joost lik you go home to my wive, my borch, my busy-ness, no voman mit a pair of blue eyes and such a sweet liddle shyness mit the joory gets me on dot. A murder is a murder, gentlemen. It doan matter a man or a voman. In such a gountry like ours a voman she can get away mit murder. All you got to do is joost put a screen around her ankles——"

"All right. All right. Let's not go over that again. I haven't a nerve left. Sure as my name is Duvonnie, that woman didn't murder that rotter. He fell on the dagger——"

"Why, Baker, I should think your knowledge of human nature would tell you that when that little person got up there on the stand and told her story as simply as a child, without one desire for effect or dramatics, she was speaking the truth. That's when she got me—her simplicity—her——"

"If you start all that over again, gentlemen, I'll——"

"Say, looka here, Baker, you're no better than the rest of us. I cum into this room forty-nine hours ago and wouldn't 'a' given you a fillip for that woman's chances. I had my doubts. Big doubts. I was ready for a conviction. So were seven of these other gentlemen. But threshing it out this way we've seen the light. That little woman's evidence stacks up too high in her favor. She didn't murder that guy—that little woman didn't—"

"Dot's joost it. Dot *leetle* voman. Would it be dot *leetle* man? If dot *leetle* voman was a man instead of a——"

"Ah—forget it. You talk like an Innesbrook newspaper, Baker."

Gavel—gavel. "Not so fast,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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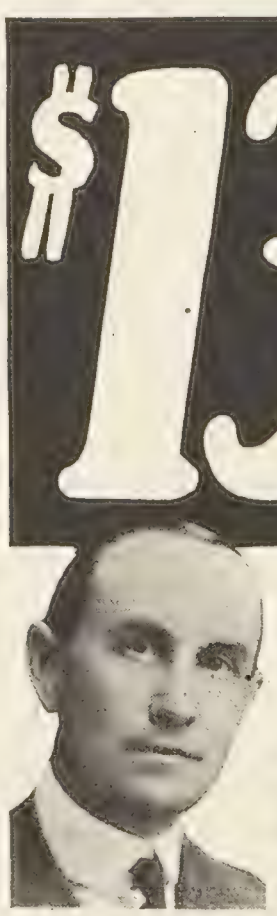

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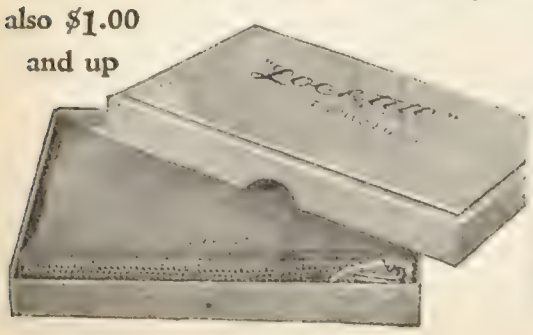

[MANNEQUIN
Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

gentlemen," said Mr. Fudge, and reached out a long, lean forefinger.

"Speaking of newspapers—it's against the rules, gentlemen, but while we're on the subject, it is not out of order, I am sure, to call attention to a coincidence. There is not a member of this jury has seen a newspaper since we are in session, but I want you to glance at this one that the sandwiches came wrapped in. The *Morning Tattler* looking you in the face. It isn't all wrong, either. Just read those lines, there—no further—please — gentlemen — against the rules—but isn't there a lot of truth in that? Read:

> Sargossa-Allen Case Is a Pernicious Example of Baiting the Woman. Public Hysteria Has Swung Too Far. Jury Afraid Not to Convict Orchid Sargossa.

"Remember, Mr. Baker, the conditions under which this jury has worked have been most unusual. Maybe you don't realize it, but just about the time this whole thing broke the newspapers were beginning to stir up agitation about the women of this country being able to get away with murder. Don't let the pendulum swing too far, Mr. Baker. As that headline says, there is the danger that a jury may be afraid not to convict Orchid Sargossa, whether she is guilty or innocent."

"Vell, I doan say maybe such an article ain't right. I vouldn't vant, gentlemen, I should be the one to be afraid——"

"Exactly, Mr. Baker! And just as sure as I am foreman of this jury, we are taking a human life into our hands on a wave of prejudice—how does it put it? On a wave of 'public hysteria that has swung too far.'"

"Vell, I doan say——"

"OF course you don't, Mr. Baker!" shouted Mr. Duvonnie, who had a triggerlike quickness which he had used to advantage in breaking down previous oppositions of this jury. "Of course you don't. And what that scrap of paper says there is true. It is almost as if destiny had played it into your hands to help make you see the light. If you hold out against the eleven men of this jury for the conviction of this woman, as murderer, after the evidence we have stacked on this table before us, then you are deliberately allowing yourself to be swayed by mob hysteria. You are condemning a human being to destruction because you are hysterical. That scrap of paper says it. You are hysterical with mob psychology."

"I——"

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you content to see this member of our jury drag us down to a position of a group of hystericals who, in the eyes of the public, are afraid not to convict the woman? Are we going to let him lock this jury when eleven out of the twelve men in this room agree that Orchid Sargossa is innocent of murder as interpreted by the court . . ."

III

IT was outrageous.

And Selene knew it, but cried because the Judge was stern and curt with her.

The heat came in waves into the Judge's anteroom. The Judge, with his gown dangling on a hanger on the back of the door, paced up and down in an alpaca coat, mopping his face. Someone—this stenographer or that court attendant—was constantly making a gurgling sound by turning on the spigot of the water cooler between the windows. Two electrical fans hummed.

"John Lester, I thought they were ready. Didn't you say, dear, the verdict would be brought in at about——"

"For God's sake, Selene, if you ask me that again I'll go mad. I have told you everything I know. The last word was that an agreement was about to be reached. Since you insist upon remaining here, you will know as soon as I when the word comes to call court and receive the foreman's spoken verdict. I'm sure I don't know what has come over you. This is beyond all reason. You need a doctor——"

"I—so do you, dear—I've never

seen you so pale. Do you think, dear, the jury will——"

"I don't think. I'm too harassed to think. If I'm pale, I suppose it is the pallor of being harassed beyond endurance. Why, in Heaven's name, on a day like this, when you could rest at home in peace and cool and quiet, any woman in her senses would insist upon dragging into town——"

"It—may be—dear, that I'm not—in my senses——"

"Maybe you're not, Selene. It's a cruel thing to say, but the way you have been acting these past weeks—it is difficult to understand how you could be."

"I——"

"As if I haven't been harassed enough, and now, just before I must hold court to receive so important a verdict as this one, you throw me into a state of nervousness that——"

"Even you, then, John, admit it is important—if *you* say that, what must it be to *me?*"

"What do you mean by that? What must it be to you except that a woman is either to be freed if innocent or convicted if guilty? What else can it mean to you?"

"I—I don't know—I—except—John, I tell you if she is convicted—I—I guess it is because she is a woman—such a—such a—dear—one—a—I don't know—it would hurt me so terribly—more than I could bear—if she is convicted, John—what will I—do—John?"

It was impossible for the Judge to hold out against her. The pitiableness of the spectacle of the something terrifying that was happening to Selene. He must get her away—immediately—now that the case was over. To the seaside. Europe. Anywhere. Was it possible that Selene was really going back into a nervous decline? Harassed Judge Herrick—waiting for the word to call court and receive the verdict of the jury.

IV

THE only perception really left to Annie—to Annie Pogany—was the visual. Curious and rather merciful how the eyesight had persisted. Smell and even taste had gone long ago. And sometimes, because her fingers were clubby and her arms all punctured with tiny holes, it was quite a little while before Annie, even with an object once in her hand, could feel of its shape, its texture, or its temperature.

It did not matter much. Because it was largely a matter of a struggle for existence to obtain the one object she recognized so easily by sight. The sight that her eyes were greedy for. That her eyes could still shine for; connive for.

There was that object, a bottle, in her hands as she sat on a bench in a patch of park along a waterfront. She had slept on that bench. That is, she had slept on several such benches, between the shovings-along by cops.

There was not much left of Annie. She was as terrible and as picked and as gaunt as an old crow. Women like Annie peck about like old crows, too. A wastage. The wastage in ash cans, in garbage pails, in debris.

And Annie herself was debris. A bit of it there on the edge of life. Annie, sitting there with her gin bottle, a bit groggily on the edge of life, reading a scrap of newspaper. Stained, ugly, anybody's newspaper, left lying on the park bench.

Stalking old crow of an Annie, about to stalk out of life. You felt it instinctively. Old crow Annie sitting there on the edge

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

of the park and the edge of life, reading the stained old newspaper that was a bit wavy to her.

It was not so much the face—it was the set of the head on the shoulders. For at least an hour, shuddering constantly with an ague to which she was subject and fumbling the discolored thing she wore as a scarf closer to her shoulders, as if of cold, Annie sat regarding the newspaper picture of the set-of-that-head on those shoulders.

Annie knew those shoulders and the flow of clear throat down into the square-cut neck of dress. Annie knew those shoulders. They were the shoulders of the Orchid that had been hers.

There was no name. A stain had dyed it out. Cunning Annie though. There was nothing that was not torn away except the corner: "Verdict expected today—Municipal Court Building—crowds—unusual interest aroused by——"

Cunning Annie. Most of the cunning in her instilled into fires by the swigs from the gin bottle. Fires that presently would die down, leaving her black as a cave after a bonfire.

Cunning old stalking crow of an Annie. Those shoulders were dear to her. Municipal Court Building. It was hard to get the cops to answer her when she stood asking. It was easier to wait for kindly faced women, who paused, who directed her, who sometimes dropped pennies into the crook of her palm. . . .

Municipal Court Building . . . those shoulders were dear to her—and Municipal Court Building was part of the printing outside the stain.

V

WHY, there were the faces again. Orchid knew many of them, now, by sight. Oh! oh! Stop pushing there! Why, this is terrible. The shovings and battlings of all the policemen with their clubs. Watch out, that woman has a little baby in her arms. The baby has a head too large for its body. Pretty baby. Poor baby. Darling shoved-about baby. Stop it!

Yes, the faces again. The face of the stenographer who wrote left-handed and the tall one with the gray mustache, and all the reporters with their scribbling fingers, and the attendant who had bawled out the names. Mrs. Emanie Snuggs. Miss Toto Stroheim. There was Toto herself, with her face like a mask with slits in it for eyes! And Cyd in a mannish silk blouse. Why—there was everybody. Why—there was Max Innesbrook. Himself. Fanning with a panama hat. Where was Martin? There was Selene Herrick, the Lighthouse—but where was Martin?

More passings in and out of the stenographers and the messengers, and the Judge reading slips of paper, and the tiptoeing around of the stenographers, and the whisperings between Deneen and the reporters, and the mouthing, twisting, tenacious features of the district attorney, all set, now, as if his mouth were a bolt drawn across his face.

Oh, God!—why don't they come—please—the four-and-twenty-blackbirds—no, the twelve jurymen? Why don't they come, please? The Lighthouse must have been asking that, too. Her eyes kept wigwagging so, precisely as if full of terror and full of hope. They, too, were asking, Why don't they come? Please, why——

There they were! The four-and-twenty—no, no—twelve. The walrus. The tomato and the Slatt. Don't let me faint! There they were coming. Why, where was Martin! There was Max Innesbrook fanning himself with his panama—why, no, Max was riding a bicycle and his head was wrapped in a Turkish towel—riding a bicycle to nowhere. Lighthouse—help me—dear—the boiling of the sea of watching faces—and then—the frozen sea——

"Your honor, this jury has the honor to report that it finds the prisoner at the bar—not guilty."

You were tumbling down a hillside—a hillside of applause.

ALMOST before she came to, the feeling of being ashamed was upon her. Sheepishness at having lost consciousness.

I'm—I'm so sorry. What do I do now? I'll go now. Clank. Clank. Back to the corridor of the grating keys—no——

Why, the Lighthouse was fanning something. Fanning Orchid. And Martin, with his collar open, was holding a tumbler of water. And the Judge had off his robe and was standing there in the offish part of the room, mopping his brow and talking to Max Innesbrook but looking at Orchid. And now—why—and now—there was Martin and Max Innesbrook shaking hands and Martin flushing up and lopping the water over the sides of the tumbler—shaking hands again. Martin and his uncle.

"Where am I?"

"You're in the Judge's chambers, dear child." It was Selene Herrick's voice.

"I guess I must have—fainted—the heat—"

"I guess you must have. John Lester—Martin—here. Let us help her up."

Everybody milling around. Shaking hands.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE "Lighthouse" was fanning Orchid. And Martin, with his collar open, was holding a tumbler of water.

[MANNEQUIN Continued from Page Seventy-one]

Martin squeezing your hand so that your damp fingers clung together in clumps and you had to pull them apart. The district attorney with the bolt of his mouth drawn back, and smiling and shaking hands with Deneen—and actually with you! Bad Martin, to have made your fingers stick in clumps when you had to shake hands with the district attorney! And Mr. Deneen kissing you on the hair. And everybody congratulating everybody. And Martin, who should have been solemn, standing there with his collar open like a gate on a broken hinge, blushing and having his hand pumped by his uncle, who was not angry but full of whacks on the back for his nephew.

DEAR Martin. There had been tears in his eyes when you woke first out of the faint, and now there he was, blustering.

"You won't slip away from me—Miss Sargossa—now, after everything is over? I couldn't—stand losing you—somehow—I—somehow—there is something I can do for you—somehow—maybe—if you won't please—slip away——"

That was Selene Herrick, the Lighthouse, talking to Orchid that way and stroking the back of her hand until the gooseflesh rose right up on it. The Lighthouse was saying those things!

"If not for you, dear Mrs. Lighthouse—no, no, dear Mrs. Herrick—if not for you—I don't see how I could have stood it. The days. Sometimes it seemed to me I was mad. Most of the time I was mad. Those terrible days. I'll never forget you out there. And Martin. I couldn't have stood it, dear lady, except for you—out there—always——"

"I knew so, Orchid, that you were not guilty."

"I knew that you knew."

"The Judge, Orchid—even though he would never let me mention it to him—I knew that he knew, too."

"And I knew that he knew. Dear, dear you. Who are you?"

"What?"

"Nothing. I—I guess I'm a little befuddled. I must be. Or I wouldn't be seeing her. Please, Mrs. Herrick. Look. Do you see her, too? Or am I befuddled? No. No. Don't chase her out. Let her come in. Why—why—that's my Nana I was telling you about! You let her in, you! Nana! That's my Nana!"

The old crow, the terrible old crow, there in Orchid's arms, and the croaking noises she made, and Orchid crying into them, and the circle of the bystanders, and Orchid sobbing into the croakings.

"Why, Nana—my Nana—I've looked so for you—my poor—my poor old Nana. This is my Nana, Mrs. Herrick—my poor old drift of a Nana. . . ."

The eyes of Selene. The revolted, strangely grudging eyes of Selene.

THE Judge had off his robe and was standing there in the offish part of the room, mopping his brow.

"Nana, where have you been—to get yourself like this?" The straggle of hair in gray clumps. The ruin of a hat. The weather-stained skirt that had literally dragged in bilge water. The huddle of scarf. The discolored rag of scarf.

Orchid, who loathed a stained thing, with her cheek up against that scarf. And suddenly Selene, with a hand that was predatory, leaping out to snatch that scarf off the shoulders of Annie Pogany.

"You!" she called out, as if she were talking to someone on the other side of a swift river. "You! Where did you get that scarf? John Lester, do you remember that scarf? Red berries—flamingos—there behind the dirt. Where did you get that scarf? You! You—Annie Pogany!"

As if all the rivers in the world were standing still, the rivers of blood, was how Orchid felt on that cry of "Annie Pogany!" Not so much because of the cry as because of the face. The face of Selene Herrick eying the dirty rag of scarf. The voice of Selene Herrick, like a curved stiletto.

POOR old crow. She began to croak, then. To Selene Herrick, the two of them standing together in the center of the circle of bystanders.

The croaking and croaking of Annie, and the stock-still, stunned look of the Judge, who was standing beside Selene, and the stock-still, stunned look of Martin—dear Martin, give me your hand—I—why, darling—it's like all the clocks in the world must be stopping—or is it me—why, Martin . . . the crow and the Lighthouse . . . are they talking—of me—or is it the way my eardrums beat so——

Selene was so quiet. So quiet when she turned, finally.

"Why, Joan," she said, "you remember the day that I showed you through the house? Your room was the one that I didn't unlock—the west room with the sunshine waiting in it."

THE END

If you liked the power and dramatic appeal of Mannequin, you have another treat in store for you—one equally great. In this same issue Liberty begins THE BLACK COUSIN, *a serial by* Clarence Budington Kelland. *It's one of the fiction events of the year—an irresistible blending of love, laughter, and mystery. Start the first installment. You'll find it on page 7.*

BRIGHT SAYINGS *of* CHILDREN

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P.O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y.

Anyway, He Stubbed It!

Johnny loved to run after ice wagons and pick up small pieces of ice which dropped from them, much to his mother's anxiety. One day he came crying with a stubbed toe.

"Yes," said his mother, "I suppose you stubbed it running after ice wagons again."

"Naw! I did not!" wailed Johnny. "I stubbed it coming back!"—L. B. D., Madison, Wis.

* * *

Fly Paper Ought to Fly

A little boy came into the store. He said, "I want to buy some paper."

"What kind of paper?" said the dealer.

"Well, you'd better give me fly paper; I want to make a kite."—W. E. G., Atlantic City, N. J.

And Brown Nearly Choked on Them

Three-year-old Betty was very fond of baked beans, and one day it happened that when baked beans were to be served for dinner Mr. Brown, a friend of the family, dropped in unexpectedly. Betty waited very patiently for the beans to be passed, and when they got to her she was shocked to see how few were left. She looked around at all the plates as though she were trying to account for there being so few in the dish. Then she pointed and said:

"Where are all the beans gone to? Look on Brown's plate."—O. S. G., Galva, Ill.

Too Much Meat!

"Tell me another bear story, grandma," said Mary.

Grandma, who had already told all the bear stories she knew, finally, in desperation, recounted the following: "Last night I dreamed that a whole lot of little girls were playing on the lawn and having a big party, when suddenly a big red bear dropped right down out of the sky and ate the little girls up. Now, what do you think of that bear story?"

"I think you ate too much meat for dinner last night," Mary replied. —E. A. D., Houston, Texas.

She Was "Engaged"

My daughter Peggy, aged ten, was visiting her grandmamma, and, answering the doorbell one afternoon, was asked by a visiting lady, "Is your Aunt Margaret in?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Peggy.

"And is she engaged?" queried the visitor.

"Yes, ma'am, she is; but she doesn't want anybody to know it," said Miss Peggy.—Mrs. J. P. C., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

No Difference to Him

Raymond's mother was trying to arouse in him a desire to stand at the head of his class in school, when he surprised her by saying, "But what's the difference, mother? They teach the same at both ends."—Mrs. G. McG., Baltimore, Md.

TWO MASTERS AND THEIR STAR PUPILS

Captions by
ALVA TAYLOR

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

THE most wistful girl in the pictures. Lillian Gish, above, who has gone on without Griffith, who discovered her, is making a screen version of La Boheme. Miss Gish has won the love of every movie goer who has ever seen her smile.

A FINE American actress. Carol Dempster, above, is again working in collaboration with her old teacher, David Wark Griffith. In a murder mystery picture, That Royle Girl, a Paramount picture, she continues her magnificent work.

AN extraordinary study of D. W. Griffith. Below, the master director planning a scene, an episode, perhaps just a subtle shrug which will speak volumes on the screen. Two of his star pupils, Carol Dempster and Lillian Gish, appear here.

KNOWN as the most expensive director, Erich von Stroheim, below, has scored a tremendous success with The Merry Widow. It was Mae Busch's work under von Stroheim, in Foolish Wives, which first brought her into prominence.

HE chewed 'em and so he was called Buttons. With Buttons is Mae Busch, pupil of Erich von Stroheim. Mae was last seen in a splendid performance as the mother in Time the Comedian, and previously in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, The Unholy Three.

Russell Ball Photo

The WHOLE WORLD OF FASHION ON PARADE

John McCormick Presents

COLLEEN MOORE

in her Greatest Comedy Achievement---

"IRENE"

THREE great shows in one—Fashion's most gorgeous pageant screened in all the scintillating play of natural COLORS!—Drama that makes the heart leap—Comedy that ripples with unexpected laughter.

Glorious gowns, gowns, gowns, and costly creations in furs—designed in Paris. Worn by Hollywood's glorified beauties.

You know—"Irene!", the musical comedy triumph that dazzled Broadway for two years! Now she's greater, grander than ever—for she's in the movies—played as only sightly, sprightly Colleen Moore, with her snappy eyes and mischievous guile and peppy punch can do it. And glorified with the great big showiness and splendor that only the movies can give it.

Adapted from the famous musical comedy triumph
James Montgomery, Author
Harry Tierney and Joseph McCarthy, Composers

A Great Cast with
LLOYD HUGHES
GEO. K. ARTHUR and CHARLIE MURRAY
Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN
JUNE MATHIS, *Editorial Director*

First National Pictures

A PAGE ABOUT THE MOVIES

LIGHTS! *ACTION!* CAMERA!

BY ALVA TAYLOR

INFATUATION

Directed by Irving Cummings A First National Picture

THE CAST:

Violet Morgan.....*Corinne Griffith*
Sir Arthur Little.....*Percy Marmont*
Ronald Perry.....*Malcolm McGregor*
Lady Etheridge.....*Clarissa Selwyn*
Ronny's sister.....*Leota Lorraine*

"CAESAR'S wife must be above suspicion," and so Lady Violet, wife of a modern Caesar, overcame her infatuation for her husband's young assistant, out in the civilized wilds of British-ruled Egypt. The trouble was that Lord Little, known in the picture as Caesar, ex-soldier and "His Excellency" in Egypt, was one of those exasperating husbands who put duty before love—which, although necessary in a position such as he held, is always trying on a young wife.

In such cases, when locked doors and secret diplomatic occupations keep the husband from his wife, the wife is not uninclined to play tennis, take tea, and sit in moonlit gardens with any charming young man who happens to be less busy than her husband. Infatuation is usually the result of such proximity.

Corinne Griffith

That is what happened to Violet (Corinne Griffith) and Ronald (Malcolm McGregor). Violet didn't at all like being a Caesar's wife. It was too easy to give in to infatuation. But she did not admit to Ronny that she loved him until she heard that he was promoted to the Paris diplomatic corps, which promotion was arranged by Ronny's sister, one of those annoying creatures who feel it their divine duty to interfere with the very personal affairs of their near relatives.

After a tender and tearful farewell, it turns out that Ronny is not going after all, and then the mighty Caesar shows of what stern and noble stuff he is made. For, knowing of his wife's infatuation for young Ronny, he keeps him there, because it is a diplomatic necessity, although a personal danger. Violet would rather that the object of her affection be removed from temptation. But the noble husband tells her that if he is Caesar she is Caesar's wife, and leaves a volume of Shakespeare open at the spot where it is suggested in unmistakable terms that Caesar's wife must be big enough to let well enough alone.

Percy Marmont

This, of course, is the cue for Lady Violet to perform the renouncing act. And the end of the picture finds her in her husband's arms, with her infatuation entirely banished. When I tell you that Lord Little's wife is endangered, thanks to Egyptian villains, you will doubtless guess what it was that made Violet realize that it was, after all, her Caesar husband whom she loved.

Corinne Griffith is always a delightful object to look at. The picture provides her with the kind of part that shows her off well. I think that you will enjoy this movie made from Somerset Maugham's play Caesar's Wife.

SOUL MATES

Directed by Jack Conway A Metro-Goldwyn Picture

THE CAST:

Velma.....*Aileen Pringle*
Lord Tancred.....*Edmund Lowe*
Markrute.....*Phillips Smalley*
Velma's brother.....*Antonia D'Algy*
Tancred's mother.....*Edythe Chapman*

Aileen Pringle and Edmund Lowe

WHEN a man and a woman are soul mates you can't keep them long apart, in spite of the fact that the wife thinks her husband married her to pay the mortgage on his ancestral home. For when the man finally uses cave-man tactics on his wife in name only, it takes a woman less in love than Velma was to resist.

Which is what happened with Lord Tancred (Edmund Lowe) and his bride, Velma (Aileen Pringle). He fell in love with her before he knew who she was. She fell in love with him ditto. But it happened that she was the woman whom Velma's uncle, *nouveau riche*, wanted Lord Tancred to agree to marry without meeting her. You see, Mr. Markrute liked the idea of having a title in the family. In recompense milord was to have the mortgage on his estate, held by Mr. Markrute—a mortgage which had toddled along, as Lord Tancred expressed it, for some centuries, but which Markrute threatened to foreclose if Lord Tancred did not consent to marry his niece.

But how was Lord Tancred to know that the niece was the charming lady he had met in the park when she had lost her money and could not pay her taxi driver? Therefore he suggested that Mr. Markrute and his niece betake themselves to the bowwows. When he discovered that the niece was the lady of his dreams he was delighted. But the lady thought he was marrying the mortgage and not her, and, although she consented to marry him in order to persuade her uncle to help her erring brother, she decided to be a wife in name only.

How Lord Tancred broke her resistance makes a picture full of amusing situations.

Edmund Lowe gives a charming performance as a delightfully idiotic character who, when it comes to the cave-man stuff, is on the job.

Aileen Pringle is always a satisfactory Elinor Glyn heroine.

THE UNGUARDED HOUR

Directed by Lambert Hillyer A First National Picture

THE CAST:

Andrea.....*Milton Sills*
Virginia Gilbert.....*Doris Kenyon*
Bryce Gilbert.....*Claude King*
Stelio.....*Charles Beyer*
Elena.....*Lorna Duveen*

INTO everyone's life there comes an unguarded hour. This picture shows how, to even the strongest minded, comes this hour when the spirit is off guard, while to the most sheltered soul comes disaster when the unguarded hour steals upon them.

To Virginia Gilbert, American debutante and heiress, independent, scornful of Old-World traditions, certain that she can take care of herself, the unguarded hour came in an Italian castle when Duke Andrea, having fallen in love with her, puts her to a test.

He asks her to meet him in the garden late at night. If she comes he will know that, according to his standards, she is not a nice girl; for Italian young ladies are not in the habit of meeting gentlemen in gardens late at night. If she does not come he will ask her, the next day, to marry him.

Milton Sills

This being Virginia's unguarded hour, she is about to meet the Duke, but is prevented by circumstances revolving around the unguarded hour of Andrea's sister, who, in spite of the sequestered manner of her bringing up, finds herself in trouble on account of Stelio, an Italian gentleman with few scruples.

Virginia delays her trip to the garden in order to help Elena.

But Count Stelio is smitten with the charms of Virginia, and so, when the Duke happens to come upstairs he finds Virginia in the Count's arms and jumps to conclusions. And since having a man in one's bedroom late at night is even worse than meeting him in an Italian garden, the Duke is very much upset.

Doris Kenyon

But, of course, things are straightened out after a tragedy or two, the result of an unguarded hour.

Doris Kenyon is extremely charming in this picture. As Virginia she is full of the exuberance of feminine youth. She is first coquettish, then arch and roguish. She is sometimes wistfully beautiful, then full of tumultuous emotions.

Milton Sills is good as the convention-bound Italian Duke who, supposedly woman-proof, could not resist the prankish wiles of the American girl.

Although the picture as a whole is not especially striking, individual situations and scenes are entertaining.

One cannot help being amused when Virginia feigns drowning in order to make the Duke jump into the water to save her, and then turns around and saves the life of his sister, who is really drowning.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

NEW YORK BANDITS AID POLICE IN ENFORCING THE LAW: Red Doogan, leader of the Fifth Avenue gang, promises to keep a sharp lookout for jay-walkers while at work in the smart shopping district, tipping off the nearest patrolman when he finds one.

APOLLODORUS K. HOPKINS, founder of the Far Rockaway Love Cult, discussing the Greek point of view with Mrs. Ashton Rutch Vanderhodge, society leader and principal backer, on the Cult's spacious grounds.

REMARKABLE ACTION PHOTOGRAPH of Representative Noah Flood, House dry leader, taken during an impassioned speech against modification of the Volstead Act.

"WASHINGTON WAS A GREAT CARD PLAYER, a distiller of good whisky, and a champion curser," said Rupert Hughes, noted author, who was promptly taken around and shown the portrait of the Father of His Country in the Sons of the Revolution headquarters.

MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE FOR THE BETTERMENT OF CONDITIONS HERE BELOW waiting in line on the south porch of the White House to call on the President. An attempt was made to enlist the Chief Executive's aid in getting through a constitutional amendment making the purchase of soda checks before drinking the soda illegal.

DIETING—From Sickness to Health

By ETHEL SOMERS

IF there is any phase of dieting more important than a program to maintain health it is a program to restore health. There is no magic diet for every disease, but careful feeding of the indisposed member of the family will always make for a more speedy recovery. Obeying the doctor and pleasing the patient, yet all this within the confines of the family purse, make feeding the sick a most perplexing problem.

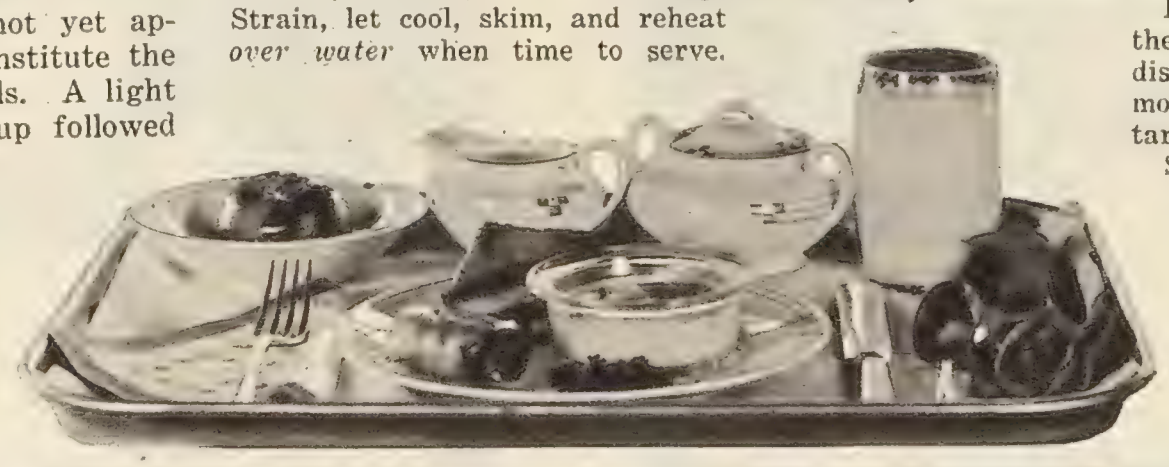
In case of minor as well as serious illness the housewife can save many an ache through proper feeding. Even at times of stress and strain, when the digestive functions are likely to be depressed if charged with the usual load, though sickness is not yet apparent, it is frequently wise to institute the light diet for one or several meals. A light meal of nutritious hot cream soup followed with a refreshing salad or fruit dessert will do much to revive one when weary, for such a meal is digested and passed into the circulation quickly, appearing there as revived vigor, while a heavy meal at a time of exhaustion does more harm than good.

Common colds are best treated at the inception of infection by the cream soup or hot cereal and milk diet, amply supplemented with fruits or hot buttered vegetables, and abundant water. Such a diet is easily digested, though it provides energy, building foods, and plenty of roughage to ward off possible accompanying ill effects of constipation—a factor which if neglected greatly increases the seriousness of the cold. Hot fruitades upon retiring are highly accredited as factors in the treatment.

A day or two of this light diet plus excessive periods of sleep and rest will do much toward breaking up a cold at the beginning.

This light diet should be followed in a few days by one of ordinary fuel value followed, when the cold is broken, by a somewhat heavier diet than is usual, to restore the body to its original vigor and thus overcome the depleting effects of the illness. Revert, of course, to the ordinary normal diet when fully recovered.

Diets for feeding the sick or indisposed are divided into three classes—the doctor in charge prescribes a liquid, soft, or light diet. Each of these is featured in the box appearing on this page in the hope that the housewife will be aided in attaining variety for her patient even in the simplest diet.



Aim for convenience and tempting appearance when serving the convalescent's tray. Bacon curls, toast triangles, and shirred eggs constitute the main dish of this menu.

Broth

1 1/3 lbs. lean beef or 1 lb. mutton or 2 lbs. chicken
1 qt. water
½ to 1 teaspoon salt

CUT or grind the meat very fine. Crack the bones. Add the cold water and let stand one hour to draw out the juices. Add the salt and cook *over water* until the broth is well flavored (ten to fifteen minutes for beef; two to four hours for mutton; and six to eight hours for chicken). Add more seasoning if necessary. Strain, let cool, skim, and reheat *over water* when time to serve.

If the patient is allowed cereals, cooked grains such as tapioca, rice, barley, etc., may be added. For variety one-quarter medium onion sliced, one-half teaspoon of minced parsley, one tablespoon of minced cooked celery, one teaspoon of mixed herbs may be added, or a stiffly beaten egg-white may be folded into the hot broth to add food value.

Cereal Gruel

2 tablespoons to 2/3 cup cereal (barley, oats, cornmeal, cracked wheat farina, or rice)
1 qt. milk
¾ to 1 teapoon salt

PUT the cereal, salt, and milk in the top part of a double boiler and cook it over water, kept just boiling for two hours. Strain through a fine sieve, add more salt and a little sugar, if desired. Serve hot. The food value may be increased by adding a well beaten egg, egg-white, or egg-yolk as desired.

ALBUMINIZED MILK may be made by shaking a cupful of milk, one beaten egg-white, and ¼ teaspoon salt. Vanilla or nutmeg may or may not be added.

Eggnog

1 beaten egg
¾ to 2 tablespoons sugar
¾ cup milk
Dash nutmeg

BEAT the egg-yolk and -white separately. Add the sugar to the beaten yolk, then add the beaten white. Add the milk and beat until mixed. Serve chilled.

BAKED CUSTARD may be made from the above by cooking it in a baking-dish set in a pan of hot water in a moderate oven (375° F.) until the custard is firm.

SOFT CUSTARD may be made by cooking it over hot (not boiling) water and stirring until the whole is thickened enough to coat the spoon. Serve slightly warm or cold.

Albuminized Fruitade

1 egg-white, beaten
2 tablespoons lemon or orange juice, pineapple or grape juice
1 to 2 tablespoons sugar
2/3 cup water
1/3 cup crushed ice

PUT the whole in a shaker or bottle and shake well until thoroughly mixed. Serve cold.

Cream of Celery Soup

1 to 2 cups cooked celery
4 tablespoons butter
3 cups milk
6 tablespoon flour
Salt and pepper

Cream of Bean Soup

1 cup bean pulp
4 cups milk
2 tablespoons flour
Salt and pepper

USE the top part of a double boiler. Melt the butter and add the flour (sliced onion may be cooked savory in the butter if the flavor of it is desired). When the butter and flour have been mixed to a smooth paste, slowly stir in the cold milk and any liquid left after cooking the vegetable. It is best to cook the vegetable in one-half to one cup of water in a covered kettle and then remove the cover and boil out the water. Heat the whole over water until it thickens. Add the vegetable and seasonings and cook thirty minutes. Serve hot, strained or not, according to taste.

In the case of tomato soup, one-sixteenth of a teaspoon of soda is added with the tomatoes. This not only prevents curdling but tends to neutralize the acidity of the tomatoes.

Fluid Diet

(When digestion is impaired. Used in fever cases)

7 A.M. 1 cup coffee with ¼ cup milk.
9 A.M. Albuminized lemonade
11 A.M. 1 cup broth
1 P.M. 1 cup gruel with milk
3 P.M. Albuminized lemonade
5 P.M. 1 cup tea with ¼ cup milk
7 P.M. 1 cup broth
9 P.M. 1 cup gruel made with milk
11 P.M. 1 cup broth

Fluid Diet

(When digestion is not greatly impaired)

7 A.M. 1 cup milk
9 A.M. 1 cup milk flavored with coffee
11 A.M. Albuminized orange juice
1 P.M. Cream soup with one egg or broth with one egg
3 P.M. Grape juice eggnog
5 P.M. Gruel made with milk
7 P.M. 1 cup tea made with milk and cream
9 P.M. Gruel flavored with beef extract
11 P.M. 1 cup hot malted milk

Soft Diet

7 A.M. 1 cup hot milk (may be flavored with tea or coffee)
9.30 A.M. ½ cup grape or pineapple juice
1 cup thick cereal gruel served with rich milk
1 thin slice buttered toast
12 M. 1 cup beef broth with one egg-white
1 thin slice toast buttered
2.30 P.M. ⅔ cup chicken souffle
½ slice thin toast
½ cup lemon gelatin with 1 tablespoon whipped cream
5 P.M. 1 cup milk flavored with tea or cocoa
½ slice thin toast
7.30 P.M. ½ cup bouillon
1 plain omelet
½ cup caramel junket
10 P.M. 1 cup gruel or malted milk
1 thin slice toast

The diets listed are taken from Feeding the Family, by Mrs. Rose.

Light Diet

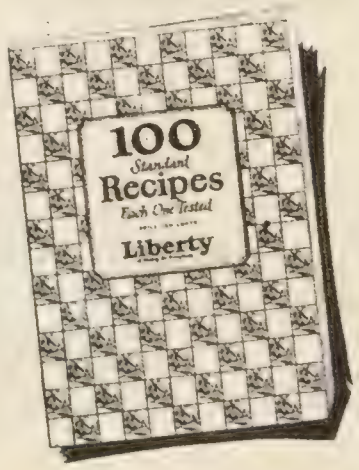
(For Convalescents)

Breakfast—Coffee or tea with milk
Diluted fruit juice or cooked fruit, such as pears, prunes, or apples
A thoroughly cooked cereal with thin cream
A soft-cooked egg
Dry toast with butter to spread, served separately.

Dinner—Meat broth or soup (rice, barley, potato, pea, asparagus)
Roasted or broiled lean beef, chicken, mutton, lamb, or fish.
Potatoes—baked, boiled, or mashed—macaroni or rice.
Toast, stale bread, or plain crackers and butter.
A simple custard, ice cream, junket, cereal pudding, gelatin, or mild stewed fruit
Milk to be flavored as desired.

Supper—Milk served as soup, milk toast, or beverage, as preferred.
An omelet, souffle, or small chop
Toast, rusks, or stale bread and butter
Stewed or baked fruit (prunes, apples, pears, bananas)

Liberty's COOK BOOK Ends Menu Worries!



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2-20-26

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(Write Name of President Here)

Years of Administration _____ to _____

Set. No: 6

The forehead is of a victorious general; the eyes and nose of the first Vice-President to succeed to the Presidency without election; the mouth and chin of a President who made a tour of the country as far west as Detroit.

This is _____
(Write Name of President Here)

Years of Administration _____ to _____

Set No. 6

The forehead is of a President whose term saw Clay and Webster in conflict on the tariff; the eyes and nose of one who defeated Clay for nomination; the mouth and chin of one who vetoed the bill to found the Bank of the United States.

CAN you cut apart the three Pictures of Presidents of the United States printed here and put them together right? Liberty will pay $25,000 in Cash Prizes for best answers to the Patriotic Game of Presidents.

Try it! It's easy. Just an entertaining and educational patriotic game to familiarize everyone with all the Presidents in American history.

RULES

1. Every week for 10 weeks a Set of Composite Pictures of Presidents of the United States is being printed in Liberty.

2. Each Set of Pictures, when cut apart and put together properly, will make complete portraits of American Presidents. The public is invited to assemble the Pictures and send them in. Liberty will pay $25,000 in Cash Prizes to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete Sets of Pictures.

3. This contest is open to everybody, everywhere — men, women, boys and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families.

4. The Composite Pictures must be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture must be written the name of the President and the years of his administration. (Give only first and last year of administration. For example, Warren G. Harding, 1921-1923.)

5. In all, 29 Pictures will be printed —one of each President. Save them until you have the complete set of 29. Then send them to "Presidents," Liberty, Post Office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York City. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All Pictures must be in by midnight, 21 days after Set No. 10 is published. We cannot undertake to return any entries.

6. *Each entry should be sent by first-class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by Post Office Department.* Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

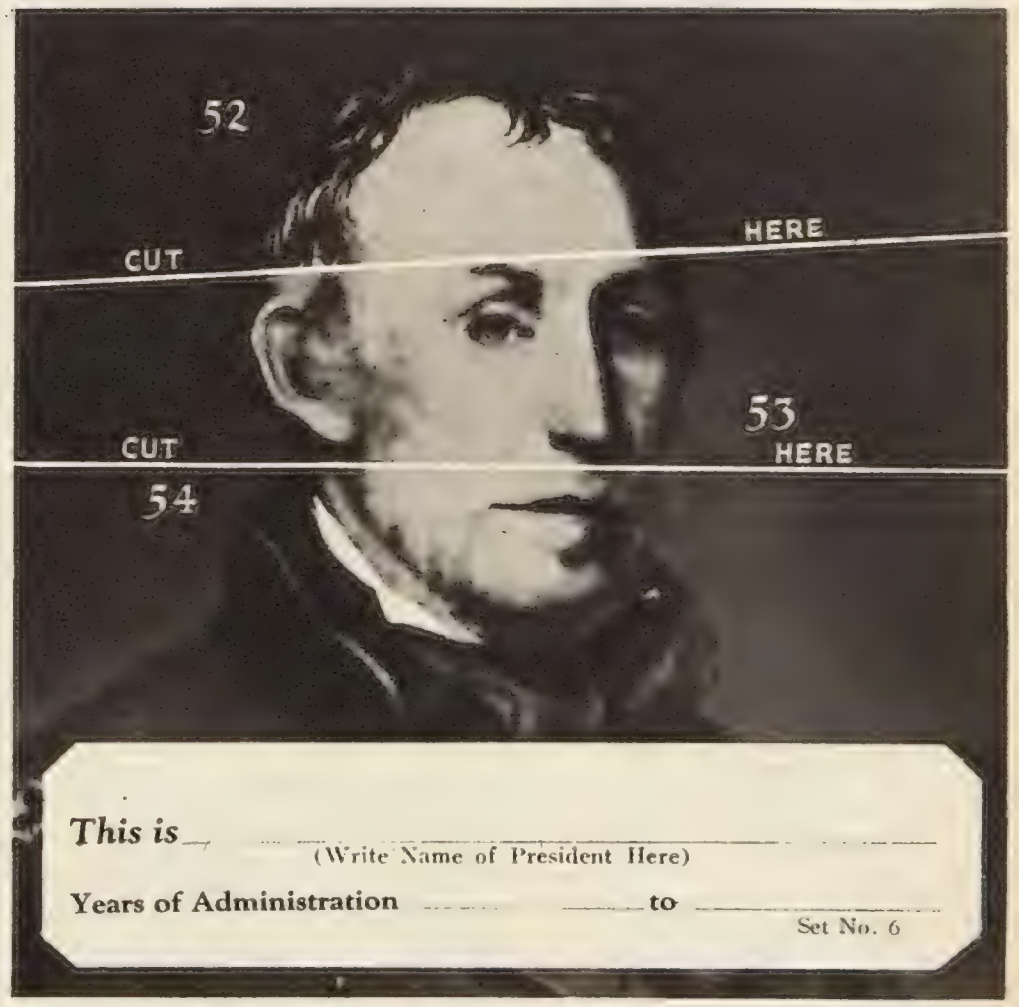
7. Accuracy and neatness will count. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best.

8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the Pictures from the originals and assemble the Pictures from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its Offices or at Public Libraries free of charge.

9. The Judges will be a Committee appointed by Liberty. The Judges' decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

The Prizes

1st Prize	$5,000
2nd "	1,000
3rd "	500
4th "	250
5th "	200
Next 80 Prizes at $25	2,000
Next 1355 Prizes at $10	13,550
10 Prizes to teachers at $250 . . .	2,500
1450 Prizes, totaling	$25,000



This is _____
(Write Name of President Here)

Years of Administration _____ to _____

Set No. 6

The forehead is of an Executive whose Cabinet, excepting the Secretary of State, resigned; the eyes and nose of the signer of the first Missouri Compromise; the mouth and chin of the victor of what was called "an election without the issue."

To Teachers

One of the most important purposes of this contest, aside from its endeavor to win more friends for Liberty, is to increase the knowledge of American History among the people, young and old.

We want especially to interest children in this educational game, and to inspire them to consult their parents and teachers.

Therefore, to each of the ten teachers whose pupils rank highest in this contest, we will award a special prize of $250 each, a total of $2,500. This applies to pupils in public, private, and parochial schools, so when a child enters the contest, he is advised to state the name of his school, the name of his teacher, and his grade.

The 3 Presidents in Set No. 6 Are Among These:

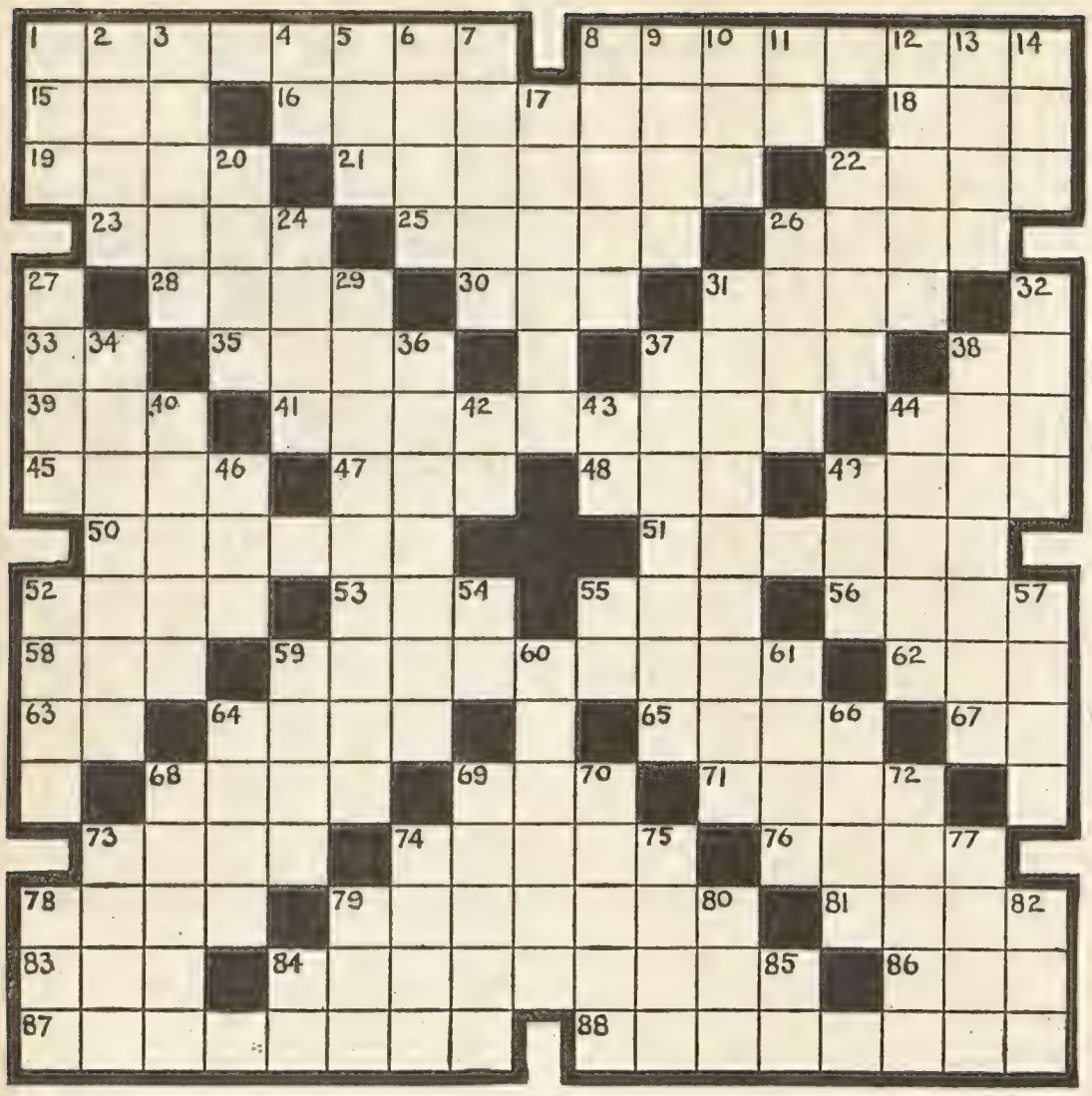
Jefferson, Jackson, Hayes, McKinley, Tyler, Taylor, Wm. H. Harrison, Monroe, Madison, Garfield

A Set of Presidents' Pictures in Each Issue of

Liberty

for the Next Four Weeks

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 56



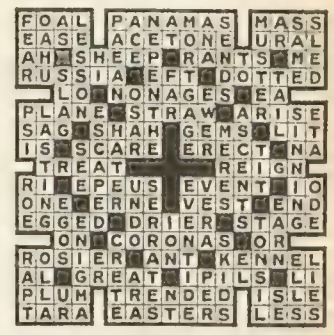
EXTRA! Extra! There's a murdered man in Horizontal twenty-six. He was murdered a long time ago, but you shouldn't have forgotten his name. If you're not able to guess it right off the bat, we'll raise Cain.

HORIZONTAL

1 Conquered
8 Metalliferous
15 Exclamation expressive of disgust
16 Reshaped
18 Troublesome business
19 Expensive
21 Dissimilar
22 In eager desire
23 Part of the ear
25 Re-bind
26 Victim of the world's first murder
28 Lying far below the general surface
30 Posed, as for a portrait
31 A disfigurement
33 A pronoun
35 Unable to hear
37 Low continued murmuring sound of a domestic animal (plural)
38 Accomplish
39 Allow
41 Long tube for drawing off surface water
44 Moist
45 Woody plant
47 Wrong
48 The whole duration of a being
49 Large closely pressed package
50 A writing implement
51 White fur-bearing animal
52 To recover or improve in health
53 Drinking vessel
55 Abbreviation for a month having thirty days
56 Snares
58 Printer's measure (plural)
59 An alien
62 Collection of articles naturally belonging together
63 Syllable applied to a note of the scale
64 To supply an inner covering
65 White flakes of ice congealed in the air
67 Therefore
68 Sacred
69 Hail
71 A kind of jug
73 A kind of johnny-cake
74 A South American beast of burden
76 A salad
78 To slope upward, as a path
79 A city in Pennsylvania
81 Conveyed an untruth
83 Devoured
84 Plume or tuft used as a head ornament (plural)
86 A capuchin monkey
87 A phantom or spectre
88 Colonists

VERTICAL

1 Mixture of earth and water
2 Having lived long
3 The hard wing cover of a beetle
4 Adjective suffix denoting comparative degree
5 A color
6 A Mohammedan noble
7 Pigeons
8 Deserve
9 In another case
10 A small mound used in golf
11 The Christian era (initials)
12 A beer
13 Symbol of a deity
14 A gear-wheel tooth
17 Arrest
20 Lamented
22 Cloth made in Arabia, Syria, etc., from camels' hair (plural)
24 Recompense
26 A land measure
27 Mud suspended in water
29 Excessive frugality
31 To follow closely
32 Small particle of floating dust
34 A hydrocarbon obtained from the distillation of plants
36 Omission to perform
37 Doves
38 Expunges
40 The years between twelve and twenty
42 Within
43 One of the United States (abbreviation)
44 Diminishes
46 A finality or close in time
49 A crib
52 Such, and no more
54 The first-born of Chaos (Greek mythology)
55 Of no account (slang, initial)
57 To pack
59 Rasp
60 Encroach upon
61 Ranks or files
64 Solitary
66 In a manner desirable or pleasing
68 A book of the Old Testament
69 A warning of danger
70 Discharges
72 To cause to assume an erect posture
73 Spongy tissue in the stem of a plant
74 Sides of a triangle
75 A stake in the game of poker
77 To last under use
78 To strike smartly
79 In geography — a long, narrow inlet
80 Obtain
82 An underworld god in Roman religion
84 By
85 A holy personage (abbreviation)



Answer to Puzzle No. 55

Boys WANTED

to earn money in spare time and get

PRIZES FREE!

Here's an opportunity for boys to make money every week, all year 'round, simply selling Liberty Magazine in spare time in your own neighborhood. No money, no experience needed. We supply everything. Thousands of boys are now happy, making their own spending money. All of them started like you—just sent in the coupon. Why don't you join them? Let us send you our booklet, "Liberty Boy Salesman," and Catalog of Free Prizes that all boys can get—besides their regular weekly income.

Send Coupon for Full Details

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Ave., New York City, N. Y.
Gentlemen:
Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name.....

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Feminex

Banishes Pain Safely and Promptly

In only ten to fifteen minutes Feminex banishes habitual pain and saves a day formerly considered lost. Women and girls at home, at business everywhere — tell one another of Feminex. They, also, vouch for its effectiveness, for its speedy relief, for its safety. The cost is only 50c for a small bottle that is as easy to carry as a compact; yet contains enough tablets for three months' service. Keep a supply always on hand.

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Feminex is equally effective in relieving other pains which frequently discomfit girls and women. Such as backache, headache, neuralgia, neuritis, etc. Of course, Feminex is safe and free from detrimental effect on the stomach or heart. Nor does it interfere with any of the normal functioning of the system. It is easy to ask for Feminex by name, at your favorite drug store.

Send 10c for One Month's Trial Supply

We will gladly send a sample package in plain wrapper for 10c. Simply tear out this advertisement and write your name and address plainly on the margin. Mail with a dime to Drug Store Products, Inc., Toledo, Ohio.

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"ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER"

25c Sample **FREE** See Coupon

Banish Excess Fat
In This Pleasant Way

No abnormal exercise or diet. People are now using a million boxes yearly. Druggists guarantee it

You should learn what millions know about an easy, pleasant way to reduce.

You see the results in slender figures wherever you look today. Your own friends can tell you about them. Excess fat is now the exception, slenderness is the vogue.

The way is prompt and pleasant. It has proved itself for 18 years. So many have used it and told others about it that people are now taking over 100,000 boxes monthly. It is so reliable that every druggist now signs a guarantee.

Try it at our cost. Then consult some of the users who are all about you. Fat is a blight to style and beauty, health and fitness. It is very unpopular today. It has no excuse.

The Modern Way

This modern, scientific way is Marmola Prescription Tablets. Simply take four a day. No abnormal exercise or diet is required.

Marmola combats the cause of the trouble, which usually lies in a gland. It reduces weight to just the point desired, and that normal weight continues.

The method is not secret. Our books publish every ingredient. Every user knows just what she is taking, how it acts and why.

The Tragedy of Fat

Thank You for Keeping Thin

Reduction is not too rapid. It rarely exceeds a pound a day. So the body adjusts itself to new conditions. Wrinkles are avoided.

Our guarantee, which your druggist signs, warrants you that within 45 days you'll be completely satisfied.

A Duty to Yourself

Every man or woman who is overfat should learn about Marmola. Fat crowds the heart, checks the circulation, reduces longevity. It makes one conspicuous in these days when slenderness is the vogue.

Strenuous exercise and restricted diet can bring results, of course. But the way is hard and risky. It may overtax the heart or lead to malnutrition.

Consider this better way. Learn what it has done for millions, and for 18 years. People who know the facts are taking 100,000 tablets daily. Judge if you wish to join them.

The coupon will bring the samples free, our books and our guarantee. Clip it now, in fairness to yourself.

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25c Sample **Free** Mail Coupon Send No Money

6122

Liberty's
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LIBERTY wants suggestions for improving Radio programs. Write to us if you have any ideas to put forward. A check for $10 will be sent to the writer of each letter selected for publication here.

WLIB broadcasts from Chicago on a wave length of 302.8 meters.

$10 for Every Letter Printed

BOY SCOUTS' SPECIAL

Gentlemen: Could you find an enthusiast to talk for the Boy Scouts of America once a week? Boys are a large proportion of radio listeners and encouragement along the lines of Scouting would help train them to become valuable citizens.

Your station is heard here in north Florida fine and only a few nights ago I tuned in while on a camping trip and the boys enjoyed it thoroughly. Give the Scouts a special once a week. ROBT. L. LONG.

407 Oak Street, Palatka, Fla.

AMERICAN COMPOSERS

Dear Sir: I believe it would be in keeping with Liberty's "go-ahead" policy to have an occasional evening for American composers, especially unknown ones. I am sure this would uncover a lot of talent that will probably remain hidden unless something of this nature is done to unearth it. If Liberty can find some of these young writers it will again be living up to its slogan.

ROBERT SZEPANSCKY.

Box 252, Petersburg, N. Y.

SURPRISE 'EM!

Dear WLIB: Why not have a program, like Liberty, "for everybody"? In each program have a number called the Surprise. It could be the feature and consist of something very choice, something different, something the listeners would look forward to for a surprise in the entertainment.

MRS. ROBERT CARR.

Sierra Madre, Cal.

HUMOROUS TALKS

Dear Sir: One night about two weeks ago I drifted into Radioland just in time to listen to one of our best known humorists. I enjoyed him immensely, and so I write to suggest that this type of entertainment be put on more frequently. Humorous talks—they're great!

ELIZABETH FARRELL.

3220 N Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

WRITE TO
Radio Editor, Liberty,
P.O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Lubricates the Voice *Soothes Husky Tired Throats*

15¢ at Stores Everywhere Be SURE You get the GENUINE!

THAYERS
THE ORIGINAL, OLD-FASHIONED
SLIPPERY ELM LOZENGES

Try to WIN One of These
CASH PRIZES

$25 To the person suggesting the greatest number of practical uses for THAYERS—OLD-FASHIONED SLIPPERY ELM LOZENGES—We will pay $25.00
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Remember that THAYERS are NOT medicated—just SLIPPERY ELM—The original Old-Fashioned Lozenge—as made by us for over 50 years—Ask your druggist.

Awards will be made May 31, 1926

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VENUS PENCIL
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Two Ready Points and a Metal Point Protector

Soft, smooth, long lasting lead.
Ideal for shorthand.
Send for Box of 6 pencils 60¢
American Lead Pencil Co., 216 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

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Can't Stand the Gaff Of An 8-Hour Day
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Ground Gripper SHOES
The Most Comfortable Shoe In The World For Men Women and Children
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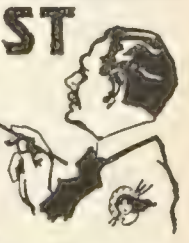
SCHOOL of APPLIED ART
ROOM NO. 18 BATTLE CREEK MICH.



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to earn $300 to $500 monthly selling our complete line of exclusive Business Greeting Cards. Biggest selling season just starting. Side line; full time. Weekly checks. Experience unnecessary. Attractive samples free. Get details.

JOHN A. HERTEL CO., Dept. B,
318 W. Washington Street. Chicago.

Use Cuticura Soap And Ointment To Heal Sore Hands

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

Frocks Reflect Spring Modes

By PATRICIA

EASILY made frocks, that are the correct types for town wear. They show the undisputed point—width at hemline, with fullness introduced in subtle flares. Crepes and soft fabrics are generally employed, as slimness is the order of the season. Colors with a soft grayish cast dominate.

Fashioned of periwinkle blue crepe de Chine and embroidered with silk thread in a pinky-mauve shade is the frock in design No. 2639. Georgette crepe is used for the tie-strings. French blue or tan jersey, crepe de Chine, striped flannel, smart gingham, or dotted swiss is also adaptable. Cuts in sizes 6 to 14 years. The 8-year size requires only 2 yards of 36 or 40-inch material.

A youthful semi-princess model with circular influence at back is shown in design No. 2634. The collar is convertible and buttons up. It is unmistakably smart for early spring wear fashioned of navy blue Poiret twill, with silk crepe contrasting in same shade and trimmed with blue ornamental buttons. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2⅝ yards of 54-inch material, with ⅛ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

A smart interpretation of a two-piece dress is shown in design No. 2628. It has a long-waisted blouse, convertible collar, and circular skirt that is attached to a camisole body. Cuts in sizes 14, 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2½ yards of 36-inch light material, with 1⅝ yards of 54-inch dark material.

A new type of frock is shown in design No. 2565 that embodies many practical features. It has a boyish collar, short or snugly tailored sleeves, and a circular skirt. It is made of crepe silk in modernistic pattern. Grosgrain ribbon is used for the tie strings. The collar is of plain crepe in harmonizing shade. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material, with ¼ yard of 20-inch contrasting and 3⅛ yards of ribbon.

The silhouette molds in at the waistline, and the softly flaring godets that add so much grace and movement are shown by design No. 2592. It also features a removable cape. Both sides of crepe satin are used for its development—the dull side for the main part, with the shiny side for the godets, collar, bosom front, and to line the cape. Kasha, balbriggan jersey, wool rep, Chinese damask, or printed silk crepe is also adaptable. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material, with 2⅛ yards of 36-inch contrasting.

A tailored coat style for a junior is shown in design No. 2636. It has the softly flaring godets just like sister's. The collar buttons up, too. It is made of lightweight tweed in jacquard design, with plain silk crepe used for contrasting. Cuts in sizes 6-14 years. The 8-year size takes 2⅛ yards of 40-inch material, with ¼ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

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Inclosed find.....cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

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Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

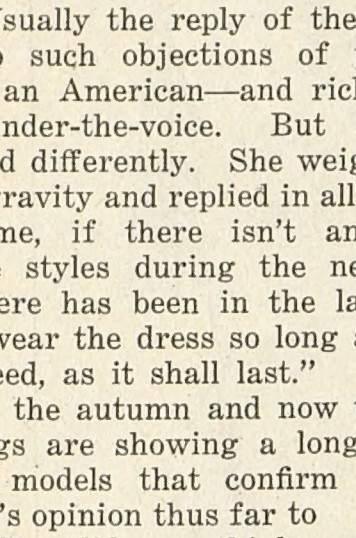
NOTE—Patricia Patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

Four Years More of *Today's Styles*

By Mary Brush Williams

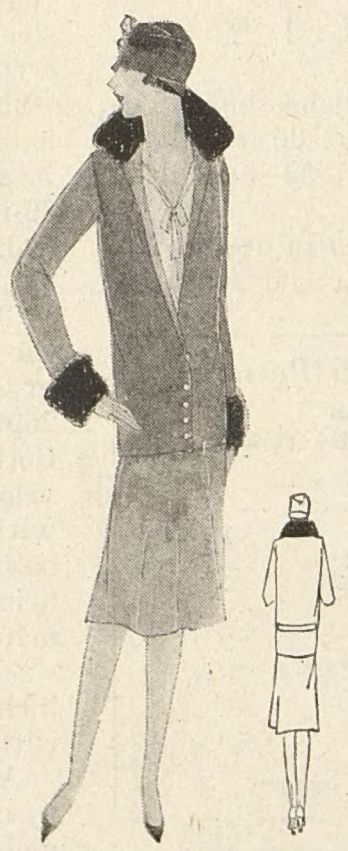
AN earnest searcher after the fashions protested against the price of a dress on one of the passing mannikins at Madame Jenny's showing in Paris last fall. There were a terrible lot of new dresses and an even more terrible protest against the prices of them in the world's center of fashion these days. Usually the reply of the French saleswoman to such objections of price is "Well, you're an American—and rich," they add in an under-the-voice. But Madame Jenny answered differently. She weighed the question with gravity and replied in all seriousness: "Madame, if there isn't any more change in the styles during the next four years than there has been in the last four, then you can wear the dress so long as that —so long, indeed, as it shall last."

This was in the autumn and now the spring openings are showing a long procession of models that confirm Madame Jenny's opinion thus far to be fulfilled. She did not think there would be much change, and there is not, in the basic features of the new styles as they are unfolding themselves. Silhouettes are practically unaltered, with the straight cut getting the preference over flagrant flaring, while skirts are thought to be almost imperceptibly longer. The line of the waist seems to be creeping upward also, especially in front, with the two-piece dress done as a jumper (or disguised as one over a one-piece foundation) prevailing.



A DRESS of sea green crepe satin with crystal and coral bead motifs. The box plaits at front and sides are rounded in scallop form at top and bottom. Jenny.

The swirl of a skirt, in case it departs from the straight line, is in all cases subdued and discreet. Sleeves have come into an importance even exceeding what they have held in the seasons just past. They would appear thus far to be for the most part long. At least those that are not short are very long indeed, and some of them are even weighted. This holds them well over the hand in the flaring movement which they have taken on at the wrist or just above it, and over the spreading area there is often trimming. They fit tightly at the shoulder and are in the discreet, dark material of the costume while the lower section is brightly beaded and embroidered. From beneath these dark exteriors, in pale colors, peep undersleeves. Rose-pink shows from under the flare of black satin and the delicate color nearest the wrist is scalloped.



A SPRING SUIT of shell pink broadcloth trimmed with nutria fur. There is a narrow belt across the back of the jacket. Jean Patou.

BLACK TAFFETA and black mousseline frock decorated with gold embroidery. The waistcoat and the large bow at the front are of cherry ribbon. The back of the frock is similar to the front, minus the sash bow. Lanvin.

But why devote time to these individual items when a letter has only just arrived from Paris, which one might possibly do well to quote: "The silhouette continues with the straight, almost fitted, bodice, or with a jumper. There is always the effect of two pieces, and the skirts, if not absolutely straight, are with a very unostentatious swirl, built from plaited fans or circular insets, or the whole skirt itself 'en forme.' The waistline is creeping up ever so slightly and principally at the front, and the edge of the skirt at the same time creeps down, also very, very slightly, almost imperceptibly.

"As to colors; there is very much of silver everywhere, and the pastel shades predominate—mauve, chartreuse-green, light gray, gray-green, faded pink, salmon, and coral, hyacinth-blue, jade, flame, cyclamen, bois de rose. And yet, so wide is the range of colors that it includes beige and black, too.

"SCALLOPS as trimming and scalloped hem lines are seen at the house of Molyneux. He makes much of the sports costume for spring, in English tweed and homespun, usually in pastel tones, with beige, pink, gray, mauve, and dull green prevailing. Crepe jumpers usually go with these, some in shaded fabrics. He maintains the slim silhouette although he uses many plaits. Some of the costumes have fur collars and cuffs, or leather trimming.

"Patou has shown sixty new models for the South and for summer wear. His type remains unchanged, but colors are brighter, pastel shades predominating.

A SPORTS costume consisting of a jumper of thin orchid jersey which is bordered along the lower edge and on the cuffs with two tones of a darker orchid and mauve kasha. The skirt is in these two tones of kasha done in graduated bands. It is box-plaited in front only. The coat is in kasha in the lighter tone of the skirt and is trimmed in gray fox. Jean Patou.

"There are many fine wool jersey jumpers and sweater coats with crepe or kasha plaited skirts.

"There are long coats with fur collars accompanying these sports frocks.

"Monsieur Patou uses scarf collars, tying at the front, and skirt fullness is obtained with applied pieces, godets and loose panels, rather than by making the skirt proper 'en forme.'

"His ensembles are simpler and less complex in cut than last season.

"The ensemble seems an even more popular style of costume than ever before."

And so it would seem that the decrees of fashion are not to bear so heavily this year on the pocketbooks of the women who feel that keeping up with the style is the main thing; for last year's frocks, with perhaps a few changes, can be made to serve if we pin our faith on the reports from Paris.

JELL-O

The airtight moisture-proof package an exclusive JELL-O feature retains the quality and freshness of the pure fruit flavor indefinitely. Thus you are always sure of a perfect dessert.

America's most famous dessert

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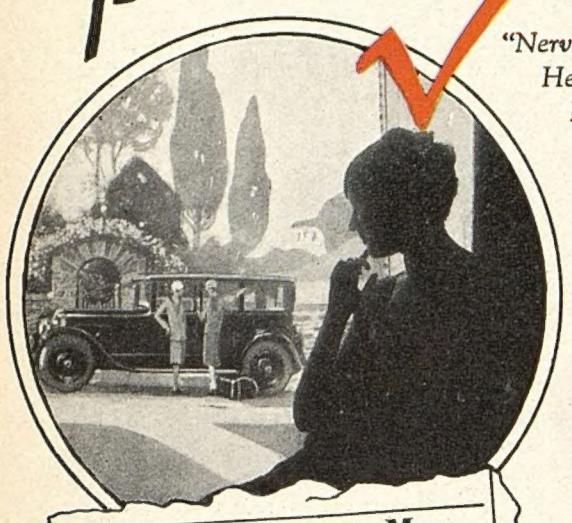
This might have been prevented



"Nerves" Keep Her From Enjoying Life

Nervous Breakdown May Be Caused By Bad Teeth

Authorities Trace Many Other Diseases to Poisons of Tooth Decay

IT HARDLY seems possible to those who haven't studied the question, that bad teeth can have such harmful effect upon a person's health.

But just ask your dentist or physician. Either one will give you the sane, simple reasons why decaying teeth may cause heart disease, rheumatism, and even shorten your very life itself.

Nervousness is very often caused by unhealthy teeth. Walker J. Burns, D. D. S., writing in the American Magazine, says:

"We Americans are peculiarly liable to 'nerve trouble'; and this is one reason why we need to keep careful watch over our teeth."

Today it is recognized that tooth decay is a menace to the nation's health. That is why preventive dentistry is sweeping the United States.

In schools where preventive oral hygiene has been introduced, children have shown striking advance in health and mental vigor, and increased immunity to disease.

Conditions are improving but much must yet be done. Fight tooth decay before it starts.

Give yourself a chance.

Special Trial Tube Offer

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 685,
581 Fifth Ave., New York City

I enclose two cents in stamps. Please send me a generous trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

In Canada, 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal.

"...and Jane, dear...Jack just raved about my teeth"

"I JUST smiled my prettiest smile . . . and let him rave. I could have said 'Of course I have beautiful teeth. I've used Colgate's all my life.' But I didn't want Jack to think I was a living advertisement for Colgate's tooth paste."

* * *

Beautiful teeth glisten gloriously. They do compel the admiration of all who see them. And there is health as well as beauty in gleaming teeth, for when they are kept scrupulously clean, the germs and poisons of decay can't lurk and breed around them.

Here are children in Passaic, N. J., using Colgate's to fight tooth decay. Colgate co-operates with thousands of school officials and health authorities in teaching dental hygiene.

Colgate's will wash your teeth scrupulously clean. It reaches all the hard-to-get-at places between the teeth and around the edges of the gums, and so *removes causes* of tooth decay. It is the dependable tooth paste for you to use. And you'll like its taste . . . even children love to use it regularly.

Washes—Polishes—Protects

The principal ingredients of Colgate's are mild soap and fine chalk, the two things that dental authorities say a safe dental cream should contain. The combined action of these ingredients washes, polishes and protects the delicate enamel of your teeth.

Use Colgate's Regularly

Just remember that beautiful, healthy teeth are more a matter of good care than of good luck. Use Colgate's after meals and at bedtime. It will keep your teeth clean and gloriously attractive. And you'll like its taste . . . even children love to use it regularly.

Priced right too! Large tube 25c.

Colgate & Co.
Established 1806